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new MUSICAL EXPRESS

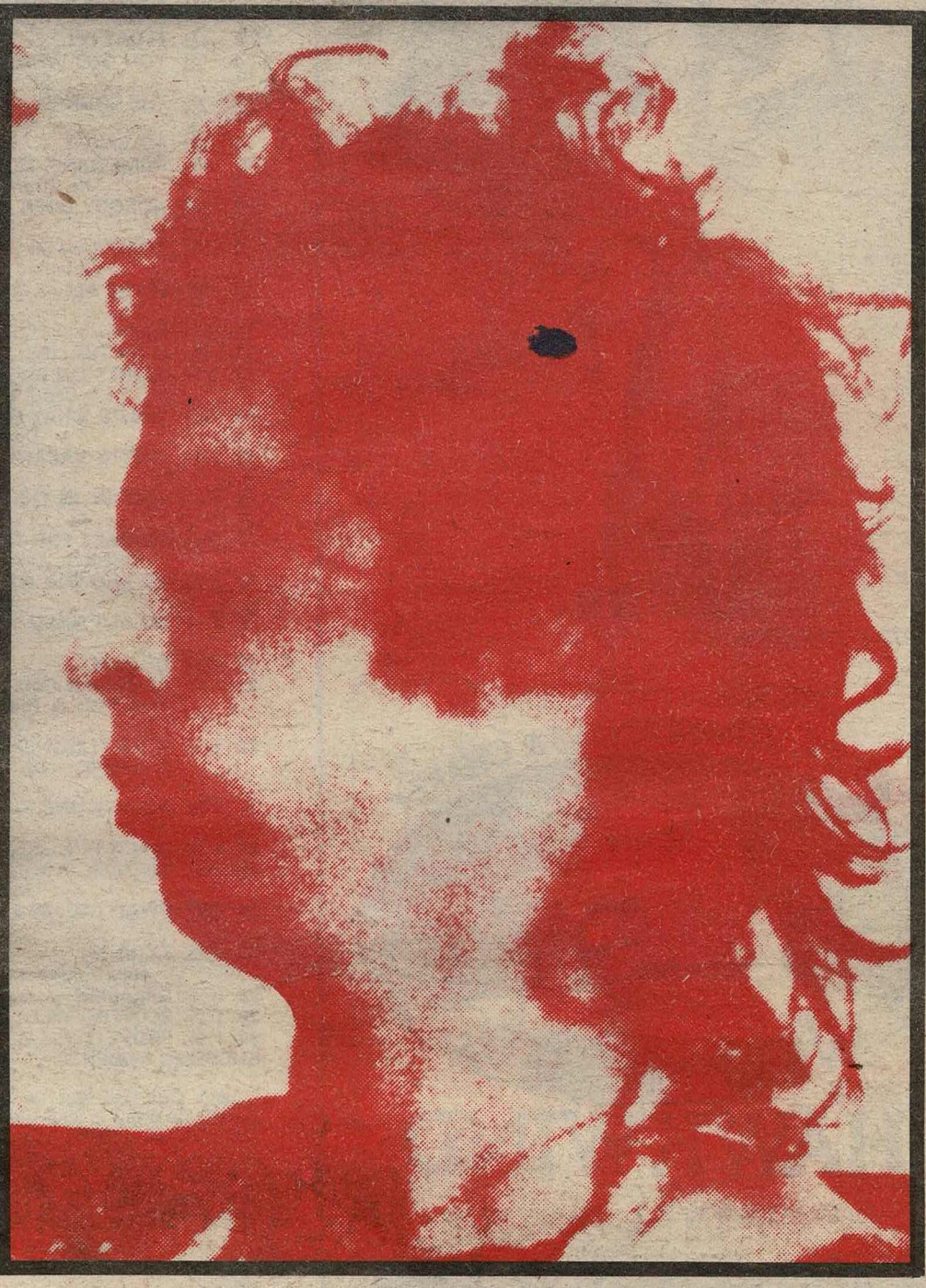
FEELGOODS · S. FACES · HILLAGE TOUR DATES
BIG YOUTH DUE

BOWIE INJURED IN FRENCH BRAWL
p.40

STRUMMER GOES BERSERK IN BELGIUM
p.10

* These headlines courtesy 'Sunday Ghoul'

PLUS: SUPERTRAMP AGGRO SHOCK, THE SELLING OF THE ROXY, ALI ON THE ROPES, AND THE LEWISHAM SHUFFLE.



00180190 KRAMER, WAYNE.
FORMERLY GUITARIST MC5, DETROIT.
SENTENCE: FOUR YEARS.

FROM LEXINGTON PENITENTIARY, WAYNE KRAMER TALKS TO THE NME EXCLUSIVE
p.20/21

Left hand pic: LENI SINCLAIR Right hand pic: PENNIE SMITH

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"Bohemian Rhapsody"
Anchor ANC1041

THE RHEAD BROTHERS
"Women Of Soul"
EMI 2674

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THE NEW PSYCHOTIC SINGLE
QUARK, STRANGENESS & CHARM

FROM
HAWKWIND
CB 305
NEW ALBUM IN THE CHARTS NOW!

FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending August 15 1972

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	SCHOOL'S OUT	Alice Cooper — (Warner Brothers)
3	2	SEASIDE SHUFFLE	Terry Dactyl & The Dinosaurs (UK)
4	3	POPCORN	Hot Butter (Pye)
6	4	SILVER MACHINE	Hawkwind (United Artists)
2	5	PUPPY LOVE	Donny Osmond (MGM)
5	6	BREAKING UP IS HARD TO DO	Partridge Family (Bell)
7	7	SYLVIA'S MOTHER	Dr Hook & The Medicine Show (CBS)
8	8	ROCK AND ROLL PT. 1 & 2	Gary Glitter (Bell)
14	9	10538 OVERTURE	Electric Light Orchestra (Harvest)
18	10	IT'S FOUR IN THE MORNING	Faron Young (Mercury)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending August 19 1967

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	SAN FRANCISCO	Scott McKenzie (CBS)
3	2	I'LL NEVER FALL IN LOVE AGAIN	Tom Jones (Decca)
2	3	ALL YOU NEED IS LOVE	Beatles (Parlophone)
4	4	DEATH OF A CLOWN	Dave Davies (Pye)
6	5	UP, UP AND AWAY	Johnny Mann Singers (Liberty)
5	6	I WAS MADE TO LOVE HER	Stevie Wonder (Tamla Motown)
8	7	JUST LOVING YOU	Anita Harris (CBS)
7	8	IT MUST BE HIM	Vikki Carr (Liberty)
19	9	EVEN THE BAD TIMES ARE GOOD	Tremeloes (CBS)

wot no no 10?

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending August 17 1962

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	I REMEMBER YOU	Frank Ifield (Columbia)
2	2	SPEEDY GONZALES	Pat Boone (London)
7	3	THINGS	Bobby Darin (London)
4	4	GUITAR TANGO	Shadows (Columbia)
3	4	I CAN'T STOP LOVING YOU	Ray Charle (HMV)
9	6	ROSES ARE RED	Ronnie Carroll (Philips)
6	7	DON'T EVER CHANGE	Crickets (Liberty)
8	8	LITTLE MISS LONELY	Helen Shapiro (Columbia)
12	9	ONCE UPON A DREAM	Billy Fury (Decca)

wot no no 10, again?

NME CHARTS

SINGLES

Week ending August 20th, 1977

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	I FEEL LOVE	Donna Summer (GTO)	6	1
2	(2)	ANGELO	Brotherhood of Man (Pye)	6	2
3	(7)	FLOAT ON	The Floaters (ABC)	4	3
4	(4)	YOU GOT WHAT IT TAKES	Showaddywaddy (Arista)	4	4
5	(9)	THE CRUNCH	Rah Band (Good Earth)	6	5
6	(3)	MA BAKER	Boney M (Atlantic)	8	1
7	(5)	SOMETHING BETTER CHANGE	The Stranglers (United Artists)	3	5
8	(18)	NOBODY DOES IT BETTER	Carly Simon (Elektra)	2	8
9	(16)	ROADRUNNER	Jonathan Richman (Beserkley)	6	9
10	(6)	WE'RE ALL ALONE	Rita Coolidge (A&M)	8	6
11	(12)	EASY	Commodores (Motown)	7	11
12	(8)	IT'S YOUR LIFE	Smokie (Rak)	5	8
13	(21)	NIGHTS ON BROADWAY	Candi Staton (Warner Bros)	3	13
14	(17)	THAT'S WHAT FRIENDS ARE FOR	Deniece Williams (CBS)	3	14
15	(14)	PRETTY VACANT	Sex Pistols (Virgin)	7	5
16	(—)	DANCIN' IN THE MOONLIGHT	Thin Lizzie (Vertigo)	1	16
17	(11)	FANFARE FOR THE COMMON MAN	Emerson, Lake & Palmer (Atlantic)	11	2
18	(10)	SO YOU WIN AGAIN	Hot Chocolate (Rak)	10	1
19	(—)	DO ANYTHING YOU WANNA DO	Rods (Island)	1	19
20	(13)	OH LORI	Alessi (A&M)	10	7
21	(—)	AMERICAN GIRL	Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers (Island)	1	21
22	(—)	LET'S CLEAN UP THE GHETTO	Philadelphia Int. All Stars (Philadelphia)	1	22
23	(15)	ALL AROUND THE WORLD	Jam (Polydor)	4	15
24	(—)	MAGIC FLY	Space (Pye)	1	24
25	(25)	SPANISH STROLL	Mink De Ville (Capitol)	2	25
26	(24)	SWALLOW MY PRIDE	Ramones (Sire)	2	24
27	(23)	EXODUS	Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	8	16
28	(—)	DREAMER	Jacksons (Epic)	1	28
29	(20)	SLOW DOWN	John Miles (Decca)	8	9
30	(19)	PROVE IT	Television (Elektra)	3	19

BUBBLING UNDER . . .

I Can't Get You Out Of My Mind YVONNE ELLIMAN (RSO); Anarchy In The UK SEX PISTOLS (EMI); Dreams FLEETWOOD MAC (Warner Bros); Pinochio Theory BOOTSIES RUBBER BAND (Warner Bros).

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending August 13, 1977

This Week	Last Week		
1	(2)	BEST OF MY LOVE	Emotions
2	(1)	I JUST WANT TO BE YOUR EVERYTHING	Andy Gibb
3	(3)	WHATCHA GONNA DO?	Pablo Cruise
4	(5)	YOUR LOVE HAS LIFTED ME (HIGHER AND HIGHER)	Rita Coolidge
5	(6)	EASY	Commodores
6	(12)	HANDY MAN	James Taylor
7	(8)	YOU MADE ME BELIEVE IN MAGIC	Bay City Rollers
8	(9)	YOU AND ME	Alice Cooper
9	(10)	JUST A SONG BEFORE I GO	Crosby Stills & Nash
10	(11)	BARRACUDA	Heart
11	(13)	FLOAT ON	The Floaters
12	(17)	DON'T STOP	Fleetwood Mac
13	(14)	HOW MUCH LOVE	Leo Sayer
14	(15)	BLACK BETTY	Ram Jam
15	(16)	GIVE A LITTLE BIT	Supertramp
16	(18)	TELEPHONE LINE	Electric Light Orchestra
17	(4)	UNDERCOVER ANGEL	Alan O'Day
18	(21)	SMOKE FROM A DISTANT FIRE	The Sanford-Townsend Band
19	(20)	YOU'RE MY WORLD	Helen Reddy
20	(27)	ON AND ON	Stephen Bishop
21	(23)	CHRISTINE SIXTEEN	Kiss
22	(25)	STRAWBERRY LETTER 23	Brothers Johnson
23	(7)	MY HEART BELONGS TO ME	Barbra Streisand
24	(26)	SWAYIN' TO THE MUSIC	Johnny Rivers
25	(19)	I'M IN YOU	Peter Frampton
26	(29)	COLD AS ICE	Foreigner
27	(28)	SLIDE	Slave
28	(22)	DA DO RON RON	Shaun Cassidy
29	(—)	STAR WARS	London Symphony Orchestra
30	(24)	DO YOU WANNA MAKE LOVE	Peter McCann

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

ALBUMS

Week ending August 20, 1977

This Week	Last Week				
1	(2)	GOING FOR THE ONE	Yes (Atlantic)	5	1
2	(3)	I REMEMBER YESTERDAY	Donna Summer (GTO)	8	2
3	(4)	A STAR IS BORN	Soundtrack (CBS)	19	1
4	(5)	20 ALL TIME GREATS	Connie Francis (Polydor)	6	4
5	(8)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	26	5
5	(1)	THE JOHNNY MATHIS COLLECTION	Johnny Mathis (CBS)	9	1
7	(11)	IV RATTUS NORVEGICUS	The Stranglers (United Artists)	16	4
8	(7)	HOTEL CALIFORNIA	Eagles (Asylum)	34	1
9	(10)	THE MUPPET SHOW	(Pye)	12	1
10	(6)	LOVE AT THE GREEK	Neil Diamond (CBS)	8	4
11	(22)	LOVE FOR SALE	Boney M (Atlantic)	3	11
12	(9)	ARRIVAL	Abba (Epic)	39	1
13	(14)	WORKS VOLUME 1	Emerson, Lake & Palmer (Atlantic)	17	7
14	(16)	ON STAGE	Ritchie Blackmore's Rainbow (Oyster)	4	14
15	(18)	BEST OF ROD STEWART	Rod Stewart (Mercury)	5	15
16	(15)	A NEW WORLD RECORD	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	37	5
17	(—)	NEW WAVE	Various Artists (Philips)	1	17
18	(12)	EXODUS	Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	10	9
19	(21)	GREATEST HITS	Smokie (Rak)	14	6
20	(13)	DECEPTIVE BENDS	10 c.c. (Philips)	16	2
21	(—)	OXYGENE	Jean Michel Jarre (Polydor)	1	21
22	(17)	LIVE! IN THE AIR AGE	Be Bop Deluxe (Harvest)	4	17
23	(27)	STREISAND SUPERMAN	Barbra Streisand (CBS)	3	23
24	(—)	MY AIM IS TRUE	Elvis Costello (Stiff)	1	24
25	(26)	COMING OUT	Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic)	11	6
26	(—)	IN THE CITY	Jam (Polydor)	1	26
27	(30)	ENDLESS FLIGHT	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	30	2
28	(24)	ANIMALS	Pink Floyd (Harvest)	24	2
29	(19)	THE BEST OF THE MAMAS AND PAPAS	(Arcade)	6	14
30	(—)	FLOATERS	(ABC)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER . . . It's A Game — BAY CITY ROLLERS (Arista); I Robot — ALAN PARSONS PROJECT (Arista); Cabretta — MINK DE VILLE (Capitol).

U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending August 13, 1977

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac
2	(3)	CSN	Crosby, Stills & Nash
3	(2)	STREISAND SUPERMAN	Barbra Streisand
4	(6)	JT	James Taylor
5	(4)	I'M IN YOU	Peter Frampton
6	(8)	STAR WARS	Original Soundtrack
7	(5)	LOVE GUN	Kiss
8	(10)	REJOICE	Emotions
9	(11)	CAT SCRATCH FEVER	Ted Nugent
10	(9)	COMMODORES	Commodores
11	(14)	GOING FOR THE ONE	Yes
12	(7)	LIVE	Barry Manilow
13	(15)	EXODUS	Bob Marley & The Wailers
14	(13)	LITTLE QUEEN	Heart
15	(12)	BOOK OF DREAMS	Steve Miller Band
16	(18)	FOREIGNER	Foreigner
17	(23)	ANYTIME . . . ANYWHERE	Rita Coolidge
18	(19)	RIGHT ON TIME	The Brothers Johnson
19	(20)	EVEN IN THE QUIETEST MOMENTS	Supertramp
20	(24)	FLOATERS	The Floaters
21	(22)	AMERICAN STARS 'N BARS	Neil Young
22	(27)	STEVE WINWOOD	Steve Winwood
23	(26)	A PLACE IN THE SUN	Pablo Cruise
24	(17)	HERE AT LAST . . . BEE GEES . . . LIVE	Bee Gees
25	(21)	IZITSO	Cat Stevens
26	(30)	I, ROBOT	The Alan Parsons Project
27	(28)	OL' WAYLON	Waylon Jennings
28	(—)	SHAUN CASSIDY	Shaun Cassidy
29	(25)	NETHER LANDS	Dan Fogelberg
30	(16)	CHANGES IN LATITUDES — CHANGES IN ATTITUDES	Jimmy Buffett

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

NEWS DESK

Edited by Tony Stewart

EMI SAY 'YES' TO GAY POWER

ROBINSON BAND SIGNED

THE TOM Robinson Band have been signed by EMI Records, and the deal could prove to be as controversial for the company as its relationship with The Sex Pistols was last year.

A self-confessed gay, Robinson distributes pamphlets at his concerts, publicising such organisations as Rock Against Racism, Spare Rib, the National Abortion Campaign, Gay Switchboard and the Free George Ince Campaign. Because of the causes he openly supports a number of venues have previously been reluctant to book his band.

Already there is a "minor boardroom drama" at EMI, he claims, because executives are reluctant to release his homosexual anthem "Glad To Be Gay" as a single.

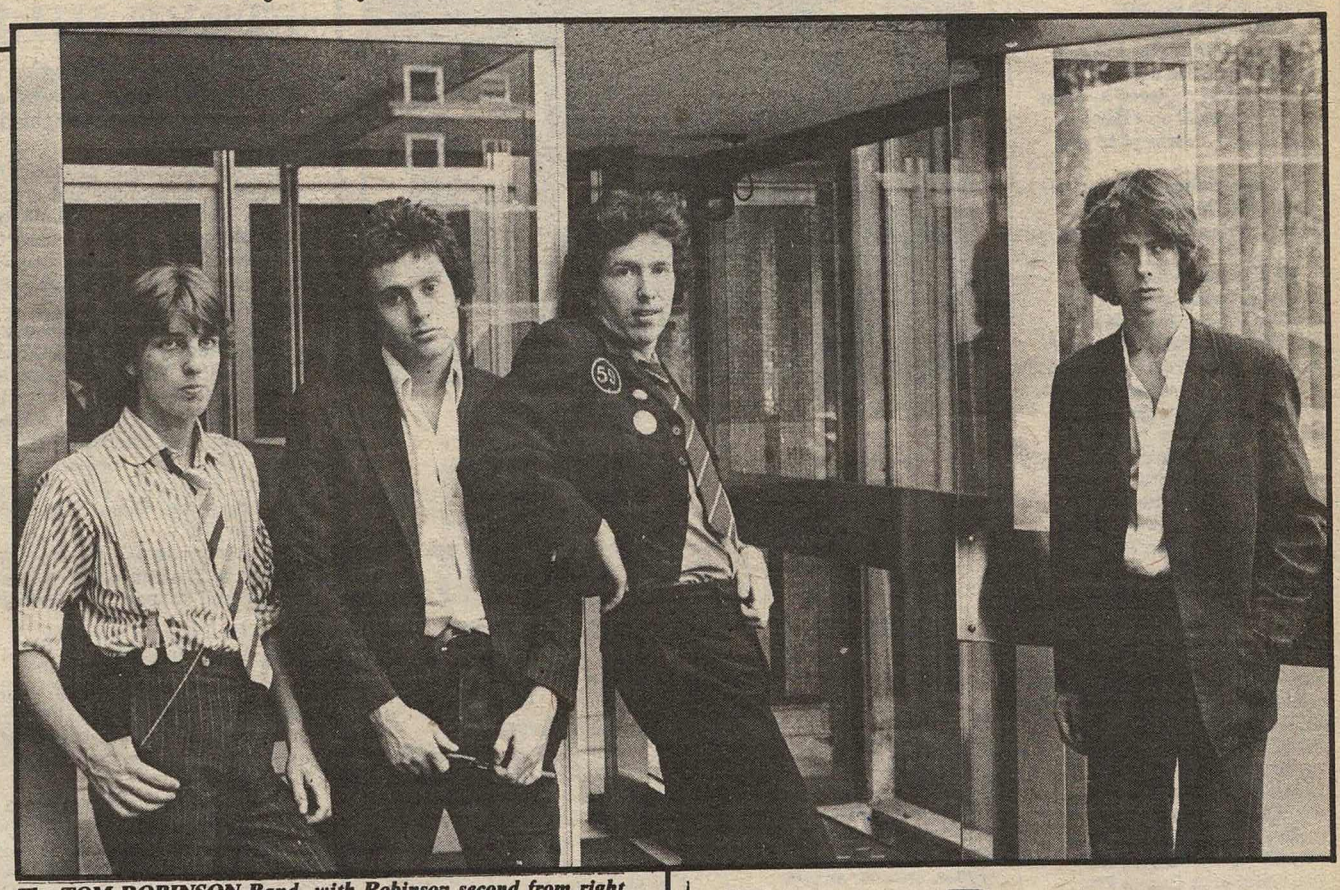
But the signing has been interpreted as a political move by the company's record division, who reputedly wish to demonstrate their strength and prevent boardroom intervention in artistic policy — as was the case during the Pistols farrago.

"The record division was like a naughty dog who'd got a nice juicy bone with The Sex Pistols," commented Robinson, "but their master made them drop it. Now they've got another and they're growling."

EMI press office refute such speculation and do not anticipate any objections being raised by the board.

"We know what they stand for," said publicist Tom Nolan. "But more importantly this is a first rate band. It's a signing completely independent of any other consideration."

Regarded as one of the finest new talents in rock, Robinson was just about to sign a deal worth £96,000 when EMI "swooped in force" at his recent show at London's Brecknock. Members of the A & R department then bettered the offer made by Jet Records.



The TOM ROBINSON Band, with Robinson second from right

But the financial size of the deal, and the attention he has attracted from a number of other record companies, has left Robinson unimpressed.

"It just means we can come off the dole and go on 30 quid a week," he explained.

Robinson formed the band after leaving Cafe Society last October. Until March he was contracted to Ray Davies' Konk label and only secured a release after publicly condemning The Kinks' leader for refusing to set him free. A term of the release is that he pays Konk 10 per cent of all recording advances and royalties for the next two years.

His first release for EMI is to be a popular stage number, "Motorway", with Robinson's dedication to Ince, "I shall Be Released", on the flip. It is expected that the label will release "Glad To Be Gay" within a month of that, but will not publicise the record.

"I can say the song is going to be put out," said Robinson, "but it's a question of when."

Roxy Revue festival cancelled

THE ROXY Revue punk festival which was due to be held at Wychbold, near Droitwich, this Saturday has been cancelled.

Last week the owner of the site where the event — featuring a number of relatively unknown new wave bands — was to take place withdrew permission for his land to be used. Bob McNab, one of the organisers, alleged that the landowner had been influenced by persistent pressure from local residents determined to prevent the show.

McNab then approached other landowners in the area and on Friday contacted the music press to announce that the Revue would now be held at Longmarston, near Stratford-upon-Avon. On Monday he claimed that use of this site, a disused airfield, had unexpectedly been withdrawn.

But the owner, Michael Hodges, told *NME* contracts had not been agreed and because it was to be a punk festival he decided not to rent his land.

McNab, who works for Colourvale Ltd., said his company now stands to lose £7,000. But he has not abandoned the scheme completely, and hopes to announce a site for the event within the next month.

"I'm determined to get the thing off the ground," he stated. "We're now in the process of negotiating purchase of our own land."

Elvis for Palace

ELVIS COSTELLO is to play the Crystal Palace Garden Party on September 10. The event is headlined by Santana.

Over the last two months Elvis the C has suddenly emerged as a cult figure in British music. A week ago last Sunday 800 people were turned away from a gig he staged at London's Nashville because the venue had reached its crowd capacity.

This will be Costello's only major London appearance during the summer.

AU REVOIR, CHERIE . . .

ANOTHER RUNAWAY QUITS

CHERIE CURRIE has quit The Runaways — the second original member to walk out in the last two months, following the departure of bassist Jackie Fox during their recent Japanese tour. Now recording their third album in Los Angeles with manager-producer Kim Fowley, the band are likely to remain a four-piece.

But reports stating that this latest split was amicable and Cherie had left because she preferred to pursue a career in the movies, were denied by her on Friday evening. She also claims the group's future is now bleak.

"Here in the States," she told *NME*, "people in the music business think The Runaways have had it, especially as I've now quit the band. They could have stuck together without Jackie, but *not* without me."

Cherie claimed that since the Runaways became internationally known there had been resentment towards her from other members. At a photo session two weeks ago she had a violent row with guitarist Joan Jett and as a result the singer made a stormy exit.

"I couldn't go on with there being so much hate in the band," she said. "I hung in there until I just couldn't take anymore. There was a lot of fighting among the band members and it got to the point where their egos over-powered them.

"They wanted me out of the band because of all the publicity I was getting, over which I had no control. They just couldn't take my photos being on magazine front covers and that gave them a deep-down hate."

CHERIE CURIE: violent row?

Cherie, who at the time of talking had just auditioned for a leading part in the movie *Class Of 99*, also refuted stories that Fox had attempted to commit suicide.

"Jackie had her head pretty well together," she added, "and suicide was not something she'd attempt."

Predictably, manager Fowley attempted to play down the departures of Fox and Currie when speaking to this paper.

"I don't think that two people leaving this group has any more significance than somebody leaving The Searchers," he commented drily.

He insisted that the reason for the most recent disruption was because there was a difference of musical opinion between Currie and the rest of the band. And the singer's accusation that there was unwarranted hostility towards her was exaggerated, he said.

"Put a bunch of girls together in any situation and they'll fight all the time," Fowley added. "I don't think there was ever a time in the history of the band when all five of them sat down and talked to each other about anything."

He also believes that Currie's departure will not have a detrimental effect on The Runaways. Since their inception, he claimed, she has played a comparitively minor role and her absence will make little difference. Fowley thinks they record better as a four-piece rock 'n' roll band.

To qualify this he intends to ensure the release of a new single within the next month, which they are currently working on with the new bassist, Vicki Blue.

Plans for a UK visit in October are also going ahead.

gong....

PASH MUSIC STORES — BY POST

This week's best-selling songbooks

Song of Paul Simon	£4.95	Best of Neil Diamond	£2.95
Neil Diamond/Love at the Greek	£5.50	Best of Steve Stills	£3.95
Genesis Song Book	£2.95	Songs of Paul Simon	£4.95
Wings Over America	£3.95	Queen/Day at the Races	£2.35
Pink Floyd/Wish You Were Here	£2.95	Queen/19 Songs	£2.00
Illus. NME Encyclopedia of Rock	£4.95	Queen/Sheer Heart Attack	£1.25
History of the Gibson Guitar from 1953	£2.95	Queen/A Night At The Opera	£2.35
NME Book of Rock	95p	Songs Of David Bowie	£3.50
Jackson Brownie/21 Songs	£5.50	Bowie/Diamond Dogs	£3.95
Nils Lofgren/Cry Tough	£3.95	Bowie/Lyrics & Photos	30p
Steve Miller/23 Songs	£3.95	Shadows/Best of Shadows	£1.95
Free/12 Big Hits	£2.50	Lead Guitar Tutor with Record	£3.50
Paul McCartney/In His Own Words	£1.95	Rhythm Guitar/Self Tutor	£3.50
Stones/Black & Blue	£2.50	Rock Bass Tutor With Record	£3.50
Bad Co. 1st Album	£3.95	Led Zeppelin Complete (1-5)	£4.95
Bad Co. Straight Shooter	£3.95	Planxty 26 Songs	£1.75
Bob Dylan/Desire	£2.35	Rock Guitar Tutor with Record	£1.50
Frampton Comes Alive	£3.95	Bass Guitar with Record	£1.50
Beach Boys/20 Golden Greats	£2.95	Wishbone Ash/15 Songs	£1.50
Pink Floyd/Dark Side Of The Moon	£2.50	Marc Bolan/Warlock Of Love	95p
Mike Oldfield/Tubular Bells	£2.50	Marc Boland Lyric Book	95p
Pink Floyd/Animals	£3.50	T. Rex Songbook	£1.50
Jimi Hendrix/40 Greatest Hits	£3.95	Neil Young Complete Vol. 1	£6.95
Rod Stewart/15 Songs	£2.95	Neil Young Complete Vol. 2	£6.95
Allman Bros. 15 Songs	£2.95		
74 88 Guitar Chords	£4.00		
Beatles Complete/Guitar Or Piano each	£3.95		
Status Quo/42 Songs	£2.00		
Eagles Greatest Hits	£4.95		
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TOUR MANIA

TWO OF this country's leading R&B bands, Dr. Feelgood and The Pirates, are to begin separate UK tours next month.

For the Feelgoods it's their most extensive series of major dates ever, presenting many of their fans with the first opportunity to hear the group since guitarist Wilko Johnson quit in April. He was subsequently replaced by John Mayo, but until now they've only staged a string of 13 gigs here.

On September 16 their first album with Mayo, "Buddy, Buddy, Friends", is released by UA.

The Pirates, a much respected group who backed the late Johnny Kidd during the 60s and reformed last year as a trio, play over 30 club and college dates over the next two months, including no less than six London shows.

Featuring guitarist Mick Green, they recently signed to Warners and release their debut album, "Out Of Their Skulls", on October 7, preceded by the issue of a maxi-single month earlier.

FEELGOODS Lee Brilleaux (right) and John Mayo

TWO SHOTS OF RIVVUM 'N' BLOOZE

FEELGOODS

THE FEELGOODS play Belfast Ulster Hall (September 22), Cork City Hall (23), and Dublin Stadium (24) before opening the UK gigs at Leicester De Montfort Hall (26). The band travels on to Bradford St. George's Hall (27), Aberdeen Music Hall (29), Edinburgh Odeon (30), Glasgow Apollo (October 1), Newcastle City Hall (2), Sheffield City Hall (3), Hanley Victoria Hall (4), Manchester Free Trade Hall (6), Liverpool Empire (7), Birmingham Odeon (8), Bristol Colston Hall (9), Swansea Top Rank (10), Cardiff Top Rank (11), Canterbury University Sports Hall (13), Brighton Top Rank (14), London Hammersmith Odeon (15/16), Portsmouth Guildhall (18), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (19), Oxford New Theatre (20), Cambridge Corn Exchange (21), Southend Kursaal (22) and Hemel Hempstead Pavilion (23).

Tickets for the British dates, priced between £1 and £2.50 depending on the different venues, are now on sale.

PIRATES

THE PIRATES play London Southgate Royalty Ballroom (September 9), Cardiff Top Rank (13), Wakefield Unity Hall (15), Manchester Electric Circus (16), Dudley J. B.'s (17), Wolverhampton Lafayette (23), Wigan Casino (24), Stoke-on-Trent George Hotel (25), Blackpool Jenkinson's Bar (26), Southsea Kimbles Ballroom (28), London Nashville (29), Coventry College of Education (30), Barking NELP (October 1), Southampton Glen Eyre Hall (2), London Dingwalls (5/6), Derby College of Art (7), London Queen Mary College (8), Hertford Castle (10), Bristol Poly (13), Stafford North Staffs Poly (14), Chelmsford Chancellor Hall (16), Doncaster Outlook (17), Birmingham Barbarellas (18), Keele University (19), Middlesbrough Rock Garden, (20), Alsager Crew College (21), Bedford College of Education (22), London Roundhouse (23), Essex University (25), Stoke North Staffs Poly (Stoke Precinct), Manchester University (29), and Liverpool Eric's (30).

STEVE HILLAGE

STEVE HILLAGE begins a 15-date British tour in October, following the release of his eagerly anticipated third album, "Motivation Radio".

A former member of Gong, he first achieved extensive commercial and critical success with his "L" set last year, and his forthcoming dates conclude with a major concert at the London Rainbow. For contractual reasons the names of the musicians in his touring band will not be announced until next month.

The dates open at Aylesbury Friars (October 15), followed by Preston Guildhall (17), Liverpool Empire (18), Manchester Apollo (19), Bradford St George's Hall (21), Newcastle City Hall (22), Edinburgh Leith Hall (23), Glasgow Strathclyde University (24), Sheffield City Hall (26), Birmingham Odeon (27), Leicester De Montfort (28), Cardiff University (29), Bristol Colston Hall (30), Brighton Dome (November 1) and the Rainbow (3).

Tickets go on sale at the end of August, and holders will be issued with a free single featuring Hillage and support act Glenn Phillips.

BIG YOUTH

JAMAICAN superstar Big Youth is to make his debut UK performance next month when he undertakes a concert tour that includes three major shows at London's Rainbow on September 8, 9 and 10.

Youth, who is among Jamaica's top 'talk-over' artists and perhaps the most popular exponent of the genre among UK audiences, is currently in the UK Reggae charts with his latest single "Four Sevens". He will be backed by the Arc Angels, a group of JA sessioneers comprising Keith McCloud (keyboards), Carlton David (drums), Michel Ashley (bass), and David Trail and Alva Lewis on rhythm and lead guitars respectively.

Youth will be joined on the dates by Dennis Brown, currently topping the UK reggae album and singles charts with "Wolf And Leopard (s)". Brown will be backed by Joe Gibbs and The Professionals. Their line-up is yet to be finalised but it's understood that Sly Dunbar will be featured on drums.

Following the Rainbow opening, Big Youth and Brown will play two nights at the Bristol Exhibition Centre (16 and 17), Birmingham Old Bingley Hall (23 and 24) and Manchester Belle Vue on October 8th.

SMALL FACES

THE SMALL Faces, renowned 60s group led by Steve Marriott who re-formed and played a short British tour last spring, are to stage another series of UK dates in September.

They appear at the Birmingham Hippodrome (13), Manchester Apollo (14), Glasgow Apollo (16), Newcastle City Hall (17), Leeds Grand (18), Bristol Colston Hall (20), Brighton Dome (21), Oxford New Theatre (22), and the London Hammersmith Odeon (24).

Their first album since re-grouping, "Playmates", is released on August 26.

STEVE HILLAGE

SB & Q

SUTHERLAND BROTHERS & Quiver start a major UK tour in September, preceeded by the release of their new album, "Down To Earth". The announcement of these plans firmly dispels bleak speculation that the Suth's future was in jeopardy following the recent departure of guitarist Tim Renwick.

Now down to a nucleus of three, SB&Q were augmented by sessioneers including Mick Grabham and Brian Bennett for the album, and are now rehearsing a pick-up touring band. This comprises Alan Ross (guitar), Tex Comer (bass), Mick Weaver (keyboards), John Shearer (percus-

RECORD NEWS

A SECOND volume of Elton John's "Greatest Hits" is to be released by DJM Records on September 30.

The compilation comprises eight of his best known tracks for his former label, such as "Someone Saved My Life Tonight", "Benny And The Jets" and "Island Girl". And Rocket Records, Elt's own company, has leased DJM "Sorry Seems To Be The Hardest Word" and his hit with Kiki Dee, "Don't Go Breaking My Heart", for inclusion on the ten song album.

Rocket's publicist explained that they allowed DJM to use the two cuts because EJ wanted the compendium to be as strong as possible.

NILS LOFGREN is to have a live double album released by A&M in October. Half the set was recorded on his recent British visit in May and completed during his appearance at Los Angeles's Roxy Theatre a fortnight ago.

BRITISH SINGER Graham Bonnett releases his debut album on Ring O'Records on September 9. A synthesis of rock, soul and highpop, the set includes his recent turntable hit "It's All Over Now, Baby Blue", his new single "Danny", the Goffin and King standard "Will You Love Me Tomorrow", and his own version of Al Green's semi-classic, "Tired Of Being Alone". Bonnett briefly experienced success nine years ago as lead vocalist with The Marbles, who had the Top Five hit "Only One Woman".

FORMER GONG member Tim Blake has signed to Barclay Records in France. A reputed master of electronic music and multi-media shows, Blake is to release his first album for them in September, followed by an extensive international tour. This Friday (19) Virgin released a double album called "Gong Live Etc". Tracing three years of the band's early career, it includes stage performances and previously unreleased studio cuts.

STATUS QUO have started recording their next studio album in Sweden. The sessions were delayed while drummer John Coughlan had an operation for appendicitis. He has now been discharged from hospital. The band return to this country in the autumn for a major tour.

THE FABULOUS Poodles debut single, "When The Summer's Thru", was released on Pye Popular last Friday (12). Produced by The Who's John Entwistle, the track is taken from their first album — which will be issued during the band's British tour in September.

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Motorhead drummer hurt in brawl

PHIL TAYLOR

MOTORHEAD'S current UK tour was cancelled last week because drummer Phil Taylor broke his right hand in a brawl.

Taylor was injured during a fight with a roadie in a Plymouth hotel, and will be unable to play for at least a month. But the band hope to reschedule the abandoned dates in late September as part of another extensive series of British concerts.

However, The Count Bishops, who were playing support to Motorhead, will now headline at two venues booked for the tour. After doing their own show at London's Nashville tonight (18), they perform at the Birmingham Locarno, joined by Trapeze (22), and St. Alban's Civic Hall (27).

Next month the Bishops start their own club and college one-nighters.

GIG X'd. . .

GENERATION X have abandoned a scheduled gig at Glasgow's Zhivago club this Thursday (18), and will instead play at the Paisley Silver Thread Hotel. The group's publicist claims punk gigs have been banned by Glasgow City Council.

HAPPY DAZE...

SUZI QUATRO has been invited to read for the part of Leather, a female rock 'n roll singer in the next *Happy Days* series. Miss Q's live album, recently recorded in Japan, is to be released in the UK at the end of the year.

ACE 'SPLIT' DENIED

REPORTS THAT Ace have split were denied by their record company, Anchor, this week.

Although guitarist John Woodhead recently quit the band and returned to America, the label's publicist insisted that the other members, who now live in this country, intend to re-form as Ace later this year.

But at the moment the band is without a manager, and bassist Tex Comer and keyboard player Paul Carrack are rehearsing with SB&Q and Frankie Miller respectively.

G & L BREAK UP BAND

GALLAGHER & Lyle have disbanded the five-piece backing group they formed nearly two years ago for recording and stage work. According to A&M, their record label, the split was because of an artistic change by Benny and Graham. The duo are currently writing and routining material for their next album.

LONDON DEBUT FOR CARLA BLEY

CARLA BLEY returns to the stage after an absence of two years when she appears at London's Dingwalls this Sunday.

Acclaimed for her own album, "Escalator Over The Hill", the composer and keyboards-player's last concerts were with the ill-fated Jack Bruce Band, which also featured former Rolling Stone Mick Taylor.

Formed in '75, the group's career was short and stormy, with explosive ego clashes and an eventual untimely collapse. But the experience inspired Carla to form her own ten-piece outfit, and following the one London date she starts a Euro-tour.

The Bley Band features Carla on keyboards, Michael Mantler (trumpet), Roswell Rudd (trombone), Andrew Cyrille (drums), Gary Window and Elton Dean (tenor and alto saxes), Hugh Hopper (bass), Bob Stewart (tuba), John Clark (french horn) and a second keyboardsman, Terry Adams.

Dingwalls opens at 7 pm and admission is £1.50.

KURSAALS MAN QUITS

PEDAL STEEL guitarist Vic Collins has quit the Kursaal Flyers. It was an amicable split brought about by Collins' wish to develope his pedal steel playing, and he was immediately replaced in the band by a rhythm guitarist called Johnny Wicks. "Five Live Kursaals" is scheduled for release on September 2.

RAGES ON Pt 99

sion) and vocalists Debbie Ross and Shirley Roden.

Special guest artists on most of the dates are City Boy, whose last album, "Dinner At The Ritz", was critically acclaimed. At the beginning of next month they issue the LP, "Young Men Gone West", which features their new drummer, Roy Ward.

Regarded as one of the best relatively new bands, City Boys leave the tour on October 10 to go to America, where they will tour for the rest of the year.

British concerts start at Newcastle City Hall on September 15, followed by Liverpool Empire (16), Manchester Apollo (17), Birmingham Odeon

BIG YOUTH

(18), Sheffield City Hall (19), Dunstable Queensway (22), London Rainbow (24), Bristol Colston Hall (25), Glasgow Apollo (29), Edinburgh Usher Hall (October 1), Dundee Caird Hall (2), Aberdeen Capitol Theatre (3), Hanley Victoria Hall (6), Lancaster University (7), Hull City Hall (12), Southampton Guildhall (15), Guildford Civic Hall (18), Nottingham Albert Hall (19), and Croydon Fairfield Hall (21).

Further dates are to be announced.

LEO SAYER

LEO SAYER begins his first UK tour in almost two years next month, and at the same time his new album, "Thunder In My Heart", is to be released.

At present Sayer and his ten piece band are playing an extensive coast to coast tour of the States, where he has had two chart-topping singles this year.

The British leg of his world tour opens at Cardiff Capitol (29), followed by Peterborough ABC (30), Ipswich Gaumont (October 1), London Palladium (2), Newcastle City Hall (5), Edinburgh Usher Hall (6), Aberdeen Capital (7), Glasgow Apollo (8), Liverpool Empire (9), Dublin Stadium (11), Wolverhampton Civic (13), Birmingham Hippodrome (14), Manchester Apollo (15), Blackpool Opera House (16), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (18), Portsmouth Guildhall (20), Brighton Dome (21), Bristol Hippodrome (22), and Sheffield City Hall (25).

ROSE ROYCE

HITSTERS ROSE Royce, who last year had three chart singles from the soundtrack album, "Carwash", make their British concert debut a month after the release of their first album, "In Full Bloom".

They appear at Plymouth Castaways on September 21, Liverpool Empire (22), Birmingham Odeon (23), Manchester Apollo (24), London Hammersmith Odeon (29), Swindon Brunel Rooms (30), and London Southgate Royalty Ballroom on October 1.

A further three dates are yet to be announced.

GARY GLITTER

GARY GLITTER is to play a series of concert and cabaret shows throughout the autumn. At the beginning of next month the popster's new single "Oh What A Fool I've Been" is released, followed by the issue of an album, "Back To Front", a month later.

Nobody here knows whether these UK dates are a Farewell or Welcome Back tour, but he plays a week at Batley Variety Club from September 25, Southport Theatre (October 2), Leicester Bailey's (3 for a week), Watford Bailey's (9 for a week), Bristol Hippodrome (16), Birmingham Town Hall (18), Stoke-on-Trent Bailey's (21/22), Porthcawl Stonleigh Club (23 for a week), Brighton Dome (31), Blackburn Cavendish (November 4/5), Bradford St. George's Hall (6), Stockton Fiesta (7), Manchester Apollo (10), Derby Bailey's 11/12), Bridlington Spa Theatre (13), Newcastle City Hall (14), Edinburgh Odeon (15), Dundee Caird Hall (16), Ipswich Gaumont (29), Glasgow Apollo (December 1), and London Rainbow (3).

Two more new wave bands sign up

SLAUGHTER AND THE DOGS

TWO MORE new wave bands have been snapped up by London record companies.

Manchester group Slaughter & The Dogs last week signed to Decca and immediately began recording at the company's West Hampstead studios.

Swindon-based punks XTC have gone to the Pistols' label, Virgin, and they're currently booked at four London venues. They play the Nashville (August 22 and 29), Rochester Castle (23 and September 2), the Hope & Anchor (August 24 and 31) and Hammersmith Red Cow (25 and September 1, 8 & 15).

XTC also appear at Redditch Tracey's (August 27), Swindon's Oasis (September 3) and Plymouth Casterways (13)

VIBRATORS QUIT UK

THE VIBRATORS quit the UK last week to live in Berlin.

Now writing new material, they made the move because they believe Europe's so-called Decadent City is creatively a better environment than London.

Earlier this year the new wavers' debut album charted, and on Friday (19) CBS release their new single, ironically titled, "London Girls".

PUNK TOUR CHANGES

ORGANISERS OF the Punk Package Tour featuring London and The Victims, which starts next month, have made a date change and added four more gigs to the itinerary published in these pages last week. The tour is also to play Ross-on-Wye Harveys (9), Shrewsbury Tiffanys (13), Blackburn Lode Star (22), Stafford Top Of The World (26, and not on the 5th as previously stated), and Birkenhead Mr. Digby's. Early in October the tour will go on to Eire.

NEWS IN BRIEF

JO LUSTIG has resigned as manager of Irish Band The Chieftains. His decision takes effect next January and in the meantime he will finalise tours for the group in this country, Europe and Canada.

Lustig, who will continue to manage Richard and Linda Thompson and Ian Anderson, claims the split is amicable and for personal reasons.

"It's gotta be fun," he said. "When it ceases to be enjoyable, money doesn't matter."

SPITERI have added more dates to their current series of UK one-nighters. They play London Speakeasy this Saturday (20), Camden Music Machine (22), Fulham Golden Lion (24), and the Battersea Arts Centre on September 30.

AMERICAN R&B band The Brothers Johnson, are being lined up for a series of eight UK dates next month, including a major London Concert. The Brothers' two albums have earned platinum status in the States, and they recently had a minor hit here with their single, "Strawberry Letter 23".

HINKLEY'S HEROES, the occasional band featuring some of Britain's best known musicians, is reforming to play two dates at the Fulham Golden Lion on Sunday and Monday (21 and 22). The line up features Tim Hinkley (keyboards), Henry McCulloch, Bobby Tench and Bernie Holland (guitars), Poli Palmer (vibes), Tim Bogert (bass) and vocalist Mike Patto. They hope to do a UK tour in November.

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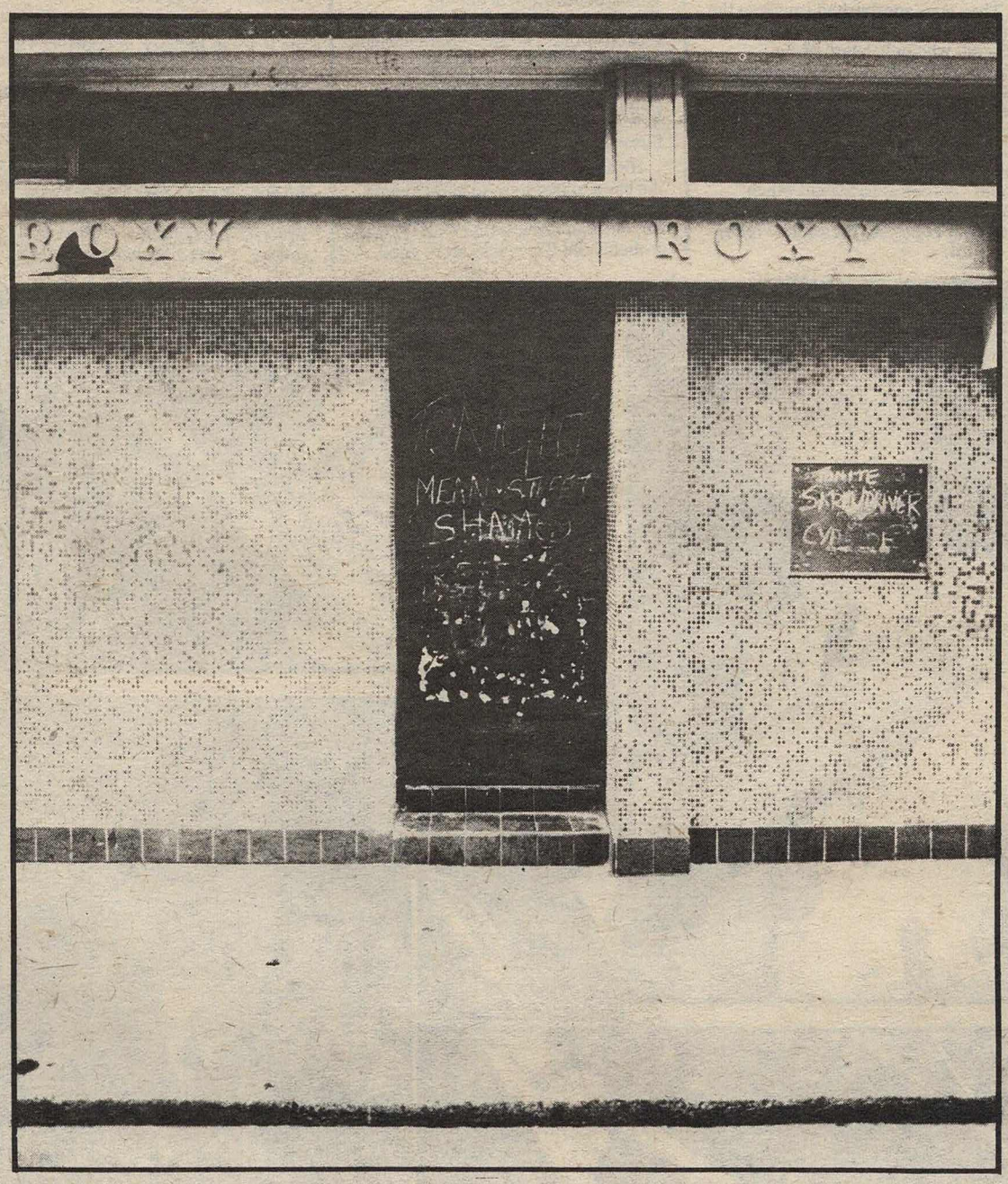
FLUSH OF SUCCESS FROM THE ROXY TOILETS . . .

THE BRITISH Album Charts have recently been graced by an opus which features, among other gems, one track which was recorded live at the artists' first gig ever.

"The Roxy London WC2 (Jan-Apr 77)": the biggest rip-off to come out of the punk rock scene to date . . . or its most perfect artefact?



The ROXY, Neal St., London WC2

How three men spent 40 hours in khazi with kassette and emerged with a top-selling album. Well . . . actually there's a bit more to it than that. Here's PHIL McNEILL with the full story.

Both cases are eminently arguable. The first rests upon the album's music being rubbish — and in the context of Good Music, "The Roxy" does indeed contain a welter of untogether three-chord trickery.

The case for most perfect artefact, however, is even stronger.

The Jam's "Fire & Skill" is not punk rock. The Clash's Westway polemics are not punk rock, any more than Chelsea's Labour Exchange banner-waving, or The Stranglers' studied control . . .

Trite but true: the audience is the essence of punk. And only Wayne County and Johnny Rotten spring to mind as true onstage reflectors — in the big league, anyway — of the fans' preoccupations.

It's not a political movement, nor even a musical revolution. Punk is about shock — Wayne's outrageous transvestitism, the audience's horror-show masks and tattered decadence; and it's about wilful aggression — Rotten's matchless volatility, the audience's sinister spikiness, trendy poses of violence mingling menacingly with the real thing.

They pose, they pogo, they gob. All are condemned by a sanctimonious press which, even at its most breathlessly hip, still seems not to understand the importance of the fans.

Of course they pose at the bar rather than gawking at at the band; respect for the music is just Boring Old Fart crap, no matter how uncouthly you express it.

Of course they pogo: oblivious to the skill, fire, sexism, aural grafitti, whatever, onstage, they are attuned simply to the nihilistic ugliness of the sound.

And even Johnny Rotten can't stop them gobbing.

So now they've made a record.

The Roxy album draws all the threads together; dead-end bands, and unknown potentials; quasi-Instamatic snaps, bored, bizarre and bug-eyed; toilet tapes, expletives undeleted, the thrill of being *"a part of the four-beat heart"* (Kid Strange).

Plus, of course, it crystallises the end of an era; not just the instant before the Roxy changed hands and overnight went from being the most hip to the most *un*hip venue in town, but the moment before the tidal wave broke over the entire country.

The week before Christmas '76, when the Roxy was opened, there was not a single band remotely resembling punk at either the Marquee, the Nashville, or the Red Cow. Eight months later, as I write, those venues' communal listings for the week feature The Vibrators, Wire, Penetration, Boomtown Rats, Buzzcocks, Squeeze, Chelsea, Rezillos, and 999. The Cortinas, Models, Eater and scores of others are on tour.

The album was cut in four days at the beginning of April, exactly halfway between the drought and the flood.

What the Roxy album stands for is by no means the only unique or interesting thing about it.

It also happens to be on Harvest, a subsidiary of EMI Records — the label which achieved such fame when they sacked The Sex Pistols following a bout of on-screen swearing. Yet the Roxy LP is positively larded with obscenities throughout.

It has also been promoted in an unprecedented fashion. Press ads were taken out consisting mainly of a list of shops around the UK where you could buy the album, a technique which had been tried in the States before but never here.

And there are plans afoot to further promote the record by putting it on the road — a compilation album on tour. Again, a virtually unprecedented move.

As far as I can make out, it's only about the fourth live compilation set ever to make the Top 20, the Bangla Desh affair being the last example (and what a contrast, in its superstar-studded purity of intent), over five years ago.

"The Roxy London WC2" was the brainchild of a Polish gentleman called Andy Czezowski, Roxy Club manager at the time, together with a young EMI staff producer called Mike Thorne, whose previous assignment had been to cut an album with Gryphon, a bunch of mediaeval-folk-rockers.

You want ins and outs? You got 'em.

ANDREW CZEZOWSKI is an adamant 27 years old, though he looks older — a bulky senior punk with lacquered, flash-dyed hair, bondage pants and a girlfriend/assistant whose bright orange hair attracts constant stares. Or at least, it did as we walked to the West End restaurant, D'Artagnans, where I recently had lunch with Czezowski and Susan, Mike Thorne (the producer), and Czezowski's partner Ralf Jedraszczyk.

Andy gave me the Roxy story over snails and steak.

Mr Czezowski's connection with London's punk scene goes back some years — "a well-meaning loser," as one old acquaintance put it. After drifting between jobs for years — including working as a GLC rent collector and as a lab technician at Imperial College ("the best job I ever had") — Czezowski fell in with Malcolm McLaren. This was way back when the Sex shop (now Seditionaries) was still called Let It Rock: Andy did "bits and pieces" for McLaren, including running the shop when the boss went off the New York to manage The New York Dolls. (Other sources refute this, however, claiming the shop was already Vivienne Westwood's baby.)

From there he moved on to another Kings Road Emporium, Acme Attractions, again functioning on a "bits and pieces" level. Meanwhile McLaren invented The Sex Pistols — Andy says Malcolm told him the name before the group existed — and through them Czezowski became acquainted with their roadies, Chris Miller and Ray Burns.

When Miller and Burns became Rat and the Cap of The Damned, around February '76, Czezowski offered to help them. He located a warehouse for them to rehearse in, and became their "manager".

In fact, Czezowski is remarkably modest about the association. He readily admits he didn't know how to go about getting them gigs, and that he was really only a glorified driver.

In the band's interests they soon severed their business ties with Czezowski and 100 Club boss Ron Watts took The Damned in hand until they pacted with Jake Riviera at Stiff.

However, the problems he'd experienced getting gigs for The Damned first gave Czezowski the idea of opening a club of his own.

Meanwhile Acme Attractions boss John Cravene, who now runs the Boy shop, had built a punk group called Chelsea around a young friend of his, one Gene October. Before it got off the ground, however, the band left October, renamed themselves Generation X, stuck guitarist Billy Idol behind the mike, and asked Andy Czezowski to manage them.

It was Gene October who first put Czezowski onto the Roxy.

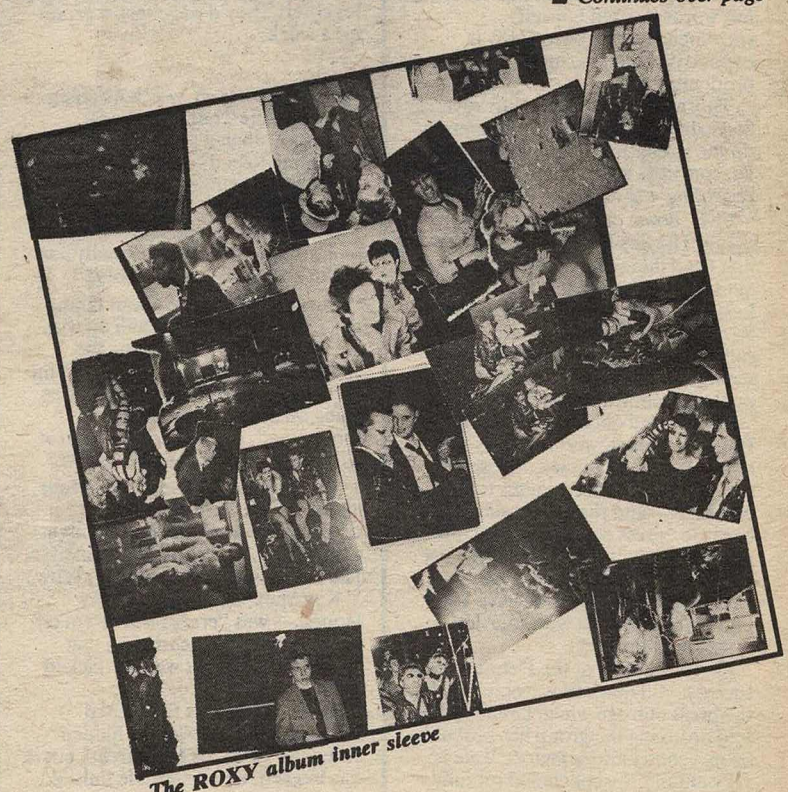
Already known as the Roxy, it had formerly been called Chaguarama's, and around '74/'75 it had done good business as a gay club.

Czezowski arranged with owner Rene Albert of Charlesbury Grove Investments to use the club one night a week, and contacted two guys — Barry Jones and Ralf Jedraszczyk — with whom he had been trying to start a recording studio in Covent Garden, to lay his hands on some capital.

After a successful trial run with Generation X and The Heartbreakers, pulling in enough people to make two gigs just before Christmas pay their way by word of mouth alone, the threesome took the

■ *Continues over page*

Outside EMI House (from left) ANDY CZEZOWSKI, RALF JEDRASZCYK, and MIKE THORNE. Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES.



The ROXY album inner sleeve

The Roxy Album

■ *From previous page*

plunge and decided to lease the Roxy full-time.

They bought a company called Sisterdale to operate and opened up with The Clash on New Year's Day.

The club's meteoric rise and demise are well documented. Within two months, in some eyes, it had gone from obscurity to being the place to be seen, and on to being the place to be seen to deride.

Its fickle clientele notwithstanding, the club's closure was due to something rather more fundamental; Sisterdale had foolishly (as they now admit) signed a contract to pay £25,000 rent per annum.

The album idea was actually mooted originally when the club was booming, sometime in February. The punk vinyl market, on the other hand, was only just starting to roll (The Jam, Clash, Heartbreakers, A/M-Pistols, Boys, and Stiff-Adverts signings all went through in February/March).

Czezowski claims the record was conceived not as a chart shot but "to record what was happening in the club — thinking the whole scene wouldn't break for a year and this would help it break."

At first Ralf and Barry were going to stick it down on their own four-track, but, being short of bread, they called a couple of record companies. Arista and CBS both became interested.

In fact, CBS A&R man Dan Loggins thought he'd got it all set up — according to Dave Wernham, who managed The Vibrators. Wernham says the plan was for them and The Damned to open one side each — and he openly regrets that The Vibrators *aren't* on the Roxy album. However, when EMI swooped in The Vibrators were in the process of signing to CBS, and Loggins apparently vetoed their appearance on the Roxy set.

The problem with CBS, Czezowski says, was that they wanted contracts signed with all the bands upfront. The club, on the other hand, wanted to handle it like their day-to-day business — which was to book any band who came across okay, whether onstage, on tape, or even on the phone.

Thus the eight bands featured on the record can only muster six singles between them — on Stiff, Chiswick, New Hormones, Rabid, and The Label — which only serves to emphasise the audience-as-potential-stars, that-could-be-me-up-there aspect.

The first record company person to fit into this style, and who realised the urgency of the situation (by March Sisterdale were beginning to see the brick wall at the end of the financial tunnel) was Mike Thorne of EMI, who heard about it on the grapevine and called Czezowski out of the blue.

Thorne has been around the music business since he left college eight years ago. He's been working for EMI for about 15 months; his previous assignment to the Roxy was Gryphon, but of late he's been in the studios with Glen Matlock's new band, Rich Kids, and with "Live At The Roxy" artists Wire.

One mutual acquaintance described Thorne to me as "a bit wet". Certainly he seems to be admirably idealistic: his belief in the Roxy album both artistically and (though these are not words he used himself) sociologically and historically is beyond dispute. So, to my ears, is his production skill.

Thorne committed EMI to advance Sisterdale the recording costs purely on the strength of a verbal agreement. No contracts were signed till after recording was completed.

EMI, home of punk, the label that signed The Sex Pistols, and the one that fired them. Punk rock is a vexed question in Manchester Square, and Leslie Hill, managing director of EMI Records, was suitably vexed when I called him to voice my surprise at seeing an album strewn profusely with punk obscenities on his Harvest label.

He stressed once more that the Pistols' contract was "mutually terminated" in January — despite subsequent McLaren claims to the contrary — and that it was simply because "press coverage at the time made it difficult to promote The Sex Pistols". The problem was *not* swearing on record: EMI have been putting out product with four-letter words on it for ages.

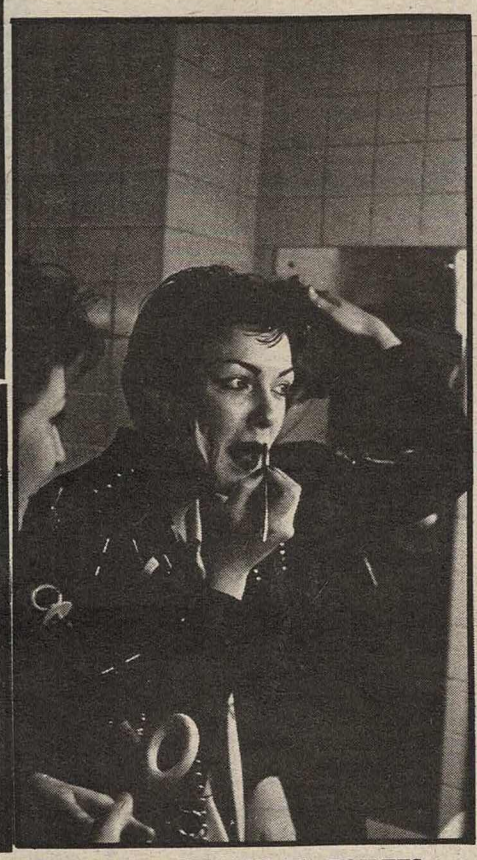
On the subject of the Pistols' recent success, Hill notes how ironic it is that the press outrage which hounded EMI into dropping the group has probably been a contributory factor. "Life is very unfair," he concluded ruefully.

Hill was not personally involved in the Roxy album set-up.

Choosing the acts to appear was down to Mike Thorne and Andy Czezowski. So how did they choose? Czezowski is disarmingly honest: the bands on the album are the ones who said yes.

Those who said no did so no doubt for multifarious reasons: The Vibrators with genuine regret, others probably for considerations of image and contract. Another light was thrown upon it by Generation X, who after all opened the place.

They *were* approached (much to the surprise of current manager Stewart Joseph, who only heard of Czezowski's offer to the band at the same time as Billy Idol and Tony James told me about it), but Gen X declined partly because they reckoned the Roxy had become "a horror show" by that time, and the album would "perpetrate a legend which wasn't the truth", and partly because they didn't consider themselves ready to record.



Top (from left) — The UNWANTED, WIRE; centre — X-RAY SPECS; bottom — BUZZCOCKS, The TOILETS

Not ready to record? Meanwhile there's The Unwanted — then known as Smak — playing their first ever gig together. They'd only been a group for a week.

THAT IS a track worth listening to," Mike Thorne reckons. "Because when a group travels from beginning to end — the end is, uh, I hesitate to say 'musical competence' — there are stages they pass through where it's struggling, fighting against limitations. And that is actually part of the energy. That's part of *it*."

Music, he waxes, is about taking risks. Czezowski backs him up with the bizarre titbit that during the recording sessions he went round the corner to where there was "a dance going on at the film school or something", to look for any band at all to stick on stage and get taped.

The sessions took place over four nights — five were originally scheduled — basically normal nights with a band or two extra crammed in. The last session — Buzzcocks, Wire, X-Ray Spex, Smak and Johnny Moped — was "crazy: wheel 'em on, wheel 'em off. We *had* to do that because we thought we'd be kicked out that week."

So for four nights they taped furiously. The mobile was hidden away; the Roxy, as Ms Burchill put it, was bugged, and Sisterdale finished up with 40 hours of people talking in the toilets.

The end of the album has the sound of a couple of kids nicking one of the onstage mikes. That bit cost £94, but the very concept of a disintegrating soundtrack for a disintegrating club is worth it in Thorne's eyes.

One band "not entirely happy" with their part in that soundtrack are Buzzcocks. Recorded on their Roxy debut — previous bookings hadn't come together for various reasons — it was the band's third gig with their Howard Devoto-less line-up. Buzzcocks manager Richard Boon reckons Mike Thorne's approach to each band was "too consistent", lacking the individual slant each required. He would have liked to have been involved with the mixing himself.

He admits the album probably got the band to people who hadn't heard the New Hormones "Spiral Scratch" EP, but thinks the White Riot '77 tour probably did Buzzcocks more good.

Still, it's good to have "Love Battery".

Slaughter and The Dogs were even more blunt. "The album is badly produced," avers Tosh Ryan of Rabid Records. The "Cranked Up Really High" single, while not a profit-maker due to the prohibitive mailorder costs, established the band and "had more effect" than the Roxy set.

His partner Martin Zero, who produced both Buzzcocks' and Slaughter's home product, says Thorne was striving too hard to be fair. The rough mixes of Buzzcocks' numbers, in particular, he reckons were "far more poky". The bands' only involvement was in choosing the tracks.

Nevertheless, Slaughter have got involved in promoting the album. The try-out for the Roxy-on-the-road package at Manchester's Belle Vue — Slaughter, Johnny Moped, Easter, X-Ray Spex — drew 1,500, and Slaughter's Ray Rossi has set up about ten gigs around the UK at the end of August, in conjunction with Andy Czezowski.

Two combos who *have* benefited enormously from the set are X-Ray Spex and Wire. Spex, surely entirely on the strength of the deserved admiration heaped on "Oh Bondage! Up Yours!", recently topped a Roxy bill featuring Eater, Wire and The Unwanted at Vortex.

Wire have done even better.

THE FIRST time I spoke to Graham Lewis was when he called me up soon after two o'clock one morning. After several days of trying to contact him I'd left a message for him the previous evening. When Lewis called back I wasn't in, and during the ensuing bitchy conversation my wife, in response to a question from Lewis, mentioned that I went to bed around two most nights.

"How liberal," Lewis replied. Evidently he'd decided to test me out. Our subsequent telephone encounter was somewhat guarded.

Wire played their first ever gig at the Roxy in January, supporting The Jam. A five-piece at the time, with a guitarist who left about the beginning of March, they "had a stormy relationship with the Roxy", Lewis claims.

By the time the recordings came up the line-up was Lewis (bass), Colin Newman (a.k.a. Klive, vocals) and Bruce Gilbert (guitar) — all ex-art college — plus a drummer of Polish extraction whose *real* name is Robert Gotobed.

Wire's tracks on "The Roxy" are undoubtedly the most polished sound-wise, the most obviously unstereotyped in style, the least erratic instrumentally, and as regimentedly sub-Kafka style blank as Buzzcocks.

Yet our own great Buzzcocks admirer, Paul Morley, who was at one of the two £17.50-a-shot gigs Wire played for the Recording Machine (Paul's picture makes the cover incidentally), came away describing them as muzak, and Jon Savage, who reviewed the gig in *Sounds*, commented on how bad their sound was live.

So how come the transformation on record? Coudl it be anything to do with the fact that EMI, presumably in the guise of Mike Thorne, "expressed an interest" in the band shortly after the tracks were cut, or that Andy Czezowski took the managerless Wire under his wing around the same time?

Was the album a showcase for Wire?

"There's no denying it's turned out that way," Lewis admits. "But compared to what we can do I don't like what's on the record. On the other hand, compared to the others I don't mind it."

Lewis is actually full of praise for Thorne, because apparently there was "a lot of wincing" when the rough mixes were played.

Wire now have "an unofficial agreement" with EMI. They've done two sets of demo tapes with Thorne, and they're going into the studios at the beginning of September to cut an album.

Their relationship with Czezowski only lasted a month. After "an amicable split" of the clash-of-ideas ilk they are now managed by one Mike Collins.

SO WIRE have gone to EMI; The Adverts to Anchor; Buzzcocks and Slaughter should announce shortly; X-Ray Spex are hot; Eater and Johnny Moped are both busy; and someone mentioned that even The Unwanted may be signed soon.

Andy Czezowski finally has success on his hands, and intends to open "an anti-new wave club".

Mike Thorne's stock rises in the company, and he's working with some interesting weirdos next month. (At the moment he's working with Glen Matlock's Rich Kids, and recently, I hear, accompanied Glen to Bonnie Scotland to audition former Slik teeny star-for-a-day Midge Ure as Rich Kids' vocalist.)

Meanwhile 209 intrepid record dealers, who entered EMI's scheme whereby they got a name-check on the Roxy ads if they promised to take at least 25 copies of the record, have been welcoming spike-haired yobboes into their premises.

How did they do? Very well, thank you — at least according to the manager of HMV Holloway Road, who told me that 25 was "quite a few" for his shop to take but, despite qualms, they "managed to get rid of them".

The Roxy name is big business: next week's Wychbold Festival is called the Roxy Revue, though Czezowski has nothing to do with it.

Colourvale, the promoters, also claim to be working "in association with Harvest Records". Harvest deny this: they let them use the album sleeve in their advertising, nothing more.

Apparently it's being recorded live: that will be the record of the festival of the album of the club, of course.

And the Roxy itself?

Well, they blew it.

AFTER RENE Albert had Andy Czezowski chucked out for non-payment of the £25,000-a-year rent — physically thrown out, that is, one night in mid-April with Siouxsie and the Banshees agitating onstage — Albert advertised the club to let.

In the meantime the Carousel Agency operated the club for Albert, experimenting with a different type of act every night.

After a couple of weeks, however, a guy called Kevin St John picked up on the Roxy, and actually bought out Charlesbury Grove Investments. An Englishman of about 40, I'm told he's "been around", and runs a club in Shepherds Bush.

St John's first move was to buy Czezowski's stage: the former manager had actually taken it out; now it's back. Then he started looking for some punks, and, after Czezowski refused to become his agent, quickly hit upon Miles Copeland of Step Forward Records and the New Orders booking agency.

Copeland advised him that the only way to get the punks back was to go all-punk, which St John did — blowing out Carousel and booking exclusively through New Orders.

Pete Mannheim of New Orders reckons they now draw about 300 on a Saturday, but although the likes of The Boys, The Saints, Alternative TV and Wayne County have played there in the past couple of months, the Roxy is still shunned by what is risibly called "the elite".

In an attempt to get this new establishment swanning back St John recently offered The Damned 100 per cent of his takings for a week's residency. They declined.

Similarly when Generation X were approached to perform they said the Marquee was the only London venue they would play, claims Mannheim — and then they turn up at Vortex.

As for only playing the Marquee: true or not, the ironic truth is that less than a year after all the angry young men slagged off the Wardour Street institution, the new wave Marquee is . . . the Marquee.

Anyway, I've come too far to go out without some pretentious grandstand ending. For a while there the cultures really *were* out of step, and "The Roxy London WC2" documents the last gasps of punk rock's growing pains.

It's the new wave's 25 yards swimming certificate.

DANCING IN THE MOONLIGHT

BAD REPUTATION

Thankyou **THIN LIZZY**

See you at Dalymount Park Dublin
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New album BAD REPUTATION released Sept 2nd.

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THRILLS

So the revolution *will* be televised and the theme song *will* be written by Jim Webb.

TO CELEBRATE their tenth anniversary, *Rolling Stone* magazine will be presenting a two-hour TV special on the CBS network in America later this year.

The brainchild of *Stone's* publisher / editor Jann Wenner and CBS producer / director Steve Binder, the special is promised to be "the first TV show to truly capture the power and passion of rock 'n' roll."

Really?

The musical director will be Jack Nitzsche (sounds good), Jimmy Webb has been signed to write the title theme (credibility dropping) and the choreography (*what?*) will be handled by Ron Field.

No signings yet (Legs And Co may not be available) but Binder thinks "We are going to come up with ... a television milestone."

Yeah, you and *Seaside Special*, mate.

□ MONTY SMITH

Joe really goes over the top

Strummer prepares for action ***Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES***

"I don't think about things I do too much. I just do 'em."

YES THE controversial Joe Strummer, 83, has once again been *making a nuisance of himself.*

Last Thursday, somewhere round about midnight, Joseph found himself down on the ground surrounded by a horde of Belgian security heavies intent, it seemed at the time, on removing this troublesome little iconoclast from our midst once and for all.

It was the opening day of the 14th Bilzen (close relation) jazz (sic) festival. The beat group Clash were headlining.

Throughout the preceding set by The Damned bottles, bricks and beer cans has splattered about the band onstage. Those in the audience up by the front of the stage had attempted to remove / deface / render into non-use the thoroughly degrading ten-foot high concrete and wire fence separating them from the privileged ones in the front stage area.

Whether these two aggro factors were connected is not entirely certain.

What is certain is that the missile throwing continued with quite devastating force as soon as The Clash hit the stage.

As did the attempts at fence destruction.

During the fifth number, "Les Flics Et Les Voleurs", (The Clash's stunning rendition of Junior Murvin's "Police And Thieves" in case it was German at your school) optimists might have believed there was a chance the fence was about to go down.

Joe Strummer was optimistic.

Leaping into The Area he ran and began pulling at the loosest of the concrete posts. For some 30 seconds this demonstration of living art continued.

At the end of this time Joe suddenly appeared to be on the ground. He seemed at first to be on the verge of receiving the proverbial good kicking. "They definitely wanted to have a go at me," he said later.

Then he was on his feet, fists clenched and surrounded ...

What happened next? Did Joe survive this savage Old Wave onslaught? Will he ever manage to twist a toe to Tapper Zukie again?

See next week's *devastating* tale of Flemish terror. You Will Be Shocked! Only in the *New Musical Express* ...

THE NEXT morning, towards midday, The Clash party cheerfully made their gleeful way to Brussels airport.

They were very excited. That night they were due in Bremen, Germany, for a run-through of a German version of *Top Of The Pops,* called *Musikladen.*

Appearing on the show with them would be Tina Charles, Paul Nicholas and Dana.

Gosh. They *were* excited.

You can imagine their disappointment when they missed their plane (something they'd also managed to do for the Mont De Marsan festival; — they had to take five planes to get there.)

After spending close to the rest of the day in the European air corridors — and being heavily searched at every customs they went through — the four plucky musicians and their manager arrived at the TV studios.

What excitement was in the air! They were the *first* ever punk band to be on German television.

They made *close friends* with Dana and Nicky Headon happily hummed Paul Nicholas's hit to him.

When they went on the run-through of the show they discovered they had to mime.

It seemed very odd miming "White Riot", their German single release. Wag that he is, Joe kept his back to the camera.

In the dressing-room Paul dropped a beer bottle. It broke.

The band returned to their hotel and spent a liquor-soaked evening in the hotel bar.

The next day they awakened.

Life felt good.

There would be a New Moon that night.

"Only the filming of the show to get through and then it's home to Blighty, ehh, chaps?" said Joe as he playfully drew Hitler moustaches on faces on the beer mats and on the sign on the gents.

But it was not to be: a phone call came from the TV station.

Their presence was no longer welcome on *Musikladen.*

They had not, they were told, mimed correctly, they had left their dressing-room in a *shameful* state and, it was intimated, they had not shown *proper respect* to the producer.

When they went down to the dining-room in their hotel to eat the down-hearted chaps were then told their clothes were *not suitable.*

It would appear Germany is not ready for punks.

□ CHRIS SALEWICZ

DEDICATED FOLLOWERS OF FASCISM

A report from the other side of the battle-lines

"THE biggest riot London has seen since the war" is how it has been described.

For the first time, ammonia was thrown in police eyes. For the first time, police needed full-length riot shields. For the first time, hatred of the National Front left its mark on the police escort in the shape of several stab-wounds.

The battle of Lewisham resulted in 55 hospitalized policemen, 214 arrests and clashes that forced the Mayor of Lewisham to admit: "The streets of Lewisham have been turned into a battleground."

If it isn't banned, then it must be crushed.

Attempts by the Mayor of Lewisham to convince Metropolitan Police Commissioner David McNee to advise the Home Office to ban the march failed. These are the consequences of allowing organized racial hatred to march with police through the streets of a black area of South London.

3,000 anti-NF demonstrators assembled in New Cross at two in the afternoon, exactly the time of the Front march in the same area, premature eruptions of hostilities between the rival factions prevented by meticulously choreographed segregation tactics of the 4,000 police in the streets, a quarter of the Metropolitan Police Force.

David McNee, Metropoltian Police Commissioner, *12.8.77*, on Capital Radio: "My men will have sufficient means and numbers to contain any violence."

The motto of the anti-Fascists was: *"They shall not pass."*

David McNee, *Sunday Telegraph, 14.8.77:* "Violence arose because those who were determined to oppose the National Front by any means were committed to its use no matter what form the National Front demonstration took."

Running the gauntlet from the subway to the confrontation. Oppressive grey heat. Five kids with short hair and orange armbands glance at us empty-eyed. Maybe the punks have forsaken the Kings Road for carnage; a comforting thought until the Socialists Workers Party shout over megaphones that NF stewards are on the prowl, distinguishable only by their orange armbands.

And our side aren't too friendly; walking through their paranoia and numerous mental barricades, our black jackets (the only ones we possess) with sleeves rolled up in readiness draw suspicious glances from those with a duffel-coat consciousness.

"You'd better get out of here," says a shrill sister.

"Why?"

"Who are you marching with?"

"Well, we ain't in no group, but we'll march with anyone who hates Nazis."

The internal prejudices flexed all too frequently make total triumph today seem impossible. Behind the united front, the various left-wing fragments yell their prissy duets of protest.

"We are the Women and we hate the Fascists!"

"We are the Workers and we hate the Fascists!"

Sunday Telegraph, 14.8.77: "It is a disquieting fact, recognized by all the major political parties, that more and more people are giving their support to groups which believe in taking politics into the street."

The common denominators — youth and a belief in justified confrontation — which fuse the 3,000 units are reflected by one nucleus of British anti-Fascism, the Socialist Workers' Party, the strongest and fastest-growing cell of The New Left.

Steve Jefferies, Central Committee Spokesman of the Socialist Workers' Party, *Daily Mail, 15.8.77*: "We stopped the Nazis from marching through Lewisham. Hitler said if they had crushed him when he was small, he would never have succeeded. That's what we intend to do with the National Front."

From windows overlooking New Cross Road black girls in headscarves blast reggae through failing speakers. The perfect expression of the function of our music.

The music is for the Revolution — the Revolution is not for the music.

The National Front had neither. But they have black policemen, one in each line, sent here to protect the organization which only last year countered Sir Robert Mark's black police recruitment dare with a campaign of stickers portraying a gorilla in a police helmet, with the words "You too can be a police constable in Sir Robert Mark's police force."

Smiling, they roll in in busloads until 4,000 of them are assembled. They're everywhere you look — and in the Clifton Rise cordon, 25 yards away, the bacon-featured fourth from the right makes eye-contact while pounding his left hand with his right fist.

Right. I'll remember you.

How much longer? The police cordons move forward. The Front are coming this way. A sudden surge of emotion and flesh to inevitable disappointment, many times. Anger and frustration with your own people; divide and rule their most lethal weapon. The menace and venom with which our side chant "Webster, we want you . . . dead" cannot be backed up with a mere 3,000. You wonder how many Nazis will be coming round the mountain, and feel bored.

Then suddenly without a warning a cry goes up and horses come towards us to clear the streets for the National Front.

Our ranks sensibly scatter except for a few first-time neophytes intent on standing their ground and proving their worth. One cub-reporter is crumpled by the right-front leg of a terrified horse-tank while the other can only scream in disbelief.

Struck by the immediate horror of the police-escorted, Union Jack-waving National Front column advancing as planned, they stumble to the back of the left side of the anti-Fascist lined street, where pure terror prevents them from throwing up. Meanwhile the experienced and effective troops gather ammunition for the massive retaliation to the appearance of the enemy.

The Observer, 14.8.77: "The demonstrators kept up a continual chant of "COMPANY POLICE!", the taunt used against police by pickets outside the Grunwick factory . . . as the column of Front marchers took to the streets they met a hail of bricks and bottles and broke up in confusion as left-wingers swarmed into their ranks.

"Vicious fighting broke out as the police cordon surrounding the Front marchers broke under a barrage of more bricks, bottles, sticks and orange smoke bombs. Within seconds, indiscriminate fighting flared all over Lewisham High Street. Shop plate-glass windows were shattered as police charged demonstrators and the street bare of traffic was filled with the sound of police-horses, tramping police boots and the chanting of demonstrators. Bottles, dustbins and chunks of masonry rained down on the column of police and NF marchers from derelict buildings occupied by left-wing demonstrators chanting, 'THEY SHALL NOT PASS!'

"The NF march disintegrated under the assault and the street became a melee of fighting and injured people. The air was thick with acrid orange smoke as smoke-bombs were hurled into the midst of the fighting . . ."

And you were never more scared . . . and you were never more glad to *be* in a specific location at a specific time . . . because the unforgettable faces of marching Nazis were the stuff of nightmares; they looked twisted, sick, bigoted, and ultimately pathetic.

And they were so full of a perverse hatred that nothing in the world mattered other than their total destruction. When you realize the countless riot-cops on show are on the other side. When you're aware of the grotesque reality of the National Front in the sick faces of the few kids of your own age on the other side of the barricades disintegrating under the strange rain of broken glass, smoke bombs, bricks, coins, stones, dustbin lids, dustbins, the remnants of fences and more.

Paul Mackee, responsible for analysing electoral results for Independent Television News, *Sunday Telegraph, 14.8.77*: "Most of their votes were collected from the 30 to 44 age group, and it goes along with the Alf Garnett vote."

On our side, the old and the young are immortalized in their shared contempt and mutual love. An old man roars "Jewbaiters! Damn Jewbaiters!" and a rebel with a cause, aged 16 summers, howls: "I wanna be anarchy. I thought this was the U.K.!"

As the National Front's "largest ever march" of 1,000 evaporated into a single file cower without the protection of the ever-warier police — and what sensible person would continue risking their life to protect a Fascist parade? — the Red Riot troops take the throwing of missiles to its logical progression as the blacks and SWP form a commando elite, throwing themselves with total disregard for personal safety at the throats of the NF, while being unavoidably showered from their own side's assault. Later you find out that others were thinking like you were at that point — I hope that one day I'll be able to do that.

The Master Race mutate into single file vermin as their chaperones lose their helmets and their nerve. After moving all of 200 yards the aborted National Front march is diverted down a dingy sidestreet, from where it breaks up in ignominious disorder.

In the debris of the aftermath a policeman's helmet and an NF flag are burning. A Perfect Stranger puts his arm around you and asks if you're alright and you cry. The exhilaration of total belief sends the next generation on to hound the scurrying NF and fight the police from Lewisham Police Station to Lewisham Hospital.

Passion is no longer a fashion, but our deadly weapon.

It's time for backing up the words with action. This late in the day, too few people are carrying the weight of responsibility for all of us.

But perhaps you think this wasn't your battle. Tell it to the blacks. Tell it to the SWP. Tell it to Rock Against Racism. Tell it to Charles Shaar Murray. Tell it to the three thousand. Tell it to the kid who lost his right eye.

Martin Webster, NF leader, *Sunday Express, 14.8.77*: "We shall be marching again in a month and a half's time with 2,000 marchers."

Over to you.

□ TONY PARSONS
JULIE BURCHILL

Pictures that tell their own story. (Top) The massed ranks of the police, holding back demonstrators; (above) arresting one such demonstrator and (right) assisting their battle-scarred comrades.

On-the-spot pix: DENIS O'REGAN

BEER CARTON virtuoso Ted Egan found an appropriate stage for his act at the Manufacturers' Bottle Company of Victoria in Abbotsford. Ted, a 44-year-old bushman, has won fame through his skill at "playing" the empty beer carton. He has two gold records and has released five LPs and several singles. At present he is involved in making a film about himself and the Northern Territory.

From the Australasian Express.

Bootleg Battle

THE WAR against the pirates continues with a major bust recently which saw the British Phonographic Institute gaining new powers in their fight to stamp out illegal products.

In a raid on a shop called Music Sound in Seven Sisters Road, Finsbury Park, London, N4, the BPI managed to get a new kind of court order which allowed them not only to search the premises and remove bootleg tapes, but also to confiscate the equipment for making the tapes, a bootlegger's major investment.

BPI director Geoffrey Bridge claimed that this was an added deterrent which might help cut down on bootlegging, which currently stands at 5% of the cassette market and 1-2% of the record market.

The BPI, which employs its own full-time investigators, usually start their hunt with the retailers, gradually working back down the chain until they nab the importer. They then find out where the supplies are coming from and alert the authorities in the country concerned.

□ DICK TRACY

EXORCISE AND HOW NOT TO TAKE IT

'Filmmaking is in the process of turning money into light and then back into money again.'

John Boorman

IT IS a commonly-held belief in the New Hollywood that there is no longer an audience for a *type* of film — cowboy, war, romance — rather than for an individual film.

So there is a *Dirty Harry* audience, an *Airport* audience, a *French Connection* audience, who thrill to the particular combination of talents and action that particular movie delivers. Hence the endless clutch of sequels.

In these terms *Exorcist II: The Heretic* was conceived originally as a straight-forward dollar-earning sequel to one of the most successful movies of all time, a film which in the US alone grossed more than $80 million, and almost won an Academy Award for teen queen Linda Blair. The movie was to be Warner Brothers' blockbuster of the year with a budget of $11 million. But even the best laid plans of giant entertainment conglomerates gang aft agley.

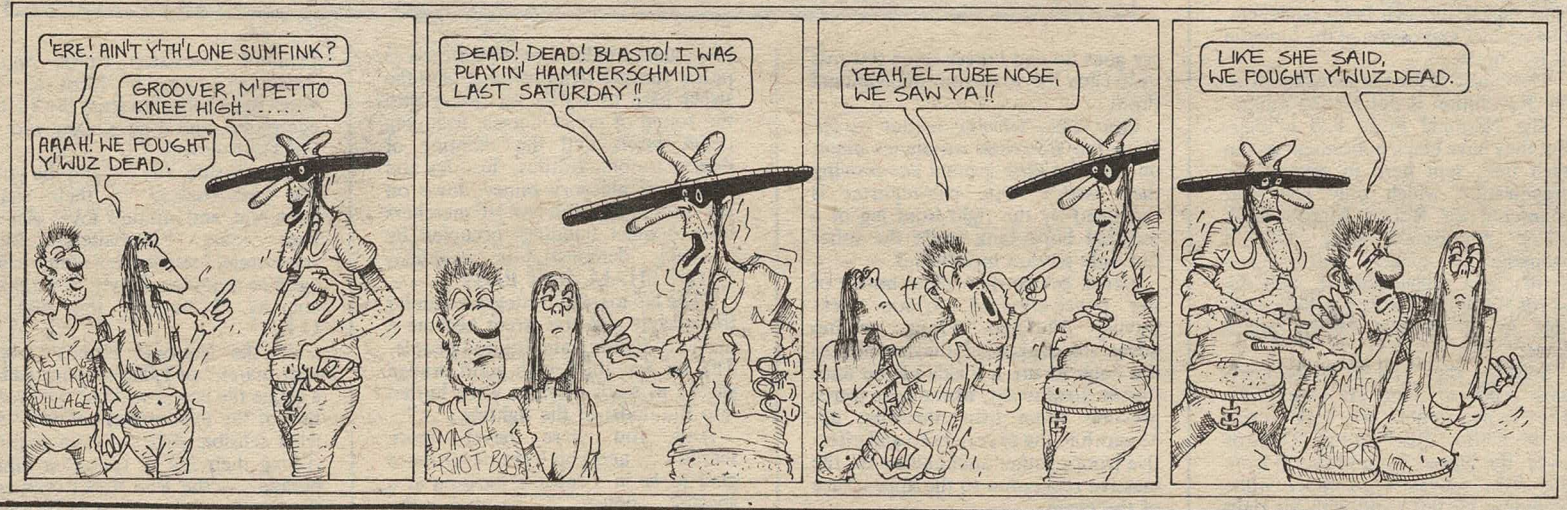
In retrospect and even given the odds at stake, John Boorman was a strange choice for director. He had been offered the original film but had turned it down, claiming it was "negative and destructive". He even urged Warner Brothers not to make it. An uncompromising perfectionist with more than a dash of idealism, Boorman saw the new movie as a chance in a million. In a book about the making of the film, Boorman describes the way he felt in the early months of preproduction. "We were forming a redoubt of a few people . . . who were allies in this ambitious attempt to make a film that could not be made, right on the shores of a vast sea of televised mediocrity."

By all accounts the movie was one of the most complicated and difficult major pictures any of the people involved had ever done. The endless technical problems they encountered in trying to attain Boorman's uncompromising vision stretched actors and special effects to the limit. Boorman, claiming "I'm bored with naturalism", recreated huge scenes like the Ethiopian village in the studio. 8000 African locusts had to be flown in to Beverley Hills for the swarm scenes and then kept alive for months — no mean feat. No effort was made to match what Dick Lederer, co-producer, described as the "hideous vulgarity" of the original. He told *Variety:* "Stanley Kubrick, who is a friend, when he heard what we were doing, said 'You know what you're going to have to do — have her vomit in rainbow colours' ". Instead, Boorman was aiming for a 'metaphysical thriller' which would frighten without the entrails. Linda Blair was back as the devil child Regan (copping $750,000 and 10% of the profits in the process) with Richard Burton as the priest who battles demons, and Louise Fletcher as the psychiatrist.

The filming process was a nightmare but that's another story. Suffice it to say that after numerous technical and personal upheavals, the movie finally came to be premiered at 700 theatres throughout America on June 17. Despite mixed reviews it grossed $10 million in a week. Then, the audience just disappeared. Discouraged by adverse reaction to the film, Boorman and Warners announced plans to change the ending and perform other minor changes.

It led to what *Screen International* described as 'The most extensive surgery ever performed on a major movie after it has been released." Apparently New York audiences had just hooted at the original ending, which showed Burton and Blair leaving the Georgetown house and walking off into the sunset while the whole neighbourhood fails to notice that the house has burst into flames. Boorman, sitting on a phone 6000 miles away in Ireland, dictated frame numbers over the phone and a new movie, nicknamed *Exorcist III,* began to emerge. When it was reshown it

GROOVER — *THE LONE BENYON*


'ERE! AIN'T Y'TH'LONE SUMFINK?
GROOVER, M'PETITO KNEE HIGH.....
AAAH! WE FOUGHT Y'WUZ DEAD.
DEAD! DEAD! BLASTO! I WAS PLAYIN' HAMMERSCHMIDT LAST SATURDAY!!
YEAH, EL TUBE NOSE, WE SAW YA!!
LIKE SHE SAID, WE FOUGHT Y'WUZ DEAD.

What you see on your right
is a group of very relaxed
musicians making music
somewhere in the Santa Monica Mountains.

was seven minutes shorter than the original, had a new prologue,new ending, several added incidents and no sex scenes. Warners are no deciding whether to replace all the 700 prints in existence, which would cost an extra $1 million. Either way, the version we see in Europe will definitely be the recut one.

Boorman remains philosophical. He told reporters: "The sin I committed was not giving them what they wanted in terms of horror. There's this wild beast out there, which is the audience. I created this arena and I just didn't throw enough Christians into it."

□ DICK TRACY

Exorcist II: The Heretic opens in the West End on September 15th.
The Making Of Exorcist II: The Heretic by Barbara Pallenberg is published by Wyndham Books on August 18th. Price 65p.

pelled to heroes.
11.0 Command Performance The Roaring 20's. Another chance to see an episode from "Lucky Charm," a favourite film series from the Sixties, with Dorothy Provine as Pink Pinkham. Pinky is courted by an attractive gambler and learns she's being used to bait his most hated rival Eddie and the Hot Rods in their own special concert.
11.5 - 12.25 Concert Spcial.

From the Doncaster Gazette, sent by Timothy Swallow.

THIS PICTURE is not what you think it is.

It is not a picture of Alex Harvey channelling bodily wastes through any of his orifices. It is not a picture of Alex Harvey melting in the heat of the Vortex after pretending to be a Southside Slasher. It is not a picture of Alex Harvey expressing his opinion of the National Front.

It is a picture of Alex Harvey playing with a new toy for U.S. kids aged five and over (Alex is over the age of five, so he was allowed to play with it). The toy is called "Slime", and this picture is all CHALKIE DAVIES' fault.

PAGE FLEES U.F.O.s

'LAST WEEK'S tragic news of the death of Robert Plant's five-year old son has cast a fairly grim spotlight on Led Zeppelin's extended tour of the Americas. Strange it is, though, that the tour itself hasn't garnered more press coverage over these past months.

I mean, who can forget the days when a Led Zeppelin U.S. Tour would immediately require the Boswellian talents of Lisa Robinson to report on every bowel movement the metallic quartet performed during a working day. Ms Robinson's talents have not been employed this time around, it seems — although we've still had all the various articles containing the usual "we are the greatest" bluster plus more tense interludings with the difficult Mr Page, whose only message to the media is an adamant statement that his metabolism has rid itself of artificial aids these days.

Three interesting observations, then, concerning the Behemoth's annual trouncing of the colonies.

Firstly, tower-of-strength manager Peter Grant has been keeping a low profile on this tour even though he has been present as usual at every gig the band have played. The victim of a painful divorce settlement which has given custody of his children to his wife, Grant, reports claim, has become a virtual recluse, spending his time either locked in a hotel room or else in the dressing room, morose, unapproachable and delegating most duties to assistants.

This current strategy (or lack of the same) may or may not have brought about the 'bit of bovver' that hit the headlines two weeks back involving Grant, drummer John Bonham and Richard Coles against the omnipotent Bill Graham's minions at one gig. It was a fourth name, though, that caused certain observers to blanch slightly. One 'John Bindon' was reported as being the fourth Zeppelin bully-boy arrested during trouble with the security guards — the same John Bindon who got immortalised in *Performance* when he was chosen to play Moody, the simpleton-thug, a role he carried off with some relish. Bindon, for the unitiated, bears a reputation for being the toughest man in London.

Finally, though, to Jimmy Page. Page, in fact, has been acting out the

Jimmy Page interrupted Led Zep's U.S. tour for a quick trip to Cairo after a "visitation". Pic: PENNIE SMITH

role of all-round Mr Clean on this last jaunt. His mode of self-elevation when off-stage, apparently, is to listen to The Damned's album (a real Zep fave) and a tape of Rockpile recorded in Dallas. Not that dat ole' black magic still doesn't impinge on his activities. One Swansong employee claims that Page was watching a video in his hotel room one night when, across a clear blue sky, appeared four straight lines of distortion. Just yer basic interference, the common-or-garden peon watching said screen would think. Not our James. He immediately took these 'markings' to be scanning U.F.O.s bearing messages.

The result? Page immediately packed his bags and split, mid-tour, to Cairo for four days.

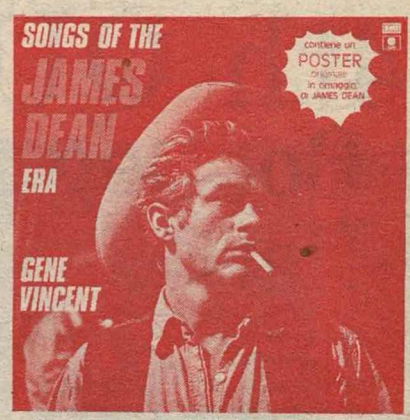
□ NICK KENT

SONGS OF THE MUSSOLINI ERA by VERA LYNN

ONLY IN Italy could a record company come up with such an incongruous sleeve concept as this Capitol re-issue of 14 Gene Vincent tracks. As a matter of interest, James Dean died on September 30, 1955, whilst Gene Vincent didn't cut his first record until May 4, of the following year.

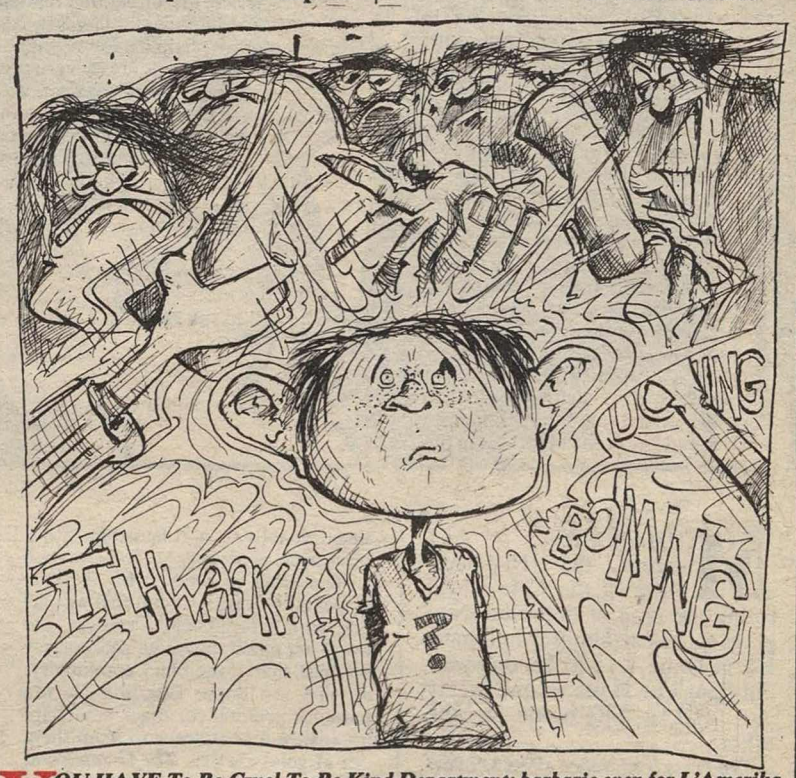
Furthermore, Gene Vincent never acted in a Dean movie and, so far as we know, James Dean never played his conga drums with The Blue Caps.

If this album is any indication, perhaps in the near future, we can expect EMI Italiana to repackage some Beatles tracks with a photograph of Clint Eastwood, Cockney Rebel's repertoire complete



with a portrait of Robert De Niro and some Helen Reddy hits with a snap of Linda Lovelace!

□ ROY CARR



YOU HAVE To Be Cruel To Be Kind Department: barbaric even for L'Amerika seems the Supreme Court of Cook, Washington's decision approving the use of corporal punishment for schoolchildren. Five families have withdrawn their offspring from the only school in Cook in protest against a classroom discipline known as "The Gauntlet."

This method of chastisement leaves no blood on the hands of teachers or administrators; rather, students themselves punish the child forced to run between two lines of them. Children refusing to strike their comrades are made to run "The Gauntlet" themselves.

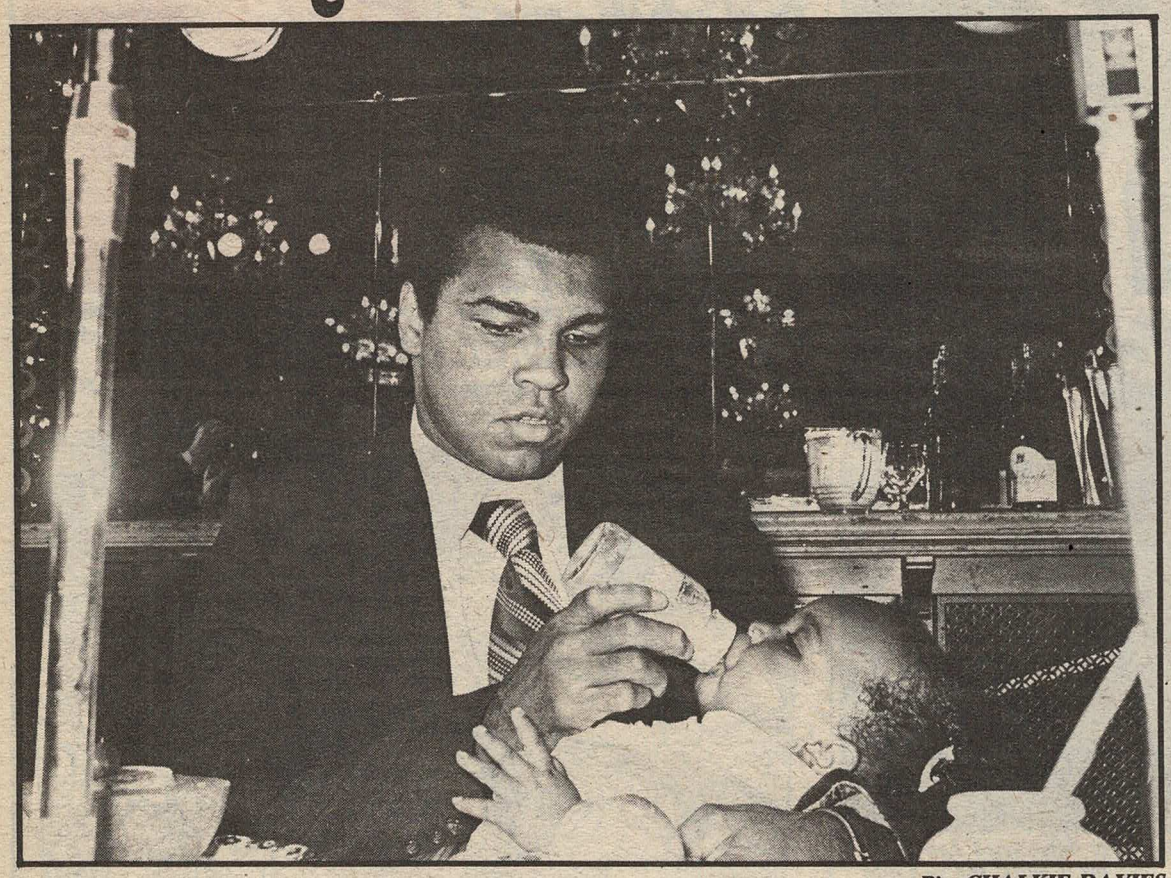
A school official has described the punishment as "kind of little game for kids." Get the picture? Yes, we see.

□ JULIE BURCHILL

What you now see on your right is the result. **Bernie Leadon** was a main force in The Eagles- remember 'Desperado', 'Lyin' Eyes' & 'Take It To The Limit'.- as well as having played with the Flying Burrito Brothers and the Linda Ronstadt Band. Now he joins forces with **Michael Georgiades,** formerly with Johnny Rivers. Together they've made their first album **'Natural Progressions'** (K53063) -produced by Glyn Johns.

BERNIE LEADON MICHAEL GEORGIADES
Available on Asylum Records & Tapes

SUCKER WHUPS ALI IN THE 4th QUESTION



Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES

MUHAMMAD ALI enters the Napoleon Suite of the Cafe Royal toting the type of domestic trappings mere earthlings would have left at home, to wit, his one-year old daughter Hana in one meaty paw and a titty-bottle in the other.

The press conference emits a collective gasp as the pink-clad tot leads with the mayonnaise, catching the champ high on the shirtfront. Ali distracts here with a lettuce leaf — ringcraft tells — and launches into a discussion of his biopic, *The Greatest*.

He's acted at random for the past 20 years, he explains, but this was his first with a script and a camera. He won't act again unless he can portray the best side of the black community: no dirt, no dope. Charlton Heston parts for preference. Black actors are up against a conspiracy to keep them out of good movies. *The Greatest* was mainly a fun project, and another of his many firsts. Here was his life story while he was still young and pretty; Geronimo, Washington and Capone had been dead and planted before they hit the screen.

He'd glanced at the script for five minutes, then changed the whole thing to suit his personality. In the pink corner, the mite sees an opening and pokes a slice of beef into Ali's display pocket, one of those spur - of - the - moment brainwaves that can determine the balance of bouts and the fate of fisticuffs. Ali feints with the titty-bottle, and lands a combination of spoon and radish that has the gnatweight reeling. Roy Carr shifts his wager — a yard borrowed from Chalkie — back to The Lip.

"I'm in a funny position as a movie star," Ali confides, "because I already am a star. I'm as high as I can go, and movies don't pay the money. See, I've made 57 million dollars in purse due to my charisma and personality. I'm bigger than all Hollywood."

Boxing was only a way of introducing him to the people. Allah missioned him to be a boxer, and the next bout was the spiritual regeneration of the world through Islam. He was going to preach freedom, justice and equality for mankind. Roy shifted his bet back to the babe, with an any-to-come clause on spiritual sloth, show or place.

Would Ali be damaged if he lost the title to Shavers? "Yes — because we live in a hypocritical society, and without wealth and title I'd be ignored like any other black. I don't want you to write that I'm gonna be a Jesus Christ for the world, or a big-shot evangelist — but I can do a bit. The Number One goal is South Africa. I feel better even TALKING about these topics, rather than the film or boxing because they're not helping people. God gave me the power to do what I'm doing — we don't thank Him like we should. Look at me and my position! I should thank Him, treat people right, pay Him back." Columbia execs hum excitedly.

Isn't professional violence an unconventional way for a spiritual leader to introduce himself? "Hey — you ain't as dumb as you look!" says Ali, then addresses the assembled scribes — "watch how easy I work outa this. When I fought Jerry Quarry he was unconscious on his feet, and I pulled offa him and told the referee he was hurt. They said it was a fixed fight, but I'm not gonna please these bloodthirsty people. James Ellis, Buster Matthews, all out on their feet and I didn't hurt them!"

But the Ali Shuffle fails to fool the antic ankle-biter, and, trained to a hair in the Catskills, she works in close on his lapels with a meringue gumshield, "WURR WURR WURR!" she shouts.

Would he say that his daughter takes after him? He fixes the questioner with a pugnacious eye. "Are you tryin' to be funny?"

Was his toughest fight the conversion to Islam or beating the draft?

"Neither. There's a test nobody knows about. It was when I had to leave my first wife or leave my faith. She was so pretty and I was in love." They couldn't put everything in the film because he'd had such a full life — they could've shot 10 hours on his marital problems with his three wives.

A non-chauvinist reporter takes up cudgels for Ali's first wife, and steps on his dong. The champ switches to a gay falsetto — "thum of you men ain't men at all" — and makes it pretty clear that he sides with Eldridge Cleaver on the position of women within the black movement, namely horizontal. A table falls over.

"See the power of my voice?" says Ali. It could have been the Marquis of Queensbury making a break for the Exit.

□ BRIAN CASE

MANFRED IS BLUE.

Yes, blue *is* the true color of Manfred Mann's Earth Band's newly *re-released* **The Roaring Silence** album. The new blue **Silence** (as distinguished from the earlier, pink **Silence**) features both Mann-made Bruce Springsteen hits, "Blinded By The Light" and "Spirit In The Night."

. . . And we ain't surprised

AN elaborate marketing ploy, on behalf of the '60s pop veteran Manfred Mann, has turned into a disaster for Warner Brothers Records in the States.

After his first American Number One for 13 years, with Bruce Springsteen's "Blinded By The Light", Manfred opted to play it safe with another Springsteen song "Spirits In The Night."

He'd already cut it on an earlier album with a different line-up, and new vocals and other overdubs were needed before the song could go out.

This done, Manfred still wasn't satisfied. Not content with a further prospective hit single, he wanted to make it as an album artist. But the aim was to promote current product, not oldies.

So Manfred's manager, Harry Maloney, was flown out to LA to a meeting of Warner's board of directors, and they agreed to the scheme he suggested:

The latest Manfred album, "Roaring Silence", already had "Blinded By The Light" on it, and the plan was that Warners should withdraw all copies on sale, take off a filler track, add "Spirits", and put the album back out again in its new form.

The sleeve was changed in colour from pink to blue to avoid confusion, and full page ads were taken in the U.S. rock press to explain the move. "Manfred Is Blue", said the blurb, and how right that proved to be.

Because the "Spirits" single bombed. Thousands of kids who'd already bought albums with pink sleeves felt cheated.

And Warners were left with thousands of albums with blue sleeves that nobody wanted.

Manfred's UK label, Bronze, wisely resisted the strategy.

□ BOB EDMANDS

PUNK ROCK DOCTORED IN ZHIVAGOES

(and other Glasgow venues)

ACCORDING TO A report in last week's trade paper *Music Week* there has been a total ban imposed on punk rock in the Glasgow area

The City Fathers were apparently dismayed at the atrocities they had witnessed in the Punk Special TV programme (screened 3rd August) and the ban followed as a result.

The news came to light this week when Thrills learnt that Generation X were refused a licence to play, even after the local magistrates had granted one. The License Police had apparently said that they would raid any punk gig held at any City owned venue. (Generation X were originally scheduled to appear at a cinema, Dreamland).

The venue was subsequently switched to a club, Zhivagoes, where many new wave bands have appeared recently, including The Jam only three weeks ago. There had been no reported violence at this or other punk events in the area.

Groups such as The Jolt, Exiles, Cuban Heels and The Backstabbers can now find nowhere to play in Glasgow, and most new wavoids have been forced to switch to Paisley gigs like the Silver Thread Hotel where the police have not insisted on any bans as yet.

The leader of the ruling Conservative Party on the Glasgow City Council, one Bailie John Young, was quoted as saying: "I personally don't like punk rock" and pointed out that many successful concerts had been staged before and could still be in the future, but not in Glasgow.

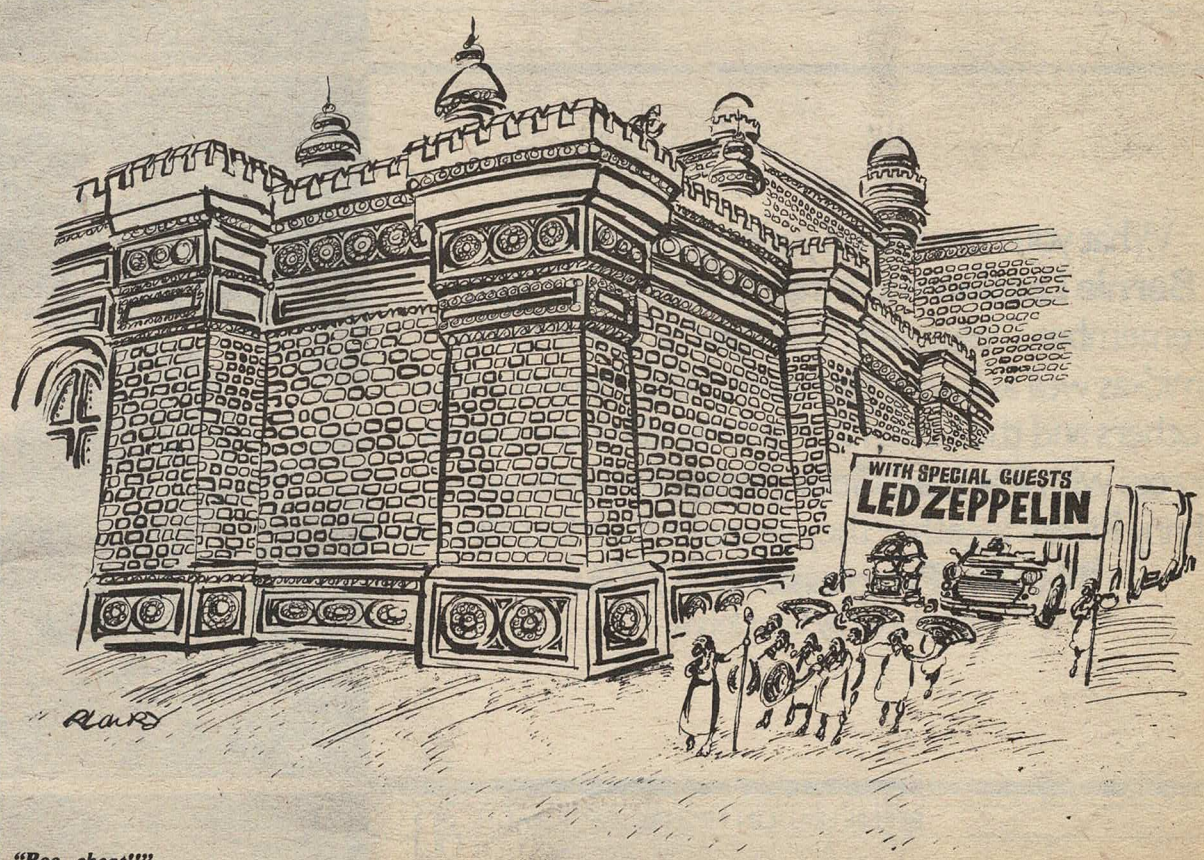
So who needs 1984 when you've got 1977? This is still a free country, isn't it?

Of more long term significance it would be interesting to know just how the police define a punk rock band. What happens if a major band of fabulously popular punks, say The Stranglers, The Ramones or Television are scheduled to play at the Apollo?

We'll keep you informed.

□ MAX BELL

LOWRY



"Boo, cheat!!"

Carole King

new single

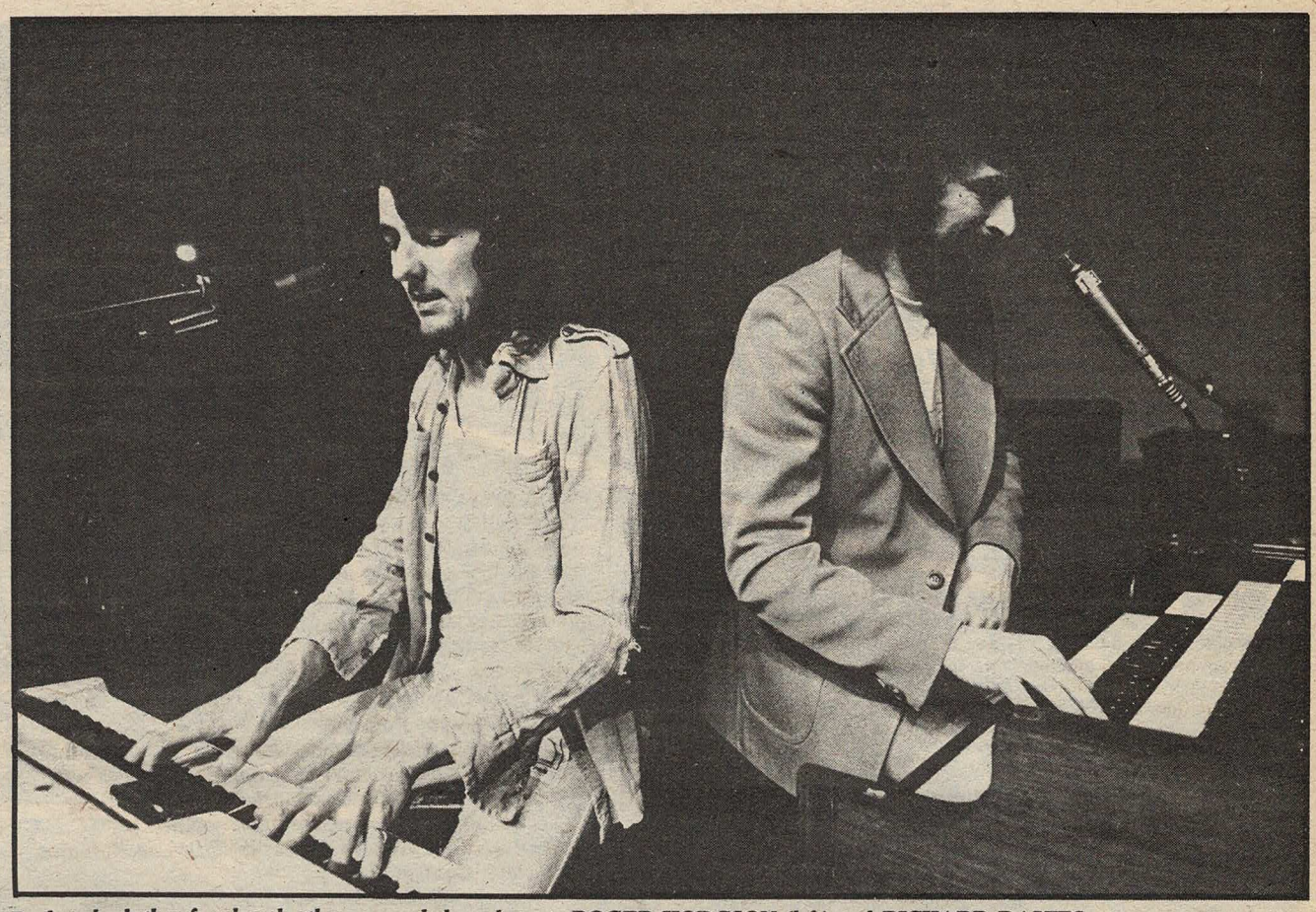
Hard Rock Café

CL15934

Taken from her current album
Simple Things

EAST 11667 available on cassette

Capitol



Back to back they faced each other . . . verbal combatants ROGER HODGSON (left) and RICHARD DAVIES

Anarchy. Violence. Revolution.

SuPerTRAMP

Whaaat? we hear you gasp. Supertramp? Guess you thought the punks had it all sewn up, huh?

Well, you ain't heard nothin' yet. The war of the worlds, religious mania, friends locked in mortal combat . . . it's all here. No gobbing though.

***TONY STEWART** reports*

WOULD YOU like a fairy cake or another cup of tea, vicar? Rock's self-appointed clergyman, Supertramp's Roger Hodgson, silently shakes his head. Perched on a bed in the hotel room he stares pensively into his cup, as if the now cold, murky liquid with a soggy lemon floating on top will suddenly reveal the mysteries of the world.

You see people like Hodgson every day. But instead of strapping on a guitar and preaching The Word in songs, they gloomily trudge city streets wearing a sandwich board that carries the legend: *The End Is Nigh But God Will Save You.*

Roger is a *concerned* human being.

Three years ago he and Rick Davies, the other half of the group's creative fulcrum, invited us to tremulously peer at the apocalyptic vision of their album, "Crime Of The Century". It was a bleak scenario which exuded black pessimism and offered little reassurance for the future.

But with their last album, "Even In The Quietest Moments", Hodgson showed he had discovered religion. It is this spiritual comfort that can now help him, and others, face the sweltering social holocaust he and Davies prophesised.

The cynic might sneer that Jesus has claimed him for a sunbeam.

But much to Supertramp's own astonishment, they're now revered by their followers as mystics.

I heard them play the first of two concerts at Toronto's Maple Leaf Gardens, where they were welcomed with unreserved enthusiasm by 14,000 people. In Canada alone their last three albums have collectively sold almost a million copies.

Although Hodgson and Davies believe they know what's wrong with the world, and now, how to deal with it, they modestly claim that they find their own success bewildering.

"We're inside a bubble," Roger explains, "and it's really hard to see what people think of us outside it.

"When you're back living a day-to-day life you can't see yourself as anything special; you're not the big superstar that everyone says you are.

"And I think we've been in it too long for success to change anything. We knew that one day it was going to come. It's come here; it's coming in America; it's come and," he laughs lightly, "gone in England.

"Nothing's going to change us," Roger warns. "We're still the same people. What's the point driving around in limos when we can get hire cars cheaper, and it's much more functional? It's all a load of bullshit anyway.

"If we started letting success go to our heads, then we'd soon be a dead band and dead people."

But don't people already suspect Supertramp are halfway through the cemetery gates?

SINCE THEIR first success this group have rarely presented a strikingly interesting public image.

They approached interviews with indifference, and their reluctance to divulge anything about themselves or their music has always seemed illustrative of either disdain for the mechanics of the rock business or thickness. Most people believed it was the latter.

But this time Davies and Hodgson are a far cry from that.

"If you've got the questions," Rick states with surprising self-assurance, "we've got the answers."

"Over here," Roger continues knowledgeably, "you've got to shape up or ship out. You're doing live radios every day, so you get to know what you're all about."

Obviously they're considerably more adept in dealing with the press, and even their own fans have discovered there's significant depth in the band's attitude and songs.

"We've had an unbelievable number of people come up and say incredible things — like we've changed their lives or whatever," Roger explains with an embarrassed chuckle.

"When we were in Britain a Canadian guy who was just about to commit suicide phoned our manager. He said, 'Put me on to Rick and Rog, they're the only ones who know anything in this world. They're the only ones who can save me'."

But they didn't speak to him. Imagine the headlines, I say, if he'd died and the Sundays got hold of the story: *Supertramp Fan Commits Suicide — Heartless Lyricists Snub Desperate Appeal!*

"I think he was a nut," Hodgson responds, shame-faced. "But our manager spoke to him."

Dropping the incident, Davies says, "I've had quite a few people come up to me lately to say that we've saved their marriage.

"It makes you think you're doing something worthwhile. It *really is* helping people."

Well, well . . . Marjorie Proops had better watch her job. In this self-congratulatory atmosphere I'm almost tempted to polish their halos. But at least we're receiving some explanation for their popularity.

Roger explains: "In our own way we try to write as sincerely as possible. And that's what a lot of people pick up on. We write about things that people feel, whether it's their own private search for some meaning in life, or whether it's their own private search for a woman.

"In the 60s there were a lot of sincere musicians singing about things that were real to them, but there's a great lack of that in the 70s."

RICHARD DAVIES

Nervously turning the teacup between his palms, Hodgson colours at his audacity in suggesting that Supertramp are innovative. Even adherents of the band stop short of such lavish praise . . .

CRITICS of course are less complimentary. In Canada where the group are as much A&M darlings as Frampton because of their phenomenal success, most rock writers have resisted displays of great enthusiasm. Those who're moderately well disposed towards 'Tramp only begrudgingly acknowledge they've inherited The Moody Blues' reputation as the world's smallest symphony orchestra.

Such dubious compliments are understandable. The group project a frictionless public image, and musically they're equally uncontroversial. Their whole aura is deceptively one of quiet charm and melodic calm, and, because of this, their seemingly innocuous records have universal appeal.

It seems Supertramp are regarded as a docile and housetrained puppy of rock by respectable suburbia. However, nothing could be a greater illusion, and surreptitiously this mutt has peed all over their fitted carpets.

"Crime Of The Century" is one of the most relevant rock albums of the 70s, showing that Davies and Hodgson were the precursors of the scathingly critical philosophy arrogantly touted by the Punks as their own invention.

So Supertramp wrongly appear on the death-list of the so-called apathetic elite. Had more people examined them more closely, they might have recognised genuine malcontents before being blinded by globules of phlegm.

Songs like "School" and the vitriolic "Bloody Well Right" deal with adolescent confusion — resentful diatribes against the British education system. The title track, while refraining from advocating nihilism, is a condemnation of the Establishment and the men of lust, greed and glory who're raping the universe.

Looking at stout, stolid Davies solemnly rocking in his chair, and Hodgson fidgeting with the hotel crockery, it's hard to believe they're capable of expressing such bitter frustration and disillusionment. You even imagine they'd only grunt a perfunctory greeting if a naked lady riding a donkey came out of the wardrobe.

Obviously their appearance is misleading.

Roger believes the social and political problems of the world will only be solved by full scale rioting.

"When people talk about the coming crash, or the apocalypse," he explains, "they always say it's pessimistic to believe it. But it's not. It's really optimistic.

"If you think the world can continue like this, with all the craziness going on out there now, that's pessimism. It's got to be changed for the better. And if that means half the planet has to be wiped out and we have to start again, then *great! Let's do it!*"

Rick shuffles uneasily in his rocking chair and shakes his head in disagreement.

"You're saying," he questions, "that at some time in the future the world's going to collapse? I think this is incredible, because it's not breaking down every day . . ."

"Listen," snaps Hodgson, "you're not looking for it, or you're not seeing it. *It is!* There are a million things happening every day.

"But where do you spend *your* day, man? You spend most of it in a hotel room. We spend most of our lives in a Supertramp bubble. We get protected from all kinds of things like that."

"Oh," Rick responds abashed, "we're talking about different things. I'm talking about a bigger scale of chaos than you."

"No, mate," Roger returns, "I'm talking about a bigger scale of chaos than *you*."

His writing partner sinks back sullenly as Hodgson, eyes burning, verbally sketches a world on the threshold of revolution. In his vivid scenario there's economic decay, political corruption, and social unrest. He's astonished there isn't rioting and looting in the streets already.

"If you've got a garden full of weeds," he exclaims, "you've got to mow them all down before you can start planting again! And that's the way the planet is."

"People don't want to get their arses kicked," Rick argues. "*You* don't want to end up in a trench somewhere with bombs exploding around you."

Hodgson grins. He's already ordered his battle helmet.

EARLIER THIS year Supertramp offered a solution to the predicament the world faces. And with the epic track "Fool's Overture" on the latest album, Hodgson advocates riotous destruction.

"Live it up, rip it up, why so lazy? Give it out, dish it out, let's go crazy, yeah!!"

This warcry was virtually ignored, and instead the band went like lambs to the slaughter. Slobbering reviewers, superciliously wiping their bloodied meat hooks, boasted they had torn the pretentiously ornamented skin off the band's back, and gleefully revealed the insignificant mutton.

But the bad reviews did highlight the deceptiveness of Supertramp's approach.

While lyrically they're adventurous, musically they're guardedly duplicating a formula three albums old. In structure, "Moments" is the cardboard replica of "Crime".

That first massively successful album now haunts their present recordings. One Canadian reviewer wrote that they were an oldies band before their time, and their work is now a parody of its former greatness.

"Well, he might be right," Rick agrees fretfully. "I'd like to do more. But this is all down to our touring schedule and working out time for writing and recording. It's up to the whole band to sort that out.

"There's a lot of things in the works and everybody's trying to think out and discuss a policy for the future."

The cruel irony is that confronting the problems of the world has brought them a dilemma of their own.

They do have an unrecorded repertoire of lighter material, but they're reluctant to draw from it. Both of them admit they're afraid to disown a proven commercial style in case they lose their popularity.

One answer to their artistic problem, Rick offers, is to expand the group line-up. But on reflection he quickly dismisses the idea, because if they brought in another musician-writer it would mean he'd have even less of his own songs recorded, and this is already frustrating him now.

Because they have a reserve of unlikely material, Roger doesn't see writing as their problem.

"Maybe our choice of songs," he suggests, "has been too inclined in one direction. We go for the drama and meaning type things, rather than just breaking out and having a good time for a bit.

"Perhaps we'll just turn our backs on these three albums and make a fun one. But I think everybody feels we'll lose fans if we do."

Disgruntled, Rick disagrees. His reason is that there'd be

pressure from the record company not to do that, yet it's obvious he's as reluctant to experiment. Roger dismisses the contention and becomes more adamant.

"There's a real strong feeling we should break out on the next album. *I* think we might do that."

As their argument about impending world chaos showed, so too this present disagreement reveals the rift that's emerged between Davies and Hodgson. Whereas the interview started good humouredly, after half an hour there was an uncomfortable tension between them.

"We don't have huge fights," Rick explains, "but we're not the greatest talkers, so we get slight undercurrents from time to time."

"Our policy," Roger adds, "has always been to try and let everything happen naturally — which sometimes goes overboard. A problem might start off as something very small, and not get talked about because we're waiting for it to iron itself out naturally, but it doesn't.

"So it builds up and builds up, people talk about it, and then you have to have a meeting. In the end it's nothing."

Well, that's not *quite* true.

TWO RECENT events have widened the Davies-Hodgson divide. Firstly, a big impact on the group was Rick's marriage a year ago.

"It has split us two up a lot," Roger says regretfully. "And because we're the core of Supertramp it splits the band up as well.

"Rick's wife comes on the road and it works great. She's an amazing lady and fits in really well. *But* . . . it does tend to cut Rick off from the rest of us.

"There's rarely any hostile vibes because of that, *but* . . . as a band it doesn't feel like a complete unit. It's very seldom that all five of us are actually together socialising or talking about things."

Secondly, the thematic structure of "Even In The Quietest Moments" has created more disharmony.

The weight of material came from Hodgson, and each of his tracks has a religious element. They reflect his search for spiritual purity and guidance, frequently referring to traditional images of Christ and the Crucifixion. On one song, "Babaji", he implores this spiritual figure to help the band make music.

Although two of Davies' three songs could fit into this theological theme, his writing is more sardonic and, in comparison to Hodgson's, irreverent. Understandably he resents his friend's stance.

"Personally, I decry it," he states boldly. "I'd sooner remain anonymous than become religious. I *might* fight with Roger on this next album about that."

There's a sinister threat in his voice that startles Hodgson.

"No!" the latter asserts. "It'll never get down to a fight.

"I *am* on a spiritual quest, but I don't put myself on a bandwagon and lay it open for the world to see. Or . . ."

"He can't do that with this band," Rick interjects, "when the whole band isn't really . . ."

"No!" Roger protests again. "I really don't want to do that!"

"It's not right," Davies mutters petulantly. "You've got people in the band who couldn't give a damn."

Obviously they're unable to reconcile their different attitudes and beliefs, and as a result their music has suffered.

"On 'Crime' we co-wrote much more," Hodgson explains, "and I think that's another reason why that album worked. The reason 'Even In The Quietest Moments' didn't work in the same way was because we have both become much stronger individuals."

Rick adds: "It takes a lot more energy to argue a point because of the strength of the individual now.

"If I look at a song of Roger's and I think it's swrong, I've got to be really a 100 per cent there to fight that. Usually I just don't have the energy to, because I see it blowing up into a huge misunderstanding."

Is it likely to eventually cause a separation?

As Hodgson silently looks into a teacup, evading his partner's concerned gaze, Davies shrugs resignedly.

"If it doesn't become resolved and it becomes so . . ."

"I think," Roger hurriedly interrupts, "that's the current thing at the moment: we've got to talk about what we do in the future.

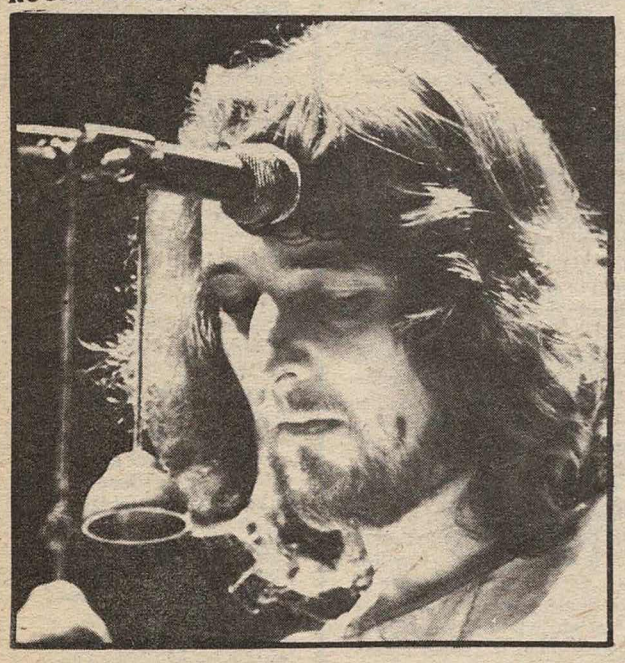
"Our writing styles are such that two things have to happen: solo albums have to be made, and there's got to be a Supertramp direction established.

"*If* those two things happen it should really work out great. It's just that we haven't established what the Supertramp direction is going to be.

"There's going to be a different direction," he confidently predicts, "because the area where all five of us

■ *Continues page 33*

ROGER HODGSON



gong alive and living....

NME/LASKYS BASEMENT TAPES SONG CONTEST

ALL THE WINNERS

YES. WE KNOW, better late than never ain't much of an apology. But before you start sneering, hold on for a minute: siftin' through well over a thousand cassettes, attempting to evaluate their individual merits and then trying to track down all the winners, one of whom moved without leaving a forwarding address and caused us particular prolonged aggravation . . .

We're not saying that it was the worst job we've ever had, but trying to get a paper out at the same time . . . Let's just say it was time consuming and leave it at that!

Having now fully recovered from an ear transplant, The World's Most Wrecked Rock Weekly and those fine honchos at Laskys are now in a position to announce *all* the winners of the NME/Laskys Basement Tapes Song Contest.

Gotta say right here and now that many entrants were of an extremely high, professional quality while a few were so bad they were (almost) good!

But before we inform you who grabs what, we have to state that since Phil Manzanera was still on active service in the Orient with Bryan Ferry we couldn't drag him out of some Tokyo bath-house, onto a direct flight and get him to sit on the panel of judges. Instead we dragged Blast Furnace out from under a stone in Islington to lend a battered ear.

As we originally stated, the three winning tapes will be brought to the attention of United Artists Records A&R chief Andrew Lauder who will consider all three for possible recording. But, like we said, we can't make any promises; it's up to Andrew to decide if they've got sufficient commercial potential.

Bon Chance to all the winners and a big thanx to everyone who entered.

SO WHO, you may well ask, has won what and are you one of the winners in question?

The First Prize of a mini home recording studio including an Akai 4000DS Mk II reel-to-reel, an Eagle mixer, reverb, mikes, booms and headphones was won by JAMES FERGUSON (22), of Salisbury, for his original composition: "Suicide Blonde (Dyed By Her Own Hand)".

Second Prize of a Sansui SC2000 Cassette Deck or Audiotronic LA1515 amp, plus a Pioneer turntable, Audiotronic cartridge, and pair of Wharfedale Denton speakers, went to NICK WATKINSON (20) of Winton, Bournemouth, for his original composition: "Honky Tonkin' ".

Third Prize of an Audiotronic ARC200 cassette radio and ten Audiotronic C60LN tapes, went to BARRY WASTNIDGE (24), of Sheffield S.17, for his original composition: "Last Night".

Fourth Prize, set of Audiotronic C60LN cassette packs, went to the following 20 runners-up: John Rigby, Leeds 6; John Dowie, Warley, West Midlands; Tim Moyler, Kingsgate, Broadstairs; M. Dancik, London S.W.17; Neil Ferguson, Normanton, West Yorkshire; John C. Kent, Halesowen, West Midlands; Andrew James Longden, Hemel Hempstead, Herts; Graham C. Day, Leeds; Pete Airey, Clifton, Bristol; G. Pound, Leamington Spa; John Gartland/John Walters, London S.W.18; Brian Smith/Dave Carpenter, Norwich; I. Morris, Blackpool; Ross Goodall, Bittom, near Bristol; Martyn Elliott, Wembley Park, Middlesex; Gordon Mackay, Ashorne, nr Warwick; John Taylor, Portobello, Willenhall; Kev Clark, Willenhall, West Midlands; John Elliott, Wickham, Fareham, Herts; Wendy Haines, Hinckley, Leicester.

motörhead

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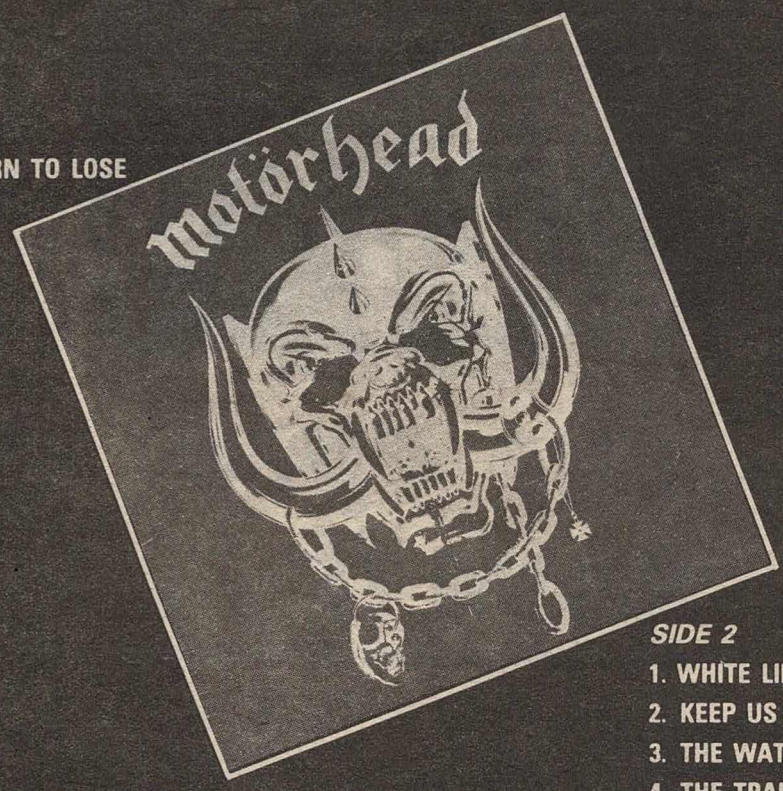
SIDE 1
1. MOTORHEAD
2. VIBRATOR
3. LOST JOHNNY
4. IRON HORSE/BORN TO LOSE



SIDE 2
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2. KEEP US ON THE ROAD
3. THE WATCHER
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SINGLES

THE ALMOST SINGLE OF THE WEEK (NON-STATUS DIVISION) ADVERTS: Gary Gilmore's Eyes (Anchor). Remember all those old horror movies where a sensitive and observant concert pianist, violinist or somesuch gets a mitt transplant and ends up with the hands of brutal murderer (or, *apres* the brilliant Marty Feldman, the hands of a demented circus clown)? If you do, go line up with Adverts main man T.V. Smith.

This song is about waking up from an eye transplant and discovering that the donor was Gary ("Let's do it") Gilmore, the American murderer who demanded the death penalty. The performance is — how you say — minimal, but the idea is great and the record carries a genuine chill. If not the performance of the week, "Gary Gilmore's Eyes" is certainly the *idea* of the week. Who says you have to be a bearded ginko with a synthesiser to be thought-provoking?

THREE GOOD ARGUMENTS FOR ALLOWING RE-ISSUES TO BE SINGLES OF THE WEEK

JERRY LEE LEWIS: Great Balls Of Fire (Charly). "There was only one real punk and that was Jerry Lee Lewis," quoth Ian Hunter towards the end of his Hammersmith Odeon fiasco a while back. He was wrong, but I know what he means. Like all of Jerry Lee Lewis' finest '50s moments, "Great Balls Of Fire" is a pounding, frenetic monument to the joys of being young, flash, arrogant, sensual and in hotfoot pursuit of hi-energy good times. A few years ago I'd've said that they didn't make records like this any more, but now they do and if a few more people were able to make that connection then the *Sunday Ghoul* and the *Sin* wouldn't be able to take cheap pokes at us because of what goes down on Saturday afternoons in the King's Road (a word to the wise guy . . .)

THE CRYSTALS: Da Doo Ron Ron/Then He Kissed Me (Phil Spector International). With the exception of the early Beatles records, there was nothing like pre-1965 American pop (high-tidemarks: The Beach Boys and Phil Spector) for presenting quintessentially Innocent teendream scenarios in quite musically sophisticated settings. These two tracks serve equally well to help celebrate teenage innocence while you've still got it and to act as a memory-jogger when you've lost it. If you don't have these tracks in your Kulchur vault then you're either not a teenager or you've never even *been* one.

MANFRED MANN: Pretty Flamingo (EMI). The great original Manfred Mann group were one of the first Britrock bands to stew up blues, pop and jazz to come up with a convincing uptown R&B sound, and "Pretty Flamingo" was arguably their greatest triumph in this bag. Bruce Springsteen still sings "Pretty Flamingo" in concert using an arrangement that differs by hardly one whit from the Manfreds', and Paul Jones sings up a treat. A gen-you-wine non-dated triumph that sounds just as fresh, hip and contemporary as it ever did. It's even graced with a dual B-side incorporating Jones' personality-jive paean to egocentricity "The One In The Middle" ("There's a geezer named Paul who's so thin and so tall and sooooooo wants to be a *stah*") and an inadequate but enthusiastic version of Muddy Waters' "Got My Mojo Workin' " inexplicably credited to "Foster". That song was written by Mister McKinley Morganfield a.k.a. Muddy Waters, boys, and doncha forget it.

Incidentally, there are a couple of companion pieces by Peter and Gordon and Billy J. Kramer and the Dakotas (to push a trio of albums) but the wimp-folkery of one and the weak-kneed Merseybeat of the other leave the mustard resolutely unmarked.

GAYE ADVERT. Pic: WALT DAVIDSON

The eyes have it . . .

MADMEN DRUMMERS BUMMERS AND INDIANS IN THE SUMMER ET CET ROOGALATOR: Love And The Single Girl (Virgin). Hmmmmmm. Old-fashioned blue-beat jump rhythm, electric piano chiming like ice in a tall glass on a hot day, breathy vocals like Colin Blunstone with laryngitis. Must be Roogalator! I'm already tapping my fingers gently on the table and wishing I could go out for a beer. This record tries abnormally hard to sound cool, but it just sounds wet. Even the attempt at a rave-up B-side transforms James Brown's sweaty, demonic "I Got You" into something long, cool and neat. Roogalator play great and I love the kind of mid-'60s R'n'B soul that they're drawing on, but hey, a little more *humanity,* please.

T. REX: Celebrate Summer (EMI). For one golden instant I thought Marc had finally pulled off the unalloyed pop triumph that he needs as a convincing viable follow-up to "Get It On". This isn't it, but it's certainly the most likeable single he's made for a v. long time, even though it — ahem — borrows the melody and chord sequence of The Deviants' "Let's Loot The Supermarket." *"Summer is heaven in '77"*, yeah? Depends where you are, Marc. I wouldn't anticipate heavy sales in Lewisham for a week or two.

RADIO STARS: Stop It! (Chiswick). A real live four-track eepee from Chiswick Records' token Kommercial Act, fronted by two ex-members of Jet, the group that climbed on to the glamrock bandwagon just before one of its sparkly wheels fell off and deposited all its occupants in the cosmic ditch. The trouble with the Radio Stars is that their music is Klever-Klever without being intelligent and vapidly commercial without actually latching onto any real pop magnetism. Me, I reckon The Count Bishops' last two singles were far more "commercial" i.e. attractive than anything the Radio Stars have done, but then what do I know? (Answers on a postcard, please . . .) I've got to admit, though, that Ian Macleod's guitar is *very* nicely recorded. In fact, as a consolation prize let's award Radio Stars a gold star in the margin for Best Guitar Sound Of The Week.

FABULOUS POODLES: When The Summer's Thru (Pye). The legends lash out with a meticulously constructed and recorded piece of joke doowop of the sort that Mud used to do in Chinnichap days. It's not significantly funnier, though . . . hey, these Poodles really *are* poodles. I was expecting them to be wolfhounds in disguise, at least.

THE KEVYN BRAUN BAND: James Dean (Bus Stop). *"I wanna be like James Dean,"* they carol in their idiot voices to a horrid children's-party beat; *"Greased back hair and drainpipe jeans / walkin' down the street lookin' mean / I wanna be like James Dean."* Before or after the car crash, Kev?

UNICORN: Have You Ever Seen The Rain? (Harvest). Howcum a band that sounds as dull as Unicorn rate star producers like Muff Winwood (A side) and the P*nk Fluid's Dave Gilmour (B side), and how further come that even with the aid of two such distinguished pop personalities they still sound dull? Even when they play a great old Creedence song like John Fogerty's "Have You Ever Seen The Rain?" they sound dull. Boy, are these guys ever *dull!* Dull, dull, dull, dull, dull. Double Dull. Treble dull. Just astonishingly dull. Totally dull. Irremediably dull. Get the idea?

STRIFE: School (EMI International). Is this what heavy metal has come to, he asked in tones of carefully modulated mock horror. If so, it's been turned into a four-ton lead-alloy dog turd. Total fnurg-out.

MATUMBI: After Tonight (Trojan). The blurb that came with this single touts Matumbi as "the greatest band since Bob Marley and The Wailers" and I've heard / read impressed / impressive reports of their gig power, but this record just sounds slick and sleepy, which I'd blame on bad production and choice of material rather than bad performance. Plus allowing yourself to be compared to Marley and Co is a Bad Move unless you've got a lead singer who burns his way out of the vinyl and materialises in front of you the way Ras Bob does. On the evidence of this single, Matumbi haven't — a fact which no-one would hold against them if Trojan hadn't brought it up in the first place.

JUSTIN HAYWARD: Stage Door (Deram). If you think that there's no such thing as "bland-out" then you oughtta hear Justin Hayward. This bozo is so vacuous that he probably can't detected except by micrometers.

AND THE view from the elitists-only section of this week's singles column is rilly rilly great *— c'mon in, park your ass on the naughahide and let's get going.*

In no apparent (or even discernable) order, let's take it frum da top . . .

THE BEATLES: How Do You Do It? (Swan). When the Fabs first went into the studio with George Martin in 1962, the idea of an autonomous band that did all its own writing and playing as well as just singing was somewhat unheard-of. Therefore Martin attempted to feed them a few off-the-shelf songs by Real Songwriters. "How Do You Do It?" was one that they struggled with before opting for Integrity and Massive Songwriting Royalties by going with their own "Love Me Do" and "P.S. I Love You" for their first single.

As a horrific glimpse into What Might Have Been (a parallel universe in which The Beatles didn't happen due to a terrible debut) "How Do You Do It?" is interesting, if nothing else. The band tinkle through the song with a brave try at pretending that they're interested in it, Lennon sings like he's biting down on the composer's throat as a revenge for putting him in the humiliating position of having to sing such arrant twaddle, and George Harrison plays a guitar solo that sounds as if he's twanging rubber bands through his teeth.

There's no possible reason to own this record unless you're either a fanatical collector who has to have everything - but - everything - that's - rock - and - roll or else a stone crazy Beatlemaniac. Hear it once if you know someone weird enough to buy it, okay?

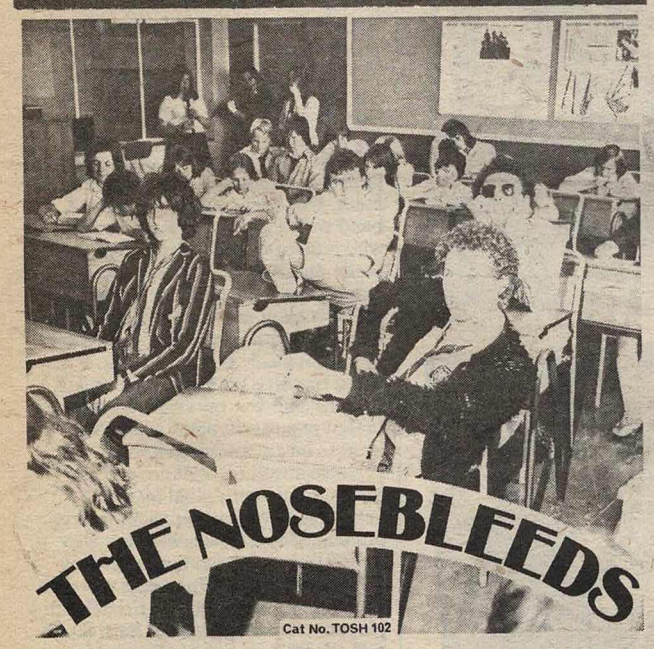
The B-side, incidentally, is "I Wanna Hold Your Hand" in German. Fun fun fun.

THE ROLLING STONES: Con Le Mie Lacrime (Decca). And more Common Market hijinx with the Home Counties Bad Boys' Italoversion of "As Tears Go By". Again, there's no point in owning this unless you're into one-upping your friends with records that are hip to leave lying around but pointless to play.

TRACTOR: No More Rock And Roll (Cargo). Go on, ask "Who are Tractor?" It won't do you any good, because I have absolutely no idea, except that both sides of this single are written by someone called Jim Milne; Tractor are a three-instrument band and Jim Milne is presumably either the lead singer or the guitarist or both. The song is mean, blurred, swampy Light Metal with a rumbling riff mixed rather too far down, while Milne (if it is indeed he) sings in a pained, resentful manner halfway between Tom Verlaine and Loudon Wainwright: *"What do you do when you can't take no more rock and roll? / When you're sick to your stomach and down to your very soul? / D'you go down to your country farm with a stupid little chick to keep you warm . . ."* He sounds caught up in the same I — hate - rock - but - I - can't - do - without - it double-bind that spawned some of Ian Hunter's best songs. With more care for sound impact and a less psychedelic guitar solo, this could've been a stone killer, but as I'm sure Jim Milne will be someone to reckon with at some point in the future (with or without Tractor), you could do considerably worse than hunt this one out so's you can say you were Hip To Jim right from the beginning.

gong alive....

REVIEWED THIS WEEK By CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY



Status

SINGLES

SUBURBAN STUDS: Questions (Pogo). You mean this *isn't* a *National Lampoon* parody? Gawd, nearly made a serious critical blunder there, destroyed my hardwon reputation as a man with his finger on the pulse of the music scene . . . phew! Narrow one, that. Despite the group's name and the name of the label and the fact that the song has the same title as an old Moody Blues disasterarea, this is a piece of Real Authentic Grass Roots Street Level Punk Rock. Don't be fooled by the fact that it sounds more like a low-budget imitation of Hawkwind, complete with a sax part that makes Laura Logic sound like John Coltrane and something that's either a cheap synthesiser or someone scratching his pick on the guitar strings. Beats the Snivelling Shits anyday.

THE NOSEBLEEDS: Ain't Bin To No Music School (Rabid). Ah yes. Formerly Ed Banger and The Nosebleeds, these guys have done a Rods by truncating the name even though Ed himself is still in the band. It opens with an energetic orchestral sneeze (bet they didn't play *that* themselves!), goes into a false-start riff and then hits the real riff, which really generates, and it pretty much deteriorates from there. There's even a line about being on the dole, maaaaaaaaaan. The chorus is quite catchy and the guitarist sounds like he's still into Evvy Metal. Unepochal in the extreme.

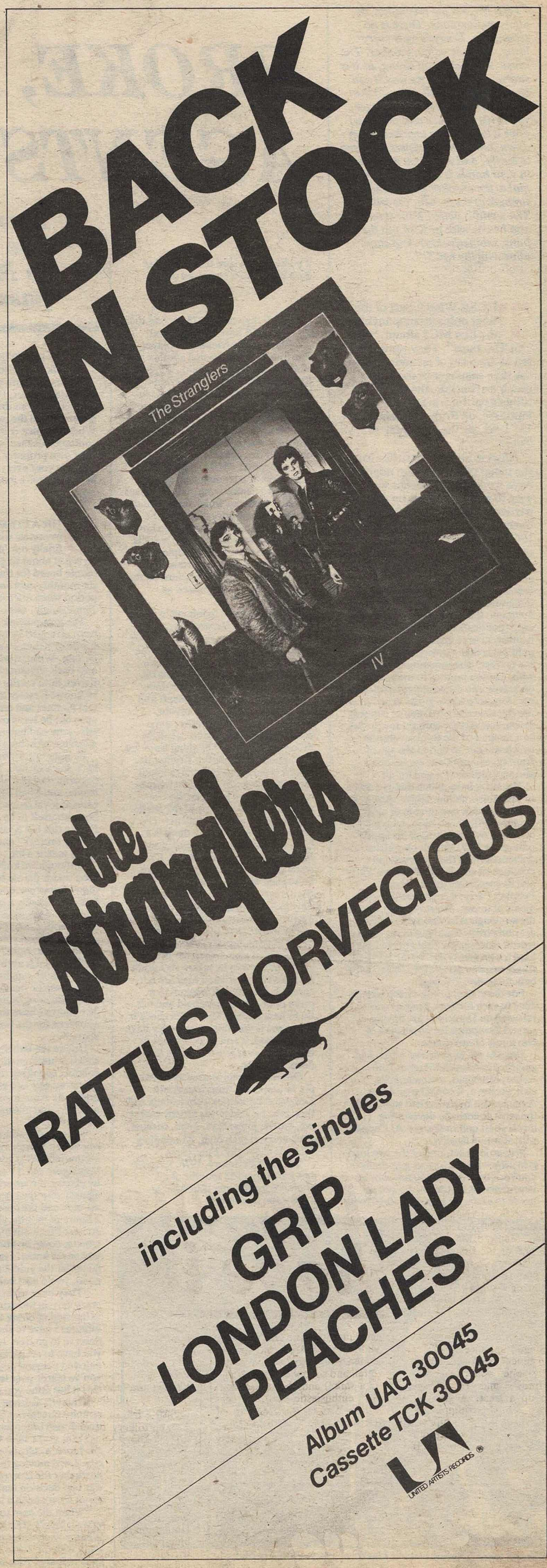
THE PELACO BROS: The Notorious Pelaco Brothers Show (Ralph). From the same geographical zone that brought you The Saints, The Sports, Skyhooks, The Blazin' Drongos and other fine artists of our time, Ralph Records bring you a new twist on the 45rpm 12-inch. You got it: a 33rpm 7-inch featuring six tracks in a sort of Commander Cody/Asleep At The Wheel vein. Allegedly, some members of this now-defunct mob are now in some of Australia's hottest current combos, and the whole shebang was recorded live at Melbourne University. For — ahem — specialised tastes (Hey Meester, you wan' Australian country music live? You wan' my seester, she only 12 years old . . .)

DELROY WASHINGTON: Give All The Praise To Jah (Virgin 12-inch). Fingerlickin' creamy JA music: an object lesson in how to combine simmering power with poise and restraint. Thing is that up until Marley's hit with "Exodus", the reggae singles that have hit in the white folks' chart have been those which communicated on two levels: one for upfront Rastas and fellow travellers, and one for non-initiates. You don't have to be hip to all the ramifications of Rastafarianism to connect with songs like "I Shot The Sheriff," "Get Up Stand Up", "Pressure Drop", "Police And Thieves" or "One Step Forward, Two steps Back", but I can imagine a lot of people turning off at this because it sounds too much like a Godsong. Still, it's a beautiful sound (man) and one of the few 12-inchers that doesn't make you want to sneer.

THE TRIUMPHANT, WONDERFUL, MAGNIFICENT, CORUSCATING ACTUAL SINGLE OF THE WEEK

THE BOOMTOWN RATS: Lookin' After Number One (Ensign 12-inch). This number's track one on side two of the Phonogram "New Wave" compilation, and it burns practically everything else on that album that isn't by The Ramones into small charred pieces. Trouble is, that sampler has already harmed the hit potential of one other single — Little Bob Story's "All Or Nothing" — and it'll probably handicap Bob Geldof's horde of brigands in a similar manner. This particular edition also includes "Born To Burn" and a frenetic version of Bobby Parker's "Barefootin' ", none of which will be on the band's album.

Still, that's just background. "Lookin' After Number One" is a slice of tautly controlled berserkness with killer drums, soaring wee-oo Beach Boys harmonies, a bass that shoots that thing thru ya like an old steam drill and just about everything that it takes to make a great rock and roll single. Whether you get it on the sampler or get it on the single, just get it on. The Boomtown Rats are more in touch with the realities of the pop sensibility than any new wave band this side of The Ramones, and they rock almost as hard. Be there or be square . . .



BROKE, BUSTED, DISGUS AGENTS CAN'T BE TRUS

Former MC5 guitarist WAYNE KRAMER live from Lexington Penitentiary, talks to MAX BELL about times past and time passing

"THE MC5 is the revolution, in all its applications. There is no separation. Everything is everything. There is nothing to fear. The music will make you strong, as it is strong, and there is no way it can be stopped now. All power to the people! The MC5 is here now for you to hear and see and feel now! Give it up — come together — get down, brothers and sisters, it's time to testify, and what you have here in your hands is a living testimonial to the absolute power and strength of these men. Go wild! The world is yours! Take it now, and be one with it! Kick out the jams, motherfucker! And stay alive with the MC5!"

THESE WERE part of the liner notes accompanying the first MC5 album, "Kick Out The Jams". They were written in the form of an address by the then-manager of the band, one John Sinclair, the self-styled Minister of Information, White Panthers, on Friday December 13, 1968, in the first year of Zenta.

Anyone inclined to suffer from the pangs of superstition might have wondered if Sinclair was wise to tempt the gods on that particular day. Perhaps he should have waited a day or two, but in 1968, in Detroit Michigan, there was no room for superstition.

Four years later Sinclair was still convinced that "We can't continue to make the cultural revolution without integrating the mass rock'n'roll movement into the international revolutionary (political) struggle against the death system of imperialism. We're political beings anyway, rock and roll is a political phenomenon to begin with, and the point is to transform ourselves into conscious revolutionary warriors, into a real guitar army, to use our music as a weapon of cultural revolution and the cultural revolution as a weapon of the total revolution which will put an end to the age of scarcity, competition, exploitation and separation once and for all."

The book from which this extract is taken was called *Guitar Army*. It traces the rock and roll life of electronic guerillas The MC5, who were managed by Sinclair until his imprisonment in July, 1969; it chronicles in document form the underground columns of the White Panthers Party and its successor, the Rainbow People's Party; it combines the statements of intent, *Street Writings*, which drew enough attention to Sinclair to get him arrested and put in the slammer; it contains the thoughts Sinclair kept for his sanity during the two and a half years he served for Uncle Sam's benefit, *Prison Writings*.

For those of you who attach importance to such matters, Sinclair was released on December 13, having served 29 months for possession of two joints of marijuana.

Despite the huge crowd which had gathered in Chrysler Arena, Ann Arbor, Michigan, to demand Sinclair's release, it could be said that America the Beautiful had squashed the most potentially devastating threat to its quietude since Al Capone with absolute finality.

Wayne Kramer, one of the two lead guitarists with the former guardians of Sinclair's rock and roll flame, would later discover that when the system needs to excise its unsightly sores then it makes damn sure that every last drop of poison is squeezed out.

IF WE digress to 1973 we find that The MC5 have split for good. Kramer and friend bass player Tim Shaeff, have formed another model from the old mould, Wayne Kramer is Kreemerrs, sometimes billed as the New MC5. The revolution is a blur on the receding horizon, the climate, supposedly, has modulated to allow its pioneers breathing space to lick their wounds and mull over lost chances.

In the winter of 1974/5 Detroit is experiencing a terrible depression. Between Thanksgiving and Christmas the auto factories which finance and employ the majority of the Motor City's once-thriving population have ground to a standstill. When work is scarce it is said that the people need their panacea, their entertainment, but it transpires that musicians on the East Coast are as depressed as everyone else.

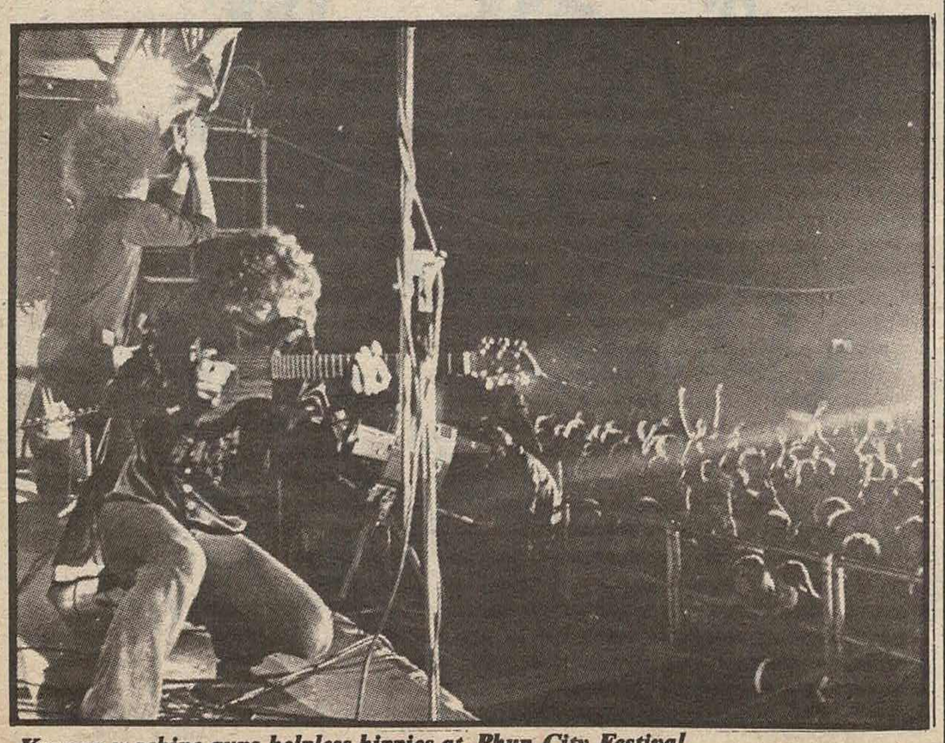
Kramer takes to indulging in guitar battles with Ted Nugent, the rock circus pulls outrage right before your eyes; Kramer hates it but it pays the rent. Eventually, Kramer is broke again, the mid-west slump rolls on.

At the beginning of 1975 a dude approaches Kramer and Shaeff and asks if they can do him a favour — y'know, score some charlie, some coke. They deliberate but need the money so all right. The thing becomes permanent until neither Kramer nor Shaeff is particularly worried about the consequences. For eight months they middleman between the suppliers , who are part of the Mafia organisation, and their clients. The order swells until in July there is a large amount of cocaine and money in Wayne Kramer's Detroit flat. Kramer waits alone for the deal to go down, he's ready with the goods when the clients arrive, but not ready when they pull out badges and guns. "Up against the wall motherfucker!"

The stalwarts of the DEA (Drug Enforcement Agency) survey their capture with glee. When the Mafia grapevine gets to hear how its middle men have been tricked they are not amused . Tim Shaeff is taken to a piece of deserted wasteland and left there handcuffed. The Mafia check it out to see if the white boys really have been busted; it will go no further or they won't ever live to admire the decor in prison.

On trial Kramer is used as an example to tarnished American youth. Despite submissions from friends and fans as to his talent, his artistic career etc, etc the judge says, nope, cocaine, rock and roll blah blah. Kramer is a menace to society. Four years.

That was February, 1976. Kramer has now served 18 months of his sentence as Prisoner 00180190 in Lexington, Kentucky.



Kramer machine guns helpless hippies at Phun City Festival

THE ROUTINE for getting to talk to a prisoner is tricky, it involves pre-arranged calls to his social worker, Paula Deakins, and permission from the authorities, the governor and the prison department. When the answer is yes the formalities continue because you are no longer your own property, somebody else controls your every movement. Think about that for a moment.

OUR ATTEMPTS to secure this interview with Wayne are finally o.k.'d and very timely; he is just about to go before the parole board for the compulsory six-monthly quiz and it's getting to the period when release is dragging , tantalisingly, closer and closer.

The groundwork for the talk has been arranged by Mick Farren, a friend of Kramer's since the 5 visited Britain. Without wishing to indulge in any back-slapping let it be said that Farren didn't write the article because he knows Kramer too well. I've never met Kramer and only spoken to him once but he turns out to be as articulate, sane and balanced as anyone I've interviewed in happier circumstances.

Kramer is grateful to all those who have stuck by him, written to him and remembered him while he's been inside, and Mick Farren has, I guess, been as loyal to a friend as you would hope yourself to be. I didn't tell Farren this but Kramer refers to him as "my brother" and for once that really means a lot.

Although we knew Wayne was soon up for parole examination we didn't know just how soon. What follows is mostly a straight transcript of our conversation because the man tells it better than I could. When you're in prison you don't have time to side-track, right?

"My mind is entirely on my parole now. You've caught me at a particularly dramatic moment. I'm sitting here answering your questions and in 25 minutes I have to go and answer questions for the board. We're worlds apart."

Unlike the British parole system, which is mathematical, based on good conduct equalling remission and therefore acts as a permanent sop of hope, the American parole method is arbitrary and ultimately soul destroying.

"They judge whether you're fit for release on a crazy system called the accountablility guideline....that is they figure out if I'm ready for release by placing the severity of the offence against your own behaviour and attitude and the answer comes out as a figure of months yet to be served. At best I'll be out in six months, at worst it could be another ten or 15 — you never know. I have to get them to go under the guideline and I've been good, you'd best believe it.

"They have to do away with this crazy system though. I'm real tired, exhausted of doing time and in 25 minutes I have to show them that I deserve to go free. It's mad because you have to act almost as if you've enjoyed yourself and pretend that you've learnt your lesson, make out that it has done you a lot of good."

Kramer's attitude to the bust remains stoical but is necessarily tinged with bitterness;

"You gotta take the weight, that's all. I took a calculated risk in the big city. I was moving fast and I got hustled at the crossroads. I suppose it was bad decision making and the end result hasn't been a lot of fun.

"When the man told me I'd got four years it didn't exactly make my day. When you consider that people get away with far worse offences now, guns pulled at your head and even waived drug offences it is bound to make you feel bitter. It becomes harder to avoid resenting not having your freedom, that's what I've come to appreciate since I've been here. My freedom is the thing that keeps me going, that and the fact that a lot of people on the outside have stuck with me, like my old lady for one."

That strikes me as realism rather than sour grapes. Drug busts are an inbuilt risk in many artists' or musicians' way of life and Kramer is serving time for a rap which the American legal system can fully justify. But it makes you wonder if greater fame and the availability of hush money can keep you on the streets these days. There's no need to wag any moralising finger on this point but recently other, better known and richer rock stars have managed to make a mockery of American drug laws, to work in the States despite a well documented history of arrests for drugs on the A list. You know who I mean and personally I say good luck to any of them who get round the system, except that it should work the same for everyone or it shouldn't exist at all.

The 5 in the UK '72.

John Sinclair takes refreshment.

Original MC5 1 tor. Tyner, Kramer, Davis, Thompson and Smith.

KRAMER HASN'T atrophied since he's been inside, he has used the time in the only way you can use it, to say, "I am a human being and I can maintain my art and my sanity despite your repression of my freedom."

"Since I've been here I've taken various correspondence college courses, done an unbelieveble amount of reading. Everything from *Better Homes and Gardens* to novels, through news stories, music papers and court cases. You could say I've become a pretty fair jail-house lawyer.

"Musically I think I've managed to improve enormously in every department. I've been playing in a prison band with a guy called Red Rodney, who is also inside for drugs. We study in the music area, practise theory, writing and arranging. Red was a trumpet giant in New York in the '50s, he played with Bird (Charlie Parker), he's been inside before, I think. I've eaten teaching manuals, anything to help me improve my craft — but I'm a jailhouse guitarist and I want out — I want to be an outside guitarist."

Kramer tells me that none of the members of the original MC5 has been able to see him since his imprisonment. Bassist Michael Davis also served time for drugs but is out now. Drummer Dennis Thompson was with The Motor City Badboys. Fred Smith plays occasional guests for Patti Smith and operates on Sonic's Rendezvous Band.

Vocalist Rob Tyner was attempting to go out under the old MC5 title but will probably be dissuaded from that. Only Davis met with any amount of post notoriety after a brief flirtation with Destroy All Monsters, a band that rose from the ashes of the New Order and included ex-Stooges Ron Asheton and James Williamson.

KRAMER TELLS the history of the MC5 with a certain detached irony:

"We met at school; it's the same old story as millions of other bands. The energy goes into it, you play and write but you're too crazy to control it — you need direction.

"In 1968 John Sinclair took our experience and articulated and defined it so it became something political. He knew where our interest in the music movement stopped, we were primarily interested in rock-'n'roll music."

Throughout 1968 The MC5 were the prime act around the mid-west halls; their particular kick out the jams stomping ground was Detroit's

STED TED

Main pix: PENNIE SMITH (who took these pix on her very first rock assignment back in '72)

Grande Ballroom. Utilising the storm tactics of Eldridge Cleaver, the Black Panthers, Bobby Seale and Huey P. Newton — Sinclair and the 5, along with the Yippies, were among the first white Americans to make the people believe that rock and roll was more than an art form, it was the potential revolutionary turning point. An entire new platform for attitudes and ideals.

For their troubles they were frequently busted, harrassed and persecuted although none of them ever hurt anyone in the audience or pretended to be anything more than a catalyst for action.

On several occasions Sinclair was busted for disturbing the peace; the band were arrested for playing free music in Ann Arbor parks; and Kramer was discriminated against by the musicians union for accidentally ripping a pair of pants onstage and exposing his genitals, an incident which everyone had laughed off at the time.

Smith and Sinclair were beaten up and MACE'd for alleged "assault and battery on a police officer". As the charges mounted hall owners began turning off the juice so the band played community acoustics sets, everyone and his uncle jamming on timbales, saxophones, bells or whatever was available.

In September, 1968 The MC5 and The Stooges were signed to Elektra records by publicity director Danny Fields and their first album, recorded live at the Grande, came out at the end of the year. Around this time Sinclair announced the formation of the White Panther Party, as an arm of the Youth International Party (the Yippies) and the 5 became known as the White Panther Band.

"The White Panthers? We were willing. It was what was happening. It gave us a lot of concert outlets at first until they clamped down on us all. The political movement obviously hurt us with the music industry, they're mainly interested in money.

"Elektra was slightly different of course but they were taking us on a selling angle too. They figured the revolution was going to sell. Jac Holzman thought it was great in theory but finally he didn't have the heart. It was a little easier to control The Doors plus they sold records for a lot of different reasons. You see Jac Holzman wasn't an ally to the revolution. I like Jac but he didn't know how to handle it well.

"We were a musically uncontrollable force. We ran wild, like crazy people. For a time it was cool with Elektra but we learnt that somewhere along the line you have to conform to the rules. That's why I'm doing time now. I was a little too crazy so they say I have to learn to control it"

Elektra's initial confidence in the band turned to absolute horror when industry pressure indicated to Holzman that he might just be harbouring the means to his own end as a record company president, and he was braver than most. The MC5 were part of the solution but they became his problem. They refused to tone down their explosive act and continued to take '60s rock and roll towards its logical finale.

Elektra frantically recalled the first batch of "Kick Out The Jams", censored Sinclair's liner notes, the "motherfucker" reference, and blocked out all the inflammatory rhetoric on the record. The future of the 5 could not honestly remain with that label:

"I'm not disillusioned about what we and a lot of others did. We tried to do some things which failed but we did a lot. The main trip was change, to make it better for everyone. Unfortunately, you soon realise that if you try and pull that hippy stunt, the "Off the pig!" number, you're gonna end up dead because now they've got something for your ass.

"The revolution will never happen for the realistic reason that they have all the power and intend keeping it that way, especially after what went down in '68.

"Were we naive? Well, kids are naive.

"Am I glad I did it all? Sure, I'd do it again, but this time I'd do it differently."

IN 1970 The MC5 produced what is considered to be their seminal work, the perfect synthesis of music and statement, the best way they knew, the "Back In The USA" album for Atlantic. Kramer views the early '70s as their most fruitful period:

"Those three records are accurate — they reflect us and what we stood for without manipulation. I couldn't say that I had a preference except that the third record, "High Times", is the best marriage of energy and band sophistication. Shit, I like 'em all.

"We'd met Jon Landau, the producer of 'Back In The USA', before we moved to Atlantic. While we were at Elektra he came to do a story on us and ended up doing the album. He coped OK, did a good job in the circumstances; he took that unmanageable force and focused it into something right. Landau has artistic integrity which is rare in the music business.

"I don't know what direction we would have moved into. Our style was going away from 'Kick Out The Jams', we were making better records and maintaining our various philosophies. You must understand that we all had different aims and ideas and we were saying so with 'High Times'. The supposed unity behind 'Jams' couldn't last for ever, we were growing away and growing up. The music got better but there were a lot of other pressures hampering our progress just when we started to take off commercially. Pressures which I can't explain in detail but things that are well known. You can't tell with these feds."

"Is this call being bugged Wayne?"

"I wouldn't be at all surprised."

To promote their Atlantic albums the MC5 came to England to work, playing festivals and London dates at the Roundhouse: "We came because we knew we could relax a bit and get back to some basic hard rock excitement. That was disappearing in the States because of the hassles.

"The political climate in England struck me as quieter, very different. People had their battles but they were different battles. I've been reading a lot about your punk rockers and that seems to be comparable. The musical movement was an idea born out of American culture because the same pace and climate didn't exist in England. The difference wasn't socio-political, it was at gut-level. Growing up here gives you fuel for the fire."

I have neither the time nor the inclination to wallow on some tedious comparison of movements but suffice to say that the MC5 were obviously fore-bears of the current punk scene, except that both the music and the ideals were more firmly scripted and more manically directed towards a complete over throw of the irrelevancies predominant in society. If you're interested you can check that out any time you like by getting hold of any MC5 record and playing it loud because that speaks the truth for itself.

Right now for Kramer the past is not something to brood upon. He looks forward only to the future and the outside world:

"What will I do when I get out? Take a couple of months to adjust to normal life, however long it takes. I'm just going to take home to my apartment and spend a loooong time with my old lady and go fuckin' crazy for as long as I fuckin' like.

"I'll check out my gig and look at the options. It's going to be a priority to get back on the street and go with it, to get in tune with what's going down. Whatever it is I'll do it with both feet, I'm serious.

"I have to wait and see about a band because I want to get a gig with someone who has his organisation together. I can't afford to waste any more time.

"I guess I can make a good hype out of all this prison thing but I don't have any reservations about it, it has to be for real this time.

"It's me who has to do it but I've always believed that one good thing about the music business is that it doesn't turn its back on its own people. Musicians are always getting thrown in jail, that's a hazard of the life-style....I'm no worse off than a thousand others."

Kramer has been keeping in touch with all the current music he can get hold of but is itching to get out there himself:

"Patti Smith I like. My old lady is a big fan of hers; she's trying to play some music the way she wants. There's some burlesque involved which I can dig, plus she gets a lot of lyrical ideas from William Burroughs....", Wayne chuckles to himself, the mood carrying down the wires from Kentucky to London. A man who has kept his sense of humour has kept everything, "....and that's alright too."

ALTHOUGH BOTH the original MC5 "Borderline" single and "Back In The USA" have been recently re-issued not one cent will come Wayne's way because the band ended their career heavily in debt.

"I have to work when I get out. My affairs ground to a standstill a long time ago. I have an attorney in Detroit, DeDay LaVerne, but there are no royalties to handle, there never were many either. I would never have had to sell dope if I'd been getting money for writing and playing but of course I never had any business acumen, I wasn't aware of that. We were in it for the party — not the money.

"What I'm looking forward to is that freedom to pursue my life, my career and to get back on the job in the free world."

I tell him that a lot of people are looking forward to that day as well:

"Not as much as I am."

In the interim a Wayne Kramer single will be released and available within the next ten days. It's a combined Stiff—Chiswick venture and a complete non-profit effort. Comprising a new version of "Ramblin' Rose" backed with a Kramer—Farren composition, "Get Some", the single will retail at one pound. Ten thousand copies, all numbered, are being pressed and Kramer will get fifty per cent of the takings to help him out when he leaves Lexington and gets back to Detroit.

It won't compensate for the wasted hours but it will be something to prove that it hasn't all been in vain. Back home John Sinclair has kept to his ideals and is working for Strada, the Jazz Musicians Co-operative organised by the widow of the late John Coltrane, Alice Coltrane, which provides support for local jazz legends like Sun Ra, Pharaoh Saunders, Ornette Coleman and Archie Shepp. The British music scene could take a lead from an East Coast community in Detroit that has recognised that the aims of its jazz and rock practitioners are evolving differing styles towards the same end.

Now Kramer wants to see real daylight but he doesn't consider his own cause has been completely without a point:

"You do have to get mad when you think too hard about the drug laws, they are completely wrong. In five or ten years things might be better. John Sinclair helped everyone out even though they made an example of him. He overturned some Michigan statutes and set new landmarks and standards in sentencing. He's still a believer. Obviously I would have handled things another way but that's hindsight and hindsight always gives you twenty-twenty vision.

"I know it'll turn around soon. I've paid my ticket and now I want to give something on the outside. You know I've really gotten fed up with reading a lot of interviews about other musicians' influences. That bores me.

"I want to go out there and play".

There isn't anything left to say really except that there is no need to view Wayne Kramer as a living legend, or a jailhouse rocker, a symbol of the past or a father figure to any current musical movement. Just forget all that shit and dig the man when he comes out and the record comes out. Pretty soon we won't have to ask where are ya Wayne now that we need you most?

The more you suck it the more it grows. Ramble on.

POSTSCRIPT

We contacted Wayne again last Monday evening to find out how he'd fared with the parole board.

"I made it!" he announced with understandable jubilation. On January 19th, 1978, Wayne Kramer will be back on the streets of Detroit, ready to resume living again.

"I have a band that I can go to called Rocks Gang, but I figure I'll lay back awhile and keep a low profile."

Since the MC5's first two albums have been successfully reissued over here, Wayne is definitely interested in playing in the U.K. "I still don't know what the travel restrictions of my parole will be, but I'm real interested in what's going on in England."

Wayne has three years of parole to serve after his release, and whether he's allowed to travel is entirely at the discretion of his parole officer, so it may be a while before we get to see Bro' Wayne over here, but anyway, he's coming out and he's coming back.

SILVER SCREEN

Lucky Luciano (AA)

Starring Gian Maria Volante and Rod Steiger
Directed by Francesco Rosi
(EMI)

A MAN DIES in a restaurant shooting.

Slumping forward on the crisp, white tablecloth, he clutches the Ace of Diamonds in his dead hand. A poolside sniper punctures a neat hole in the *New York Times* and the head behind it.

Four men on a beach jerk like marionettes as luminous figures in camel overcoats and soft fedoras pump lead into them.

It was the night of the Vespers and 40 top Mafia bosses were eliminated. The night when Charles "Lucky" Luciano took the throne as head of the Mafia's royal family.

The sombre *Lucky Luciano* succeeds on many different levels.

As a factual study of the international drug trade, Rosi's film can't be matched. For the first time we see it for what it is — a giant everlasting powergame between corporate crime, international bureaucracy and drug enforcement agencies.

The movie skilfully crosscuts between UN General Meetings and Mafia banquets, from Interpol HQ to Sicilian villages, establishing in cinematic terms the very real connections that exist in the international junk web.

There are no heroes in this movie and few cliches.

Luciano, nursing a weak heart, rarely displays great emotion but his very real power is soon made clear. His loyal subjects show him the kind of deference bred by years of serving in the Mafia, portrayed here as a dark, solemn corporation dominated by tradition and symbolism. Luciano hates the head US narc, Henry Aslinger (pronouncing his name Asslicker) as much as the man on his trail, Charles Sairagusa (the narc hound, who plays himself) hates Luciano.

Using loser Gene Pelligrini (Rod Steiger) as bait, he attempts to finger his man but only succeeds in getting Gene very dead on a New York pavement.

Rosi's superrealism makes everything on the film look sharper and more alive. Landscapes, faces and people are fresh. The colour and composition of the images is like flicking through a very large set of carefully shot stills.

Lucky Luciano could be *the* Mafia movie of our time. Simply, it's a classic.

Dick Tracy

"Whatsamatter? You don't like-a my meat loaf?"
Another nasty death in 'Lucky Luciano'

O Lucky Man!

Guns, Guts - Everything's a-coming up Rosi

Fire Sale (A)

Directed by Alan Arkin
Starring Alan Arkin and Rob Reiner
(20th Century Fox)

WITH HIS directorial debut seven years ago (the little-seen *Little Murders*), Alan Arkin displayed a neat aptitude for channeling Jules Feiffer's anarchistically black urban comedy into the more acceptable realm of surreal farce.

Arkin's latest effort behind the camera (only his third, I believe) is less satisfactory, although it has as its springboard a sporadically biting script by Robert Klane, the author of the wonderfully tasteless *Where's Poppa?*

What *Fire Sale* indubitally has in common with *Murders* and *Poppa* is its cruel dissection of the archetypal middle (Jewish) American nuclear family, neurotic and clutching, too emotionally tied to live apart but increasingly consumed by the holocaustic crises they foist on one another at each encounter.

Arkin himself plays Ezra, one of the Fikus brothers who live in dread of their domineering, bellicose father (Vincent Gardenia, a veteran of American black comedy and here beautifully cast). Ezra is the kind of nebbish who is totally ill-equipped to deal with everyday pressures and even inanimate objects terrorise him — in the opening sequence he is seen desperately fighting off a ferocious attack by his haywire water-pick.

Alan Arkin with adopted son.

One of life's abject failures, the basketball team he unsuccessfully coaches hang effigies outside his home while his wife (Anjanette Comer) berates him for not giving her the child she craves.

"What do you mean I haven't been working at it?" he screams in exasperation. "Do you think I've been having *fun* in bed these past eight years?"

Ezra's brother Russell (Rob Reiner) is equally unable to cope with life, suffering severe asthmatic attacks if his father so much as glances askance at him and beset by Gene Wilder fits of escalating hysteria when confronted by the smallest of problems.

Whilst there are so many moments of mirth to be had from these psychoneurotics, *Fire Sale* ultimately fizzles out because these believable stereotypes are forced to do wholly unlikely things (mostly involving an unfunny running gag with Sid Caesar's Uncle Zabbar) as fierce farce is pre-empted by phoney freneticism.

What was once termed as 'madcap' or 'zany' — and *Fire Sale* resembles a '30s comedy in many ways — degenerates into a shouting match.

Monty Smith

Alice In Wonderland

Starring Kristine DeBell
Directed by Bud Townsend.
(Productions Associates).

A THIRD OF the way into this "X-rated musical fantasy" the hestitant-looking little fellow in the row behind me starts beating his meat.

Ah, well, at least last year's biggest independent US grosser (nudge, nudge) is having its (presumably) desired effect.

Alice, though, she don't do *nothing* to me.

Maybe it's just age.

Or maybe I'm just totally turned off by *Playboy* "Cover Girl" Kristine DeBell, and her sub Sue Lyon - as - Lolita pouting, adolescent — and really quite unattractive — features.

Also, as this is a "musical", Kristine — who is apparently well on her way to becoming America's latest cinematic superstar — is frequently obliged to deliver (in thoroughly hideous quasi-Julie Andrews tones) a vocal refrain prior to removing her clothes, being licked dry by cats, fixing Humpty Dumpty's broken erection etc etc.

The story: *(Must we? — Ed)* Librarian Alice (ms DeBell) turns down a chance to go the Elks Club Dance with boyfriend William. She knows what William's after and, as she so rightly insists, she's not "That kind of girl".

Sound thinking indeed. Now if only she hadn't followed that rabbit through the looking-glass . . .

Once on this symbolic Other Side Of Life Alice drinks a magic potion that makes her shrink.

This means that her clothes are suddenly too large for her. This means she must don a handkerchief so that, nipples erect, she may voyage forth, a young woman coming to terms with the wonders of her body.

In fact, I found *Alice In Wonderland* to be a thoroughly offensive film. It's offensive in its quite transparent, and (naturally) very suspect pretentiousness.

Though, like I said, the guy in the row behind me might well disagree.

Chris Salewicz

Emanuelle In America (X)

Directed by Joe D'Amato.
Starring Laura Gemser.
(Cinecenta)

THE ADVERTISING copy writer for the latest *Carry On Emanuelle* is either short sighted, possessed of greater sense of humour than I think likely or a downright liar.

According to the blurb that greets the jaded mac brigade, cheap thrill seeking young couples anxious for a surreptitious grope over the vanilla choc ice and the off-duty Chinese waiters, our heroine "Gets Mugged!", "Goes Kinky!" and "Likes Truck-drivers!"

None of this is apparent in the film itself which has as little to do with America as its protagonist is black. She's about as black as me and Diana Ross.

It soon becomes clear that the veneer of improved sexual relations and righted wrongs the hapless Laura Gemser is called upon to facilitate are a mere excuse for the endless snapping of compromising domestic titillation pix and knicker elastic which herald her journey through the boudoirs of the filthy rich and supposedly perverted Italian aristocracy. They've all got their funny little ways, of course. If they're not lesbians (at least that version of lesbian which passes as the standard type in all the exploitative examples of the genre), then they're whoring for sadists and exposing their nasty alter egos for Emanuelle's all seeing miniature camera — would you believe Emanuelle is cast as a freelance photographer for a New York paper? Not when you've seen the film you wouldn't.

The only solace that prevented my increasing bad temper spilling over into active violence was the dialogue, hopelessly out of sync and marked by some of the least scintillating lines since Andy Warhol's *Flesh*.

At one point Emanuelle is working over an employee of the White House, who vaguely resembles Jimmy Carter (the apparent purveyor of an unseen snuff movie). Emanuelle sits unmoved to simulated orgasm through the first reel and is chastised by the official asking incredulously, "Am I boring you?"

This glaringly obvious fact is mitigated by his dosing the girl with a hefty amount of L.S.D. and a laughably surreal episode in which Emanuelle not only trips out in light fantastic ecstasy but also manages to bring back the pix to prove it. Must have been good stuff.

God knows how they find a market for this tame rip-off nonsense. I found the film a degrading insult to human intelligence. I've had more fun bursting paper bags.

Max Bell

AROUND THE CIRCUITS

LONDON

THE GREATEST (A)
Unsuccessful Ali animation with weak punch (Selected ABC's)

AIRPORT 77 (A)
Soggy jumbo takes deep plunge. (Selected ABCs)

SMOKEY AND THE BANDIT (A)
Ebullient Burt Reynolds outsmarts fat southern sheriff in funny ha-ha car-chase flick. (Selected ABC's)

PROVINCES

A BRIDGE TOO FAR (A)
Massive massacre movie gets stuck in the mud (Selected Odeons/Gaumonts)

THE SPY WHO LOVED ME (A)
Offensive Bond blockbuster steamrollers patrons. (Selected Odeons/Gaumonts)

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Dick Tracy

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ALBUMS

Top left: originals Animals September '64 and above, now. Top right Eric Burdon.

THE ORIGINAL ANIMALS
Before We Were So Rudely Interrupted (Barn)

LET'S PUT it this way — it's not nearly as bad as it could have been, but nohow (and contrariwise) is it as good as it should have been.

See, way back in the early '60s blah blah blah, the original Animals (shades of the Fabulous Original Platters, Coasters, Drifters et al) and the original Manfred Mann group were one rung below and slightly sideways from the Yardbirds (themselves one rung below and slightly sideways from the Fabulous Original Rolling Stones) in the Blues/Rock Wonderful Persons League.

The Animals and the Manfreds were a little way into Yer Soul and Yer Jazz as well as Yer Chuck Berry and Yer Chicago Blues, which makes both bands' early waxings sound highly contemporary in the Springsteen/DeVille/Parker/Asbury era — just, for that matter, as the Yardbirds' stuff started to sound very contemporary in the Heavy Metal days.

What's weird is that the Animals' very first album sounds more like Right Now than this one does. The 1964 Eric Burdon was so flash, audacious, confident, funky, arrogant, on top of his chosen idiom, fresh, whooping and out for a good time. Singing on instinct, on time with his body clock: *"I want you right now/I don't mean tomorrow/I mean RIGHT NOW!"*

Alan Price was right in there with him, wrenching more hard-charging, lava-surge spillovers out of that cheesy little Vox organ than seemed possible.

The 1977 reunion is warm and pleasant, soothing rather than exhilarating. The rhythm section of John Steel (drums) and Chas Chandler (bass) don't sound any the worse for their long lay-off. Guitarist Hilton Valentine plays about the way he used to, but then no-one ever listened to The Animals to hear Steel, Chandler and Valentine.

The fate of the Animals' main men gives rise to a mild melancholia. Price's keyboard parts are little more than proficient doodling; Burdon seems perpetually to be in the wrong key.

On Percy Mayfield's "Please Send Me Someone To Love" (inexplicably, the track chosen for the single) he has the choice between sliding up an octave to hit the low note (which makes him sound like a nightclub crooner) or else going for the bullseye and going *below* the bottom of his range (which makes him sound pissed).

Mostly, the song selection is right on: Dylan's "It's All Over Now Baby Blue", Shaky Jake's "Fire On The Sun", Jimmy Reed's "As The Crow Flies", Jimmy Cliff's "Many Rivers To Cross", Ray Charles' "Lonely Avenue" and more like that. But time seems to have sapped the vitality of Eric Burdon far more than it has the likes of Muddy Waters, Ray Charles, Albert King and the soul and blues titans whose music fuelled him way back whenever.

Sure, nothing lasts forever and we're fools, hypocrites and worse if we expect it to do so, but — even though it is undoubtedly irrational to feel this way — I feel just that little bit brought down by the acute energy difference between the '64 and '77 incarnations of the Animals.

I remember that "Sonny Boy Williamson And The Animals" album cut oh, fifteen years ago now, on which the young Burdon sang the ass off of poor old Sonny Boy. It doesn't take too great a stretch of the imagination to picture someone singing Burdon off the stage — if there were new young singers in the same bag.

Still, "Before We Were So Rudely Interrupted" it almost makes it if only because the basic power and appeal of the original Animals concept still works just fine. If only they'd managed to retain a little more of the vitality and energy that they'd started out with, this album would've been flat-out *great.*

As it is, it doesn't really transcend the nostalgia category, but listen: if you get a chance to lay hands on that *first* Animals album . . .

Charles Shaar Murray

MOTORHEAD
Motorhead (Chiswick)

EVEN IF YOU never saw Lemmy playing bass for Hawkwind, or haven't yet heard his latest combo, you'd probably gauge a pretty accurate idea of Motorhead's music from the severity of Joe Petagno's savage dog logo and the cute Germanic typography gracing the sleeve.

Yes, there's the obligatory swastika and iron cross to boot, Jack.

Subtle, then, it is not. Not the merest trace of refinement or even a polished finish. "Motorhead" is spikey, spare, vicious and vacant — and then some.

The rigorous compression imposed by Speedy Keen's production makes one wonder if the album wasn't cut in some far-flung urinal. And the way in which each and every one of Eddie Clarke's guitar solos sound so completely distinct from Lemmy's bass and Phil Taylor's broken-handed drums suggests that Clarke was in a different cubicle.

No matter, time and again he saves the day — particularly on the more mundane HM efforts, "White Line Fever" and "Vibrator" — like a one man cavalry charge.

The opening cut (wittily titled "Motorhead") offers both the best and the worst of the band. There's no sense of space, let alone shading, until Clarke's ferocious solo runs riot round the speakers. Otherwise it's a bass-heavy, pneumatic drill riff with Lemmy screeching incoherently over the top (and so far as self-promoting anthems go, it's certainly over the top).

It's Clarke's fluid, multi-tracked solo which saves "Iron Horse (Born To Lose)" from dull repetition — *"Wasted forever on speed, bikes and booze"* I don't doubt. *"Born to lose . . ."*, yeah.

Actually, the best cut on side one is "Lost Johnny", which just happens to have been co-written by our very own Mick Farren. A neat and relentless dissection of the dislocated Valium generation and *"Lost Johnny . . . is out there, baying at the moon"* (very poetic, Mick).

Again, the guitar solo is stunningly contrasted against the by-now oppressively enervating riffs. But there's a riff or two up Lemmy's sleeve yet.

Side two offers another Farren co-write, "Keep Us On The Road". It appears to be about exploding groupies, or something. Lemmy's still singing as though his head's in a bucket (maybe he put on his Hells Grannies helmet upside down).

Then there's "The Watcher", bass-driven, as Lemmy trades in his bike for a lifetime subscription to a religious periodical. Or something.

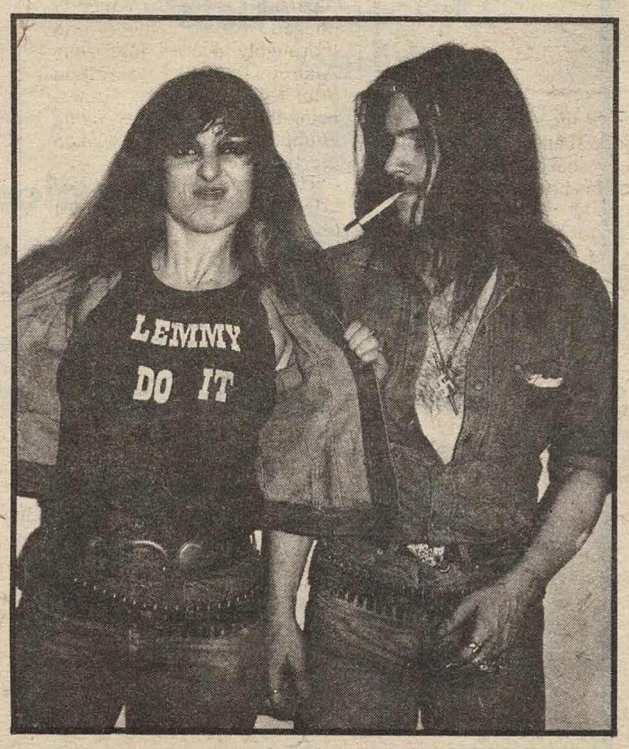
"Er, Lemmy, we're recording now. Head out of the bucket, please." And there's even a bit of phasing on this one. Nice Touch, Speedy!

But the closing cut makes you forget all the bad points (like the continual use of corny, crashing climactic crescendos). A beserk breakneck boogie, "Train Kept A Rollin' " is a furious, fitting finale to an infuriatingly patchy album.

There's been considerable vigour throughout, of course, but not all of it has been as precisely marshalled as this.

I mean, everyone goes potty — and these guys are barely studio-trained — but for once it really *works.*

Monty Smith



Lemmy with Motorcycle Irene, who's a nice girl really.

I was so much younger then, I'm older than that now.

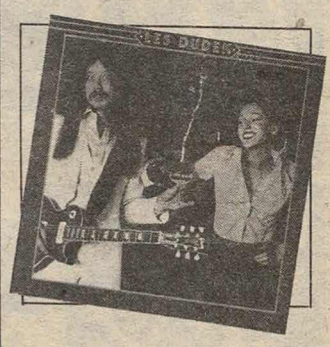
LES DUDEK
Say No More (CBS)

THE NEW Dudek album opens with the sound of popping champers corks and the man himself heaving a sigh of rich satisfaction.

And well he might. Not only is this a marked improvement on Dudek's uncertain opener, but the long haired loafer has submerged all those technical Duane Allman nuances well away from the surface and concentrated on developing his own thing. Unusually, Les manages to coerce some heavies — David Paich, Jeff Porcaro (yawn), Tony Williams and Pops Popwell — and make the old buzzards sound like a) they're having a good time, b) they're playing to his orders and not doodling for the ticket.

Into action on the astral plane and yup, it's a song for the girls in L.A., "Jailbamboozle", a sumptious attack on various counts, not least of which is Dudek's Les Paul finesse. Just goes for the jugular like rock and roll ought to and bites.

But, "Lady You're Nasty" is much better, probably the essential work out in the dude's scrapbook of lissome lays. This meshes shades of The Feat (more than shades actually) and a hefty pinch from sometime mentor Boz Scaggs. Love the slide guitar to death; like the sixth greatest undiscovered band in the universe, Barefoot Jerry, Dudek incorporates his Florida Chops with the flavouring of the West Coast.



Dudek's increasing musical skills are prevalent, sometimes it pays to relax and count the chord changes. "One To Beam Up" is smooth with triple keyboards and the mood set up nicely for "Avatar". The display of good taste blows hot, cools off and eventually gutters around Joachim Young's mazy organ. Les keeps the best bit for himself, an absolute wallow of creamy picking.

No wasted time either, none of the licks are an afterthought or an excuse for a romp. Main work out number two is "What's It Gonna Be", one of the best rock songs I've heard this year, reminiscent of the material Steve Miller used to come up with before he blanded out once too often. Dudek uses his back-up singers properly and makes the most of his own vocal style, limited but endearing.

Every track has a twist to keep you amused, and more important, the whole surpasses its excellent parts. So, don't let Les Dudek pass you by unheard. Buy this record before somebody else does. Produced and bottled by Bruce Botnick too, which proves it must be vintage.

Max Bell

Ossie Osbourne achieves total self-expression

Do The Headless Chicken (Again And Again)

Sabbaff's first four re-issued and re-reviewed

BLACK SABBATH
Black Sabbath (NEMS)
Paranoid (NEMS)
Master Of Reality (NEMS)
Volume 4 (NEMS)

NAY, OPT NOT FOR the simplistic chemical approach.

Consider instead the struggles between the holy and the secular that are debated so ardently on the first and second albums until, on "Master Of Reality", Ozzie's soul is sufficiently strengthened for him to air one of the Great Black Sabbath Populist Queries in *"Would you like to see the Pope on the end of a rope?"*

Does this, one wonders, reflect the Calvinist urban blight landscape of the Sabs' Black Country backgrounds? How does a guitarist with an ice-cream salesman surname like Iommi feel about those lyrics?

Do Black Sabbath just play very slow because they think very slow? Or does that make Alvin Lee Einstein?

For some reason as I was taking "Black Sabbath" out of its inner sleeve I was thinking that though one may be intelligent but totally untalented, one may also be talented but totally devoid of intelligence.

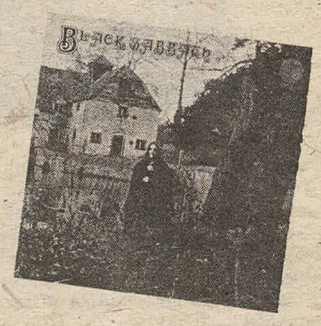
It is no coincidence that Black Sabbath came out of Birmingham. Their music possesses that turgid sense of gloom that slides into my bowels at that first glimpse of Spaghetti Junction.

It's very appropriate that a band from that part of the country should be the first rock and roll musicians to write a song entitled "Paranoid" — although, in fact, of all Sabbath's songs "Paranoid" itself is one of the least paranoid-sounding, a celebration of that state of mind's joys rather than evoking the true sense of fear we find in say, "Hand Of Doom".

Oh dear, we seem to have wandered away from the land of the flippant for a moment here. No matter. If you've been as insomniac as I have this week you'll know by now that your instincts very often lead you to your intellect. Forge ahead, therefore, into this steel furnace of sound. Let us follow our destiny.

There is a piece to be written sometime about the influence of the Midlands on the rock musicians who grow up there — Robert Plant and John Bonham, Jeff Lynne, the Sabs . . .

Living around Britain's second city imbues you with a sense of arrogance and contempt for that bloody lot down there in London. You're as hip as them anyway and if you want you can be just as flash; they've got a *Habitat* in the Bull Ring, you know. Most Londoners don't realise that half the population of the country doesn't look up to



them but actively despises them. It is no coincidence that a great misguided populist like Enoch Powell should have sprung to prominence when representing Wolverhampton South West. If you're looking for the soul of this country you certainly won't come across it in the Home Counties.

Much more so than Led Zeppelin who're the demi-gods of Heavy Rock (and in fact only made a couple of albums that might be called Heavy Metal) Sabbath are (or probably were) the Great British Rock Populists of the early Seventies. Dylan for Downer Freaks.

Something I've always found highly suspect is the school of rock criticism that insists that a band may be dismissed as thoroughly crass because they have an inability to craft words together like Nabokov. It is, after all, the music that one is examining and it is musicians — people who may be far more articulate with their chosen instruments than with their mouths or pens — who are turning it out.

Whether the Sabs wrote *good* lyrics or not is irrelevant. What matters is that for a whole generation (who were discovering the joys of imminent unemployment tempered by various illicit substances) what came out of the band's equipment and from Ozzie's tonsils was something with which they could truly identify.

Of course everyone thought Ozzie seemed pretty fucked up. He *had* to be. In fact, in terms of valid angst Ozzie's credibility rating is certainly many notches higher than Ferry's. Bryan, after all, *could* express himself.

From Ozzie's mouth only emerged this torrent of half-formed perceptions that were identical to the feelings of the guy OD-ing in the fifth row at the gig in Bradford. Christ, James Taylor had never had to get up at six in the morning to be down at the factory gates by seven.

And always the voice mixed right back into the mantra-monotonous riffs that somehow retained that Midlands sense of brash flash and which by the middle of the fourth album had naturally begun to develop into low kitsch.

For a while, though, the Sabs really probably were Britain's first punk band.

Chris Salewicz

NEW SINGLE ANC1043

ANCHOR

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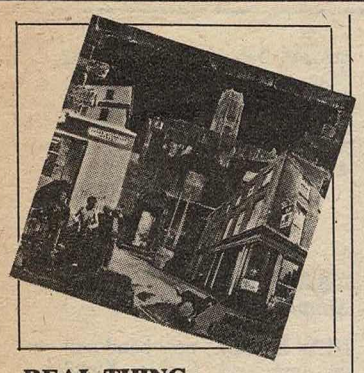

REAL THING
4 from 8 (Pye)

IN A RECENT LIVE REVIEW OF Real Thing, I pointed out that the group are currently rising out of an unlikely career to a hopeful future.

Just as in their live work they still have 4 feet in base camp and 4 feet on the next stage up (or 8 feet in each if you count their incorporated musicians), so this album is neither one thing nor the other.

The excellent thing about it is that it's nearly all their own work. Some (unnecessary?) string arrangements are done by others but Chris and Eddie Amoo wrote the songs, arranged the rhythm tracks and produced the album. Although a couple of session musicians contribute short solos to one or two tracks it's basically the Real Thing band which plays throughout. Very good they are too.

The sad thing about it is that it's a compromise. Eventually the group intend to move well away from the formularised predictability of their hit singles. Although there's ample evidence on the album that they can do it, not enough actual moving has taken place.

Perhaps a bit nervous at leaving the house of hits for a more uncertain climate outside, it's like they've got their coats on but they're all still shuffling about in the doorway.

Side one is devoted to their career as was and as is. It opens with their current single, "Love's Such A Wonderful Thing" (a brisk disco nod at Tavares), and a pastiche of their two big hits, "Lovin' You Is Like A Dream" (which sounds like an 'anything-you-can-do' gibe at their previous producer). The pace slumps through an indifferent ballad before lifting to another Tavares-style dancer and a good, hard reworking of one of their early recordings, "Plastic Man".

Things get more interesting on side two. The opening two ballads, "Lightning Strikes Again" and "I Wish You Well", are a considerable improvement over earlier work, both of them built around good harmony and lead, coaxing the most out of melodies that evoke a similar mood to The Commodores' "Easy" and "Zoom".

The final medley, "Liverpool 8", "Children Of The Ghetto" and "Stanhope Street" is their most ambitious project to date. Although there've been better examples of similar themes by American groups this is the first time to my knowledge that a British black group has tried to explain some of the trials and tribulations of the area in which they were born and raised. Besides which it makes very fine listening.

I understand that the "Liverpool 8" medley is just a forerunner of what is likely to be examined much more fully on their next album — providing they don't lose their nerve and sprint back to the safety of a chart formula again.

Cliff White

HELEN SCHNEIDER
So Close (Windsong)

SO WHO is Helen Schneider? Well, Jerry Weintraub, who usually only promotes high-class trash like Presley, Sinatra and Zeppelin, has just launched her. I sincerely hope she hits an iceberg and sinks without trace; on her maiden voyage.

She has been compared to Minelli, Streisand and Midler. She's similarly expendable. But to compare her to Edith Piaf! Well, they both sing but then again, Tommy Cooper and Moses both did tricks. Here she's like a kosher Doris Day.

The opener is pure showbiz schmaltz, despite the hysterically droll line: *"I could feel your eyes tugging at my sleeve."* The tremulous tremble *(Who are you calling an oxymoron?—Ed.)* of Helen's voice (presumably signifying overflowing emotion) makes her sound as comfy as Dolly Parton in a straitjacket.

One of Neil Sedaka's songs, "Sad Eyes", finds Helen getting "ballsy" with a boisterous bit of Broadway stomp featuring modern (aka noisy) guitar by "pop" singer Elliot Randall as a concession to the "rock" audience but recalling Live Together?" indicates that Helen is one of these "liberated" minxes. *"We'll never find the future if we hesitate!"* — How Modern.

But not too liberated — for all you boys who dig chicks you can wipe your boots on, we have "Darlin' ", which is nothing less than Frankie Valli's "Fallen Angel" pop pick of last year with the term of endearment changed.

Nyro's "I Never Meant To Hurt You" (Song Of The Repentant Sadist) is so soppy I can't believe Laura's responsible; *"Please believe the words of a heart that has to hide it's face."* I feel sick.

Violins vomit for Barry Manilow's "All The Time" in which Helen finally sighs *"for someone to say, 'You're not so bad.' "*

No comment.

Julie Burchill

ELVIS PRESLEY
Moody Blue (RCA)

THE USUAL MIXTURE of mawkish country ballads and occasional nods towards rock 'n' roll.

There's a version of the Diamonds' '57 hit "Little Darlin" which is so vapid Pat Boone would have been proud of it — almost ironic because Elvis once offered total relief from all that whitewash. (Anyone interested in hearing the proof should listen to the budget-priced "Presley Sun collection" on RCA).

Throughout "Moody Blue" the singing is bored, emotionless and dull, the arrangements and choice of songs likewise. So why *does* he keep doing it?

There is the theory that Elvis really died years ago and Colonel Tom Parker is operating some kind of elaborate scam, using an impersonator whose voice naturally can't quite match Elvis'. Of course, not many people believe this.

The second, more credible, is that Elvis (no disrespect intended) is a simple country boy. It doesn't take much to make him happy and he's certainly got enough of what it takes to get it. As long as Tom Parker is making the right business decisions he's content.

Parker knows what he's doing; he was an established country music manager before he met Presley. He knows all the right moves for a highly successful country artist, but he didn't, and probably still doesn't, have a clue about rock or rock 'n' roll.

The simple answer, though, is as long as people keep buying it then the big cheeseburger will keep churning it out.

Paul Rambali

IMPORTS

THOUGH **Mick Farren's** Ork recording (about which he remembers little!) is still anxiously awaited by both Deviant freaks and Farren's bank manager, the scam is that the one-time supermarket looter is featured on a newie released by the big sound label.

Titled "Bionic Gold", it's an album of songs associated with **Phil Spector,** played and laid by a number of acts who are generally unknown to me — the only real "name" on the elpee being **Philip Rambow** (of Winkies fame), who provides his version of "Why Do Lovers Break Each Others Hearts?", though the monicker of **Hilly Michaels** might be familiar to nothing so much as Natalie Wood singing "Let Me Entertain You" in the movie "Gipsy". Ah, but one forgives Natalie anything.

The daring "Why Don't We some, Michaels being the drummer Ronno recommended to Sparks earlier this year.

Others aboard include the **Scratch Band, Nelson Adelard Band, Fran Kowalkski, Roger C. Reale** and, of course, the guy the sleeve notes describe as "The occasionally sober Mick Farren, whose "To Know Him Is To Love Him" closes the album on a serious note."

Elvin Bishop's "Raisin' Hell" (Capricorn), a live double cut at concerts held in Atlanta, San Diego, Los Angeles, San Francisco and Santa Monica, sounds distinctly healthy and free of pimples as the band Bishop-bash on hits like "Fooled Around And Fell In Love" and blues-cruise effectively through such as Muddy Waters' "Little Brown Bird", a track which features horn-man Chuck Brooks in best Chicago south-side mood.

In the meantime, while I sit and absorb **Herth Martinez's** "Bright Street Stuff" (Warner Bros) and ponder just why he attracts such producers as Robbie Robertson (on his last album) and John Simon (on this), I'll list the rest of this week's rack-fillers, a collection that includes "Forever Gold" (CBS), a "Best Of.." compilation from the **Isley Brothers;** "Shiver In The Night" (Nemporer), another Arif Mardin production job for **Andy Pratt; The Staples'** "Family Tree" (Warner Bros), a Tom Tom arranged affair; **Brother-Brother's** "Shades In Creation" (Turbo); "The David Grisman Quartet" (Kaleidoscope); **Conway Twitty's** "I've Already Loved You In My Mind" (MCA); **Cher's** "Cherished" (Warner Bros); **Mylon LeFevre's** "Weak At The Knees" (Warner Bros); **B. J. Thomas'** "B. J. Thomas (MCA); "Rollin' The Rock Vol. 2 — California Rockabilly" (Rollin' Rock), another compilation that features **Ray Campi and Co.**

Fred Dellar

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THE BOOMTOWN RATS - LOOKIN' AFTER NO. 1
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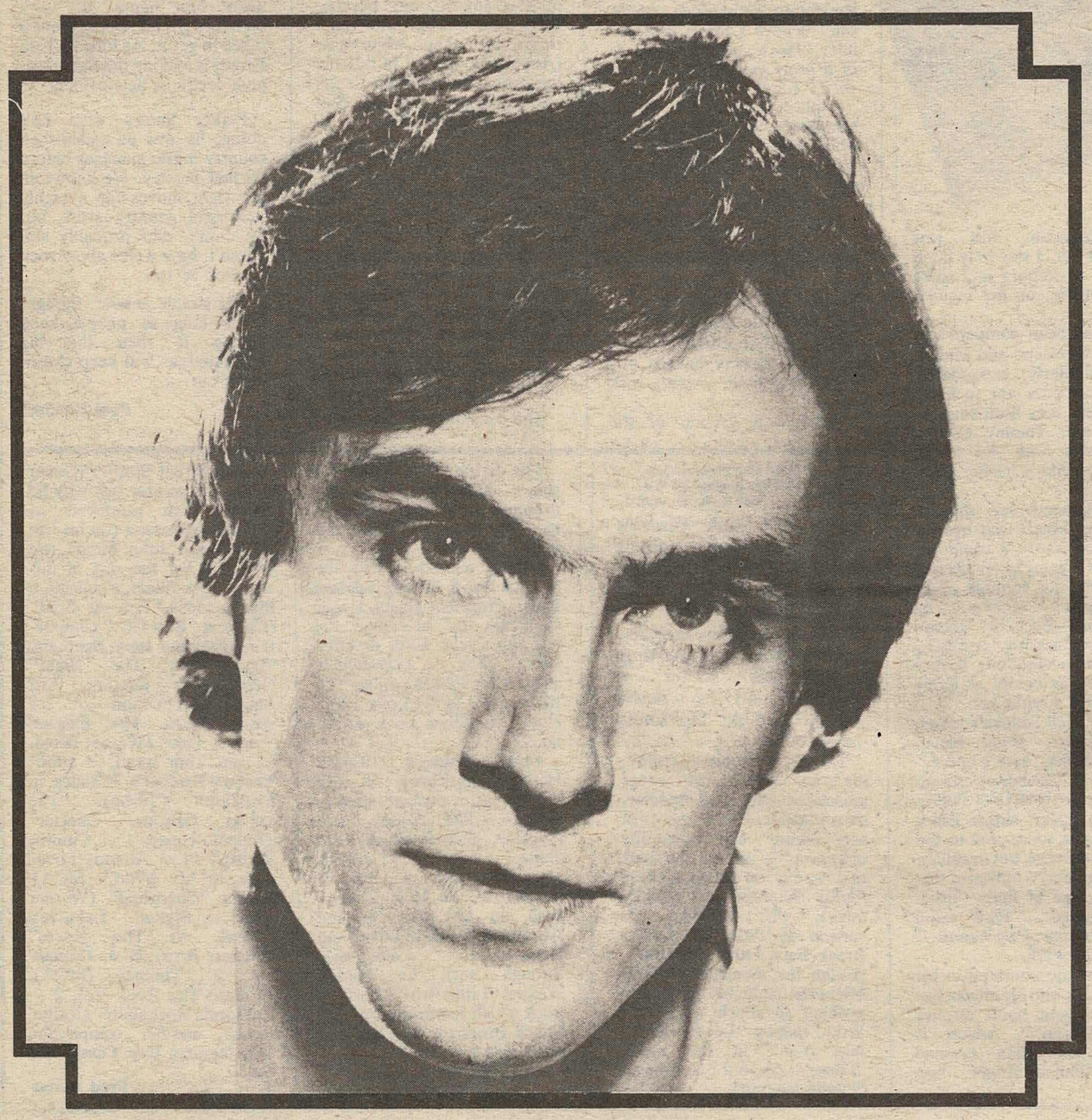
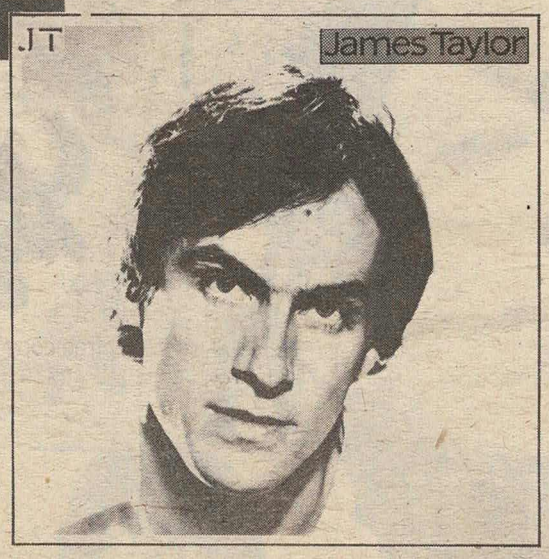


AFTER JAMES TAYLOR, EVERYONE ELSE IS JUST A SINGER-SONGWRITER

There's no mistaking the voice. More than any other in the early '70s it brought a new lyricism in popular music, the gentle side of life and loving.
Not since 'Sweet Baby James' has James Taylor sounded as good, nor come up with an album as full of songs destined to become classics. There are twelve on "J.T." to place alongside 'Fire and Rain', 'Carolina In My Mind', 'Country Road' or 'You've Got a Friend' not forgetting the hit single 'Handy Man.'
"J.T." also marks the reunion of James Taylor with producer Peter Asher. He, along with Russ Kunkel, Leland Sklar, Danny Kortchmar, Clarence McDonald and others, has helped bring an old friend back into the limelight.

Ain't that good to know.



JAMES TAYLOR'S NEW ALBUM "JT" FEATURING THE SINGLE 'HANDY MAN'

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Records & Tapes

PRODUCED BY PETER ASHER

VARIOUS
Don't You Step On My Blue Suede Shes (Charly)

ZOOM, ZOOM, zoom. Put your cat clothes on, grab your partner by a convenient protuberance and get you bad selves onto a dance floor. This here is boppin' music. Perhaps the finest there was, is and ever shall be.

Or perhaps not. To tell the truth I never could jive. Bump and grind is mere motion, so I'm unequipped to pass judgement on the bopability of these 16 classic tracks. One thing's for sure though, it's all essential stompin' music for club-footed wallflowers, *that* I do remember well.

I shouldn't have to tell you, but I will, that this cosmic compilation stems from Sun Records of Memphis, the originators of so on and so forth, currently represented in Britain by Charly Records, who are diligently issuing this, that and the other, waffle waffle, blah blah blah.

If you haven't got the message by now you're unlikely to understand what's going on even if a truck load of bruisers come round to your place and etch the words into you skull with pickaxes.

Rock 'n' roll is what it is. And I like it.

"DYSOMBSSD" isn't exactly Sun's greatest hits — because the honours were disproportionately awarded to only one or two of many — but, even better, it's an unbiased by commercial success selection of ace tracks by 10 of Sun's artists.

Naturally enough that means that many of the tracks were hits but you see it doesn't exclude some overlooked gems as well. Overlooked by the world in general that is; not by discerning rockers.

Starting with the biguns; Jerry Lee's represented by "Whole Lotta Shakin", "Great Balls Of Fire" & "High School Confidential" and Carl Perkins by "Blue Suede Shoes" (natch), "Honey Don't" and "Matchbox".

As if that wasn't already enough to keep a party going all night, Billy Lee Riley belts out "Red Hot" (which is also currently available on a dynamite EP incidentally), Warren Smith competes with "Miss Froggie" and Sonny Burgess storms in with "We Wanna Boogie". And, oh yes, Roy Orbison and Charlie Rich do their excellent pre-fame impersonations of rockers, the first with "Go, Go, Go (Down The Line)", the latter with "Whirlwind" and "Rebound".

In relatively calmer vein there's also two Johnny Cash tracks, "I Walk The Line" & "Folsom Prison Blues", Carl Mann's pop item, "Mona Lisa" and ex-Drifter Bill Pinkney's answer to "At The Hop", called, surprise, "After The Hop". Come to think of it, that last item isn't calm at all, what am I talking about?

One last point. Now that Charly have switched manufacturers/distributors they seem to have overcome their previous pressing problems. The sound on this album is superb. I suspect that in years to come long after it's been deleted, "DYSOMBSS" will change hands for many times its retail value. Buy now, while it's still a bargain.

Cliff White

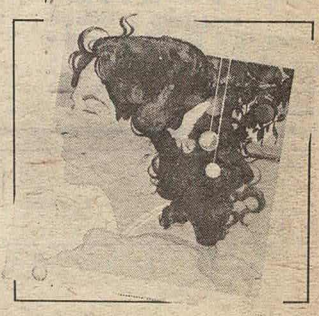
CAROLE KING
Simple things (Capitol)

NEW LABEL, new band and an improved Carole King? Well yes, but it's not as though since metamorphosing into a singer-songwriter and producing the classic "Tapestry" in 1971, the second biggest-selling album ever — the high priestess of pop has left in her slipstream a whole chain of classic albums.

For all I know "You Make Me Feel Like A Natural Woman" just might be the best pop song ever written. And just shuffling through the Gerry Goffin—King back cataloges brings others to light: teenage love songs like "Take Good Care Of My Baby"; salient points of the pop culture like "Up On The Roof" and adult love songs like "It's Too Late" from "Tapestry".

That, however, doesn't alter the fact that King's recent albums have been lightweight with a high dross content. Perhaps realising this she changed labels. After all a new label *should* ensure that everyone concerned tries harder.

And while "Simple Things" isn't a record I'd go out of my way to recommend, it's by no means lousy and will restore Carole King to the American singles charts, maybe even



ours too, with the buoyant, well-executed pop of "Hard Rock Cafe", the album's only infectious track.

King's nasal Brooklyn voice (despite the often stifling blanderama of her recent output that great voice has always been intact) is ideal for this piece of invogorating nonsense which echoes the entirely vacuous sentiment of Petula Clark's "Downtown" (ask your parents if you require further elucidation).

Elsewhere her prominent theme is the resurection of that old hippy ethic "The only way we're going to change anything is together", pure naive drivel. More intelligently, there's a kind of Blakeian cosmic awareness typified in the all too lightweight "Simple Things" (fine sentiment but the execution leaves a lot to be desired), "Hold On" (nice arrangement but not much of a song), "In The Name Of Love" (the best melody on the elpee), and the closing "One". Do I have to tell you what that's about?

Arrangements vary from the mundane ("Time Alone") to the inspired ("Hold On"), avoiding the total bland-out of much well produced rock. The playing is good if only very seldom inspired.

"Simple Things" is no turkey but in the final analysis doesn't really do Carole King justice. Perhaps she should stop being a singer-songwriter and instead gear herself towards writing a few sharp high-pop tunes, her forte after all.

Steve Clarke

gong's life....

MILES*OVER TOKYO

And Other Inflationary Oriental Intrigues

*Davis, that is

MILES DAVIS
Pangaea (CBS/Sony)

WEATHER REPORT
Live In Tokyo (CBS/Sony)

HERBIE HANCOCK
Flood (CBS/Sony)

HERBIE HANCOCK
Dedication (CBS/Sony)

MIROSLAV VITOUS
Purple (CBS/Sony)

SHOULD YOU have been struck by the notion of acquiring the above albums, you might like to know that buying all five would set you back a handsome fifty quid.

These records have been out for some time now in the Land Of The Rising Yen, but it was only at the end of last year that Flyover Records took the initiative of bringing them into this country. However at around £8 for a single and £12 for a double it's fair to say that they're mainly for the dedicated; I had to borrow them from one such person to review them.

The Japanese, apart from being wild about Cliff Richard, have a history of being die-hard jazz fanatics. It wasn't long after the Yanks dropped the Big One when a Hot Club of Japan was founded and like Germany, France and Scandinavia, Japan was always

Hancock: super-funk

happy to foster jazz musicians who were having a hard time in the States. Since the 50's touring Japan has meant regular and lucrative work for many jazz players.

Judging from the excellent and extensive packaging it seems that the Japanese are enthralled with Miles Davis. Each of his records comes complete with full discography, extensive sleeve notes (alas mostly in Japanese) and, with "Pangaea", a slick photo booklet.

The amount of Miles' recordings available in Japan is staggering. Every album he recorded for CBS since joining them in the late 50's, a total of 35, many never released outside Japan and many now unavailable elsewhere.

The most interesting historically are "Miles In Tokyo", the only recording of Miles' quintet with Sam Rivers, and "Miles In Berlin", recorded two months later at the live debut of the quintet with Wayne Shorter.

In the absense of new studio recordings to satisfy the Japanese thirst for Miles' music, CBS/Sony issued two double live albums: firstly "Agharta" (released here soon afterwards) and then "Pangaea", both of which were recorded on the same day at the Osaka Festival Hall.

It's hardly surprising then that there's little to choose between them. Both are four sides of continuous, wired, intense improvisation. Miles does little actual trumpet playing, and when he does his solos don't seize attention the way they used to. He now seems more interested in controlling the band mainly with screaming organ chords.

Michael Henderson's growling electric bass and Al Foster's flailing drums drive the music along, Reggie Lucas provides the funk with rhythm guitar and Pete Cosey plays swirling rock-powered lead guitar that, for once, doesn't owe it all to McLaughlin.

Sonny Fortune's sax is excellent throughout, not as daring as Miles but relief from the high pressure that surrounds it.

Considering he has been playing since the late '40s it's astounding that Miles still has enough creative acumen to assemble such uncompromising, original music. Not many 50 year old musicians put 'Play it loud' on their records.

It has been suggested that the much-vaunted New Direction that Miles took with "Bitches Brew" (and which can easily be traced to "Pangaea") owed more to Joe Zawinul than is usually credited. It's certainly true that by refining and developing the music they were playing with Miles, Zawinul and Wayne Shorter have got themselves one of the best jazz groups of the 70's, also one of the most popular.

However, it took quite a while to arrive at the streamlined, approachable sound they have now and anyone expecting "Weather Report Live In Tokyo" to be like their current output will be disappointed.

When this was recorded in '72, Weather Report were a much more abrasive unit. At that time the line-up included Miroslav Vitous (bass), Dom Um Ramao (percussion) and Eric Gravatt (drums).

Zawinul uses only piano and distorted electric piano, Shorter's playing is much looser and not as succinct and disciplined as it is now. The rhythm section is explosive, especially Gravatt's drumming and more jazz-inclined than others Weather Report have used.

Unless you're already aware of what they sounded like in their early days it's probably wiser (certainly cheaper) to invest in a copy of "I Sing The Body Electric", their second album, which has a live side cleverly edited down from two sides of "Live In Tokyo".

Miroslav Vitous' "Purple" was recorded just before the formation of Weather Report and sounds to some extent like early Weather Report. Vitous plays bass, bowed bass and some piano, Billy Cobham drums. On the first side Zawinul adds electric piano and on the second side John McLaughlin guitar for one track.

It's an album of calm, introspective improvisation with lots of plaintive touches from the overdubbed bowed bass, the type of music you find on ECM records. At the price, I certainly wouldn't call in indispensable.

Which leaves us with the two Herbie Hancock albums. "Dedication" is the unusual one, the only solo unaccompanied album Hancock has ever made. Recorded in Tokoyo in '74, at the request of CBS/Sony, it contains one side of solo piano and one of electronic meanderings.

Potentially a good idea, although it's obvious that Hancock had little time to plan it. The piano side is good enough — warm, lazy improvisation — but Hancock's ideas don't flow as well as, say, Keith Jarrett's in this area.

The electronic side is a disappointment. It's basically what he plays with his band, with the rhythm provided by synthesiser tape loops; the sound is sadly empty — Hancock's funky keyboards just don't bounce off an electronic pulse.

"Flood", a live double recorded in Tokyo in '75 with the band from "Thrust" plus Blackbird McKnight on guitar, is a far better album. Most of the material comes from the "Headhunters" and "Thrust" albums, with the exception of "Maiden Voyage" and an embryonic and very funky version of "Hang Up Your Hang Ups".

Why this band broke up soon afterwards is puzzling — they certainly sound strong

Zawinul: abrasion

enough here. The rhythm section of Mike Clark (drums), Paul Jackson (bass) and Bill Summers (percussion) is fast, tight and tense, with Jackson and Clark easing in plenty of slippery funk. Blackbird McKnight adds deft rhythm guitar and Hancock's keyboard and Bennie Maupin's horn solos are consistently good.

As with the Miles albums, the artwork and packaging of "Flood" is designed to a very different aesthetic and like all the Japanese albums, is recorded and pressed to a very high standard — some consolation for the high prices.

CBS say that they hope to release "Pangaea", "Weather Report Live" and possibly also "Flood" within the next few months, but that depends on sorting out contractual problems.

In the meantime, anyone interested in these or the many other jazz albums only available in Japan ought to contact Flyover Records, 15 Queen Caroline Street, London W6.

Paul Rambali

CORYELL/MOUZON
Back Together Again (Atlantic)
LARRY CORYELL/ PHILIP CATHERINE
Twin House (Atlantic)

ONCE AGAIN into the fusion inferno.

The Larry Coryell / Alphonse Mouzon marriage was never one made in heaven. Prior to their unholy alliance in The Eleventh House, Coryell had wandered lonely as the proverbial through jazz electric limbos whilst Mouzon had drummed sensationally for the McCoy Tyner Quartet.

Neither player's shunt on to the jazzrock bandwagon has been in any way spectacular, save in its glib predictability. All the same, "Back Together Again" is summat else, quite

Davis: himself — and play it LOUD

conceivably the most abortive jazzrock album ever made.

No hapless cliche is safe from predators Coryell (who adopts an unpleasant 'rock' yowl of a tone throughout) and second guitarist, Andre Previn lookalike Philip Catherine. The pair careen past riff after riff with brute insensitivity and — natch — at bewildering *pointless* speed.

Mouzon himself seems more concerned with his still laughably ostentatious wardrobe than with music per se. On occasion he adds "vocals" (e.g. *"Get on up, get on up, get on up"*) with all the grace of an outraged Yeti pulped by a Himalayan landslide.

Meanwhile John Lee lends the term un-bassist new meaning. Jeez, are these boys *conceptual.*

Somehow I doubt that even any self-respecting rock fan penetrating the fun of the fusion fair will find much to grip on here — and anyone familiar with Coryell's past achievements will doubtless find himself at a loss for . . .

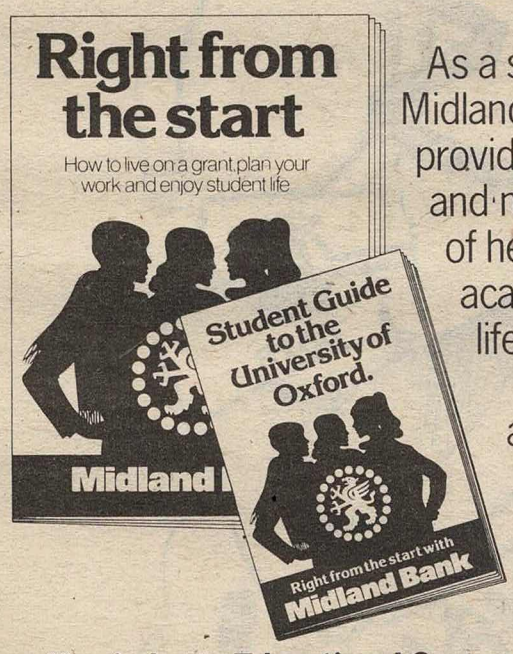
But will Taylor and Burton get back together again? Does anyone care?

"Twin House" is marginally preferable. It's all acoustic see, even if it's also all filigree and fancy.

Unsurprisingly the best pieces are the non-originals: Jimmy Webb's lush "Gloryell"; Django Reinhardt's fleet "Nuages" and Keith Jarrett's whirligig "Mortgage On Your Soul" — a trio of toons treated with something aproaching the respect they deserve.

As for the rest of it, "Twin House" only goes to show that duelling guitars can be just as interminable as banjos in the same ring. Both players are technical vituosi, but waste (too much) precious time in self-congratulatory exhibitionism.

Angus MacKinnon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EDITED BY FRED DELLAR

Elgar torpedoes Enid

WHAT'S HAPPENED TO The Enid lately? I thought they were great at Reading, last year, but since then they seem to have virtually disappeared. **— G. BARRETT, London W.9.**

● **The Enid seem to have taken a bad roll of the disc in recent months. Following their Marquee gig of November 2, 1976, they came off the road until the July of this year, due to the fact that management had withdrawn their support and The Enid found themselves without any P.A. and other fripperies that make gigs such that bit easier to play.**

Further tribulations followed when Buk, the record company that released "In The Region Of The Summer Stars", the band's only album, took a nose-dive and went into liquidation. But now things seem to be heading up once more — despite the fact that the recent attempt to put out a single of their "Land Of Hope And Glory" / "Dambusters' March" medley was torpedoed by Boosey and Hawkes, the music publishers, who apparently were unhappy about Robert John Godfrey's musical approach to Elgar.

However, The Enid's initial album has just been released once more (on EMI International INS-3005) and the band — now comprised of Godfrey (keyboards and percussion), Francis Lickerish (guitars), Stephen Stewart (guitars), David Storey (drums), Charlie Elston (keyboards) and Terry Pack (bass) — is gigging again, appearing at Middlesbrough Rock Garden (August 19), Dudley JB's (20), Bedford Nitespot (26), Reading Festival (28) and London Marquee (29), while a major European tour is being lined up for September.

News of any other disasters affecting the group can be obtained from The Enid Society, 11 Moorhurst Avenue, Goffs Oak, Waltham Cross, Herts — that is, if the place doesn't burn down!

SOMETIME BACK, I watched the TV screening of the film *Up The Junction* and I'm desperate to get hold of the soundtrack album by Manfred Mann. According to several local dealers it has been deleted — so, could you list all the tracks that appear on the album and, if you can't tell me where I can find a copy, please let me know if any of these tracks appear on any other currently available Manfred Mann release? **— B. W. HOWARD, Slough, Berks.**

● **The original *Up The Junction* album was released on Fontana (TL5460) and featured the following tracks: "Up The Junction"; "Belgravia"; "Walking Around"; "Just For Me"; "Love Theme"; "Sheila's Dance", "Sing Songs Of Love"; "Wailing Horn"; and "I Need Your Love". Both this and an E.P. comprising "Up The Junction", "Walking Around" and "Love Theme", have long since been deleted, though the film's main theme can still be found on a "Best Of . . ." compilation called "Mannerisms" (Philips SON 016) along with such tracks as "Mighty Quinn", "My Name Is Jack", "Sweet Pea" etc.**

BOZ SCAGGS: only two albums available in Britain.

WOULD YOU list all the albums made by Boz Scaggs, including catalogue numbers and stating availability? **— D. GARNER, Aberbargoed, Bargoed, Mid. Glam.**

IS THE *NME Encyclopedia of Rock* still alive and kicking? Somehow it's eluded me so far. Is a new edition coming out shortly? **— REPULSIVE JULIET FUNGUS, Sheringham, Norfolk.**

● **According to the *NME Illustrated Encyclopedia Of Rock*, William Royce Scaggs has cut the following albums: "Boz" (Polydor International LPHM 46253), "Boz Scaggs" (Atlantic K40419), "Moments" (CBS 64248), "Boz Scaggs And Band" (CBS 64431), "My Time" (CBS 64975), "Slow Dancer" (CBS 65953) and "Silk Degrees" (CBS 81193). Of these, only the last two remain in the current British catalogue. Further info on Scaggs and over 600 other artists can be found in the *NME* encyclopedia which is still obtainable through any good bookseller (if they haven't got it in stock, tell 'em to order a copy from Hamlyn's), though a new and updated edition is being prepared and should be available around November.**

I SAW the magazine *Homegrown* mentioned in your paper and I'd like to subscribe to it but I've lost the address. Can you help? **— GEOFF CONSTABLE, Cwm Cadian.**

● ***Homegrown*, the only magazine where the staff deliberately let the grass grow under their feet, flourishes from a window-box based at 253 Portobello Road, London W.11. The mag is priced at 45p and the only unanswered question is — what's a nice constable like you, doing on a page like this?**

COULD YOU Help me track down a record which I heard played between commentaries at a Silverstone Grand Prix meeting? It sounded like a cross between Tangerine Dream and Kraftwerk and I'm certain it was called "A Day At The Races". But who was it by? **— H. PALMER, Bredous Hardwicke, Nr. Tewkesbury, Glos.**

● **Though Queen recorded an album of that title, the odds are that the disc you heard was Mike Vickers' "A Day At The Races" suite (DJM DJSLM 2034), which includes a number of Grand Prix sounds recorded at the formula one world championship series. The musicians heard on the disc include Hugh Burns and Paul Keogh (guitars), Mike Moran (piano), Alan Tarney (bass), Trevor Spencer (drums) and Chris Karan (percussion) while Vickers himself played saxes, flute, recorder and various keyboards and synthesisers.**

I RECENTLY tried to get hold of a copy of "Skinhead Moonstomp" (Trojan), a reggae album by Symarip but all the record shops tell me that it has been deleted. Is there any way I can get a copy? **— C. J. MORRIS, Bath, Avon BA2 2DG**

PLEASE FILE a report on what's happened to Seventh Wave. **— SYNTHESISIN' SID, Satley, Birmingham**

● **"Skinhead Moonstomp" was deleted in 1974 and I guess that the only way you'll find a copy nowadays is to cruise around to second-hand shops, equipped with a high-grade reggae detector. Ken Elliott, the synthesiser whizz-kid who, with the aid of percussionist Keiron O'Connor, placed together the first Seventh Wave album in Oldfield-like multi-dub fashion, is also reputed to have played on "Moonstomp" though he says he can't remember the date because he's played on so many reggae dates.**

However, he had vivid memories of the Seventh Wave band he put together to take his music out on the road.

"That folded because, by the time we'd finished our tour, I'd just about cracked up. I was doing all the session-work and touring at the same time and it all got to be too much for me. It's only recently that I've got back to normality and managed to get down the pub again and all those sorts of things. But I'm still busy, there's been plenty of sessions and I'd planned to reform with Keiron once more. We were mates at school, since we were four or five, in fact, but we still argue and this time we argued and this time we argued after just a few days. Anyway, I'm now putting together a solo album with the aid of 'Wave' producer Neil Richmond. It's my own project and not for any label in particular."

Meanwhile, Elliott, the self-confessed yobbo who became one of Britain's busiest back-up men, still has his daily airing on TV and you can hear him providing the opening theme to ITN's *First Report* on your goggle-box every lunchtime.

gong lives....

ON THE TOWN

Doctors of Madness Penetration

SHEFFIELD

INTERESTING BAND, The Doctors of Madness.

Immediately prior to the encore, a bloke behind me, viewing the elated audience with disbelief, muttered sneeringly "What do they want more of *that* for?"

As if in answer, a punk a few yards to my left greeted the band's reappearance with a satisfied "They're back on, that's all."

The mere ability to provoke divergent opinions is not, in itself, any measure of the Doctors' worth; that the second speaker was a punk and the first wasn't, however, *is* interesting. That they are readily accepted by the predominance of local punks lends credence to the opinion that they may, in fact, have been one of the original punk bands — proto-punks who put out to sea one tide too soon, so to speak. Not *that* wave, chaps — this one's much stronger . . .

Certainly, as Queen careered off into pseudo-aristocracy at the fag-end of glam-rock, the Doctors provided a viable alternative for those alienated by the ostentatious extravagance (falsely termed "decadence") of the Queens and Ferrys, but who were unable to make a clean break with their glam-rock roots. (It's interesting to note, in this respect, the increasing emphasis on fashion and superficiality in the new wave: inevitable, I suppose, given that many of today's punks were yesterday's Bowie/Roxy/Reed adherents. Another Fashion Regime, so soon?)

As soon as the lights go up at the start of the set, it's obvious that Kid Strange is trying to fuse together the contradictory poses of "man of the people" and "deep, visionary artist". There are those, I suppose, who would cite his punk-precursor position as evidence of visionary status — but if he's that hot, how come he completely mis-timed it?

It's extremely difficult not to laugh when, during the opening song, he steps up on a monitor cab in time-worn "people's hero" fashion, and falls off. To his credit, though, he continues playing on his back, only slightly abashed.

Strange plays rudimentary guitar. So rudimentary, in fact, it's little more than a posing prop. There's a faceless drummer (Peter DiLemma), of little projection, a bassist (Stoner), with a narrow repertoire of "angst-y young man" sneers and prowls, and a second front-man in violinist Urban Blitz, who gets a good reception purely because he's playing a violin. A Ponty he's not. Or a LaFlamme, Goodman or Harris.

Having a violin as lead instrument poses certain problems for the Doctors, not least of which is its limited textural applicability within a rock format. It's so difficult, given their stance and line-up, to come out sounding anything other than sub-Velveteen.

The ensemble breaks — pure speedfreak boogie — are just plain tedious: the sheer screeching intensity and lack of separation means every such break sounds *exactly* like the rest. A banshee-ride to nowhere. Ah, but I suppose, since Blitz plays a luminous vermilion violin with no body-panels on its frame, he *must* be good, eh, kids?

They play a representative selection of old material liberally sprinkled with newies such as the forthcoming single "Bulletin" (or "Bullet In" — I couldn't catch the song's drift, vocals being indistinct and buried for much of the set) and "Triple Vision".

Strange prefaces the latter with a reference to the recent TV showing of *1984;* quite ironic, in that the band seem intent on subsuming their individuality in order to gain wider punk credence. For what is punk, if not the virtual dogma of late '70s rock?

Besides their own material, the band encore with "I'm Waiting For My Man". After a promising beginning, in which a solo Strange wrings feedback and FX pyrotechnics from his guitar, the band build up a pleasingly menacing stomp, only to mutate it clumsily into another high-speed thrash.

Their version removes the combination of futility, apprehension and single-mindedness of junkie purpose inherent in the Velvets' original, and replaces it with a euphoric, post-mainline rush completely out of context with the song. I can't help wondering what the result would have been had they tried a more tentative, unrequited development of that menacing beginning — less dementia, more suspense.

This, of course, prompts questions concerning *all* cover-versions: are the Doctors doing it because they feel theirs is a relevant reworking, or because it fits their image/musical style, or is it — as seems to be the case — sheer iconolatry? All too rarely is the content and purpose of a song taken into account when it's covered. (And therein, maybe, lies the justification of Dylan's "Self Portrait".)

So why, if they're so limited, do they elicit such a *fanatic* devotion from their followers?

Simple, Virginia.

Masturbation.

Audience masturbation, that is. Kid Strange displays, more blatantly than any performer I've seen (with the possible exception of Marvin Gaye) the true showbiz ability to make the audience feel like stars, whilst still retaining the distance 'twixt they and he.

When he introduces a new song with "This one's about living in Sheffield, or living in London, or living in New York, or living in Tokyo . . .", he's not only establishing/bolstering his Urban Punk Credentials; when the spotlight plays on the audience crowded round the front of the stage — a trick pulled twice in the set — it's an open invitation to all those kids fretting imaginary guitars and violins to realise their dreams. (But oh, how tentatively transient it is . . .)

And when, during the encore, Strange throws himself repeatedly against the throng, the sea of hands that reach to touch and grasp isn't just an acclamation of the performer — it's a ritual coming-together, consummated as Strange repeats the procedure with his guitar. The whole symbiotic schtick that is A Performance. You are me, I am you, and we are one together . . .

And, you'll note, not once does he overstep the bounds of caution; those hands patting that guitar never get within an ace of breaking strings or taking possession. He's got that particular move down to a fine art. A pity about the music, I suppose, but we can't have everything, can we?

And when he makes with the "If we were told we couldn't do a tour, but could only do *one* gig, we'd be . . . right . . . *here*" rap, well, he couldn't do it more blatantly if he'd stuck his hand down the audience's trousers. We've all seen the occasional ploy of this type slotted in an act, but surely not the whole lot at once!

Strange attacks this aspect of the show with a brutal vigour not encountered since Jackson Pollock first threw paint at a canvas. If you want to be an extra in Strange's Hitlerian crowd-control act, that's fine by me. I reckon you deserve a bit more on the musical side, though.

Blitz' doubling on guitar and violin can't hide the fact that the Doctors' line-up is crying out for a bank of keyboards, or some means of increasing their textural possibilities. While we're on the subject of improvements, Strange should try to develop a more idiosyncratic vocal style, and ease up on the audience-handling.

And some serious thought should be given to the age-old paradox of aesthetic value and mass appeal, before the band hit the wall at the end of the cul-de-sac.

Durham's contribution to home-grown new wave, Penetration, display far more care and attention to sound than any other minor-league bunch of punks it's been my pleasure (or otherwise) to see. True, they may make the occasional minor blunder but in general their credit factors outweigh their debits, and no argument *au contraire* should be lent credence.

First up, drummer Gary Smallman is satisfyingly workmanlike. No flash, an integral part of a unit, and who can say that nay? Bassist "R", on the other hand, partakes of far more imaginative bass constructions than are normal for the genre, sculpting the rhythm into a pleasingly stilted, loping raunch which vocalist Pauline capitalises on by marching on the spot emphatically.

Guitarist Gary Chaplin's no dummy, either: keeping well within his limitations, he sticks to rhythm guitar — a dying art — eschewing egoist leads in favour of an individualist approach to texture, in his case a rhythmic jangle not entirely dissimilar to McGuinn's famed Rickenbacker. Certainly, he's one of the most idiosyncratic guitarists to surface from the new wave so far.

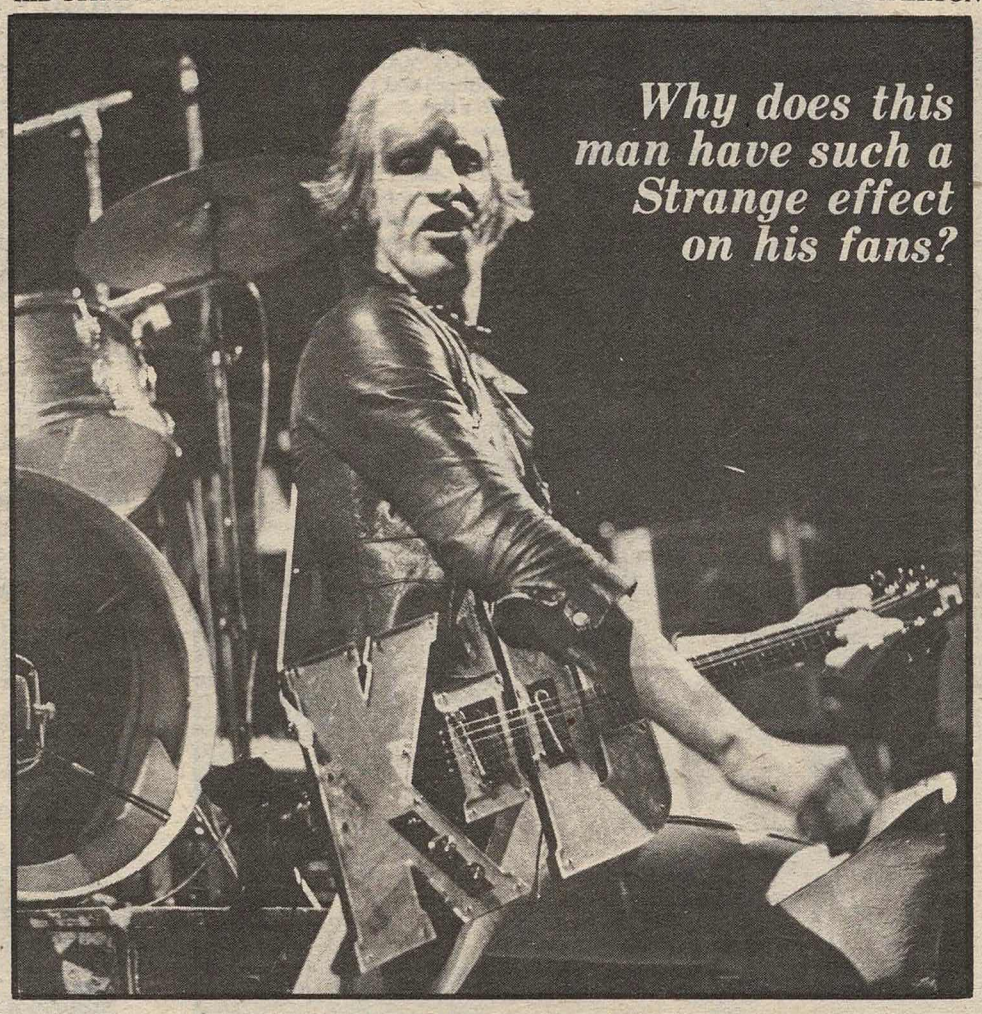
Occasionally, as on "Firing Squad", they hit a pretty uniform punky groove, and it'd be tragic if they were to submerge their identity under the group consciousness of the current wave. Still, at least they have the panache to laconically preface "Firing Squad" with a tired "1-2-3-4"; here's hoping they retain their individuality in the face of pointless "yes they are punks" / "no they're not" debates which greet any band deviating from the norm of a particular style. Every wave has its undertow, remember.

Both in terms of drabness of dress (in her case zippy trousers and parachute jacket) and singing style, Pauline betrays a deep Patti Smith fixation which, thankfully, isn't detrimental. Pitted against the melodic back-up harmonies (quite a rarity, eh?) of Chaplin and R, her vocals are effective and energetic where Smith's might just seem inelegantly petulant. Continuing evidence, however, that dear Patti is, for better or for worse, becoming a "major force" vocally.

The right thing at the right time, after all, catches the imagination of the masses, regardless of qualitative considerations.

Andy Gill

KID STRANGE *Pic: STEVE EMBERTON*



ANDY GILL looks into . . .

The mirror of love

PAULINE

Eric Clapton

IBIZA

IBIZA IS A VERY LONG way from the high pressure world of first division rock and roll. From the ancient Spanish women shrouded in all-concealing black dresses to the jet-set girls in minimal bikinis and hand-tooled cowboy boots, everyone moves at a leisurely Mediterranean pace.

Everywhere you find the manana principle in effect. That's the principle that says "never do today what can be done tomorrow". This is probably why promoter Harvey Goldsmith picked the bullring in Ibiza town as the warm-up concert for Eric Clapton's European tour.

Ibiza provided a low-key, laid-back location for the trouble-prone guitar god to ease into the rigours of a full-blown spell on the road. In fact, the whole affair was so laid-back that even twenty-four hours before the show, most of the islanders were unsure if it was really going to happen. The story was circulating that it all depended on whether the yacht bearing E.C. and his entourage arrived in time.

The Clapton gig wasn't the first venture that the citizens of Ibiza had made into the confusion of rock promotion. On the three preceding days the same bullring had hosted a ramshackle, disorganised rock event which rejoiced in the title of "Festival de Musica Popular de Ibiza".

It wasn't exactly a storming success. Ambitious plans had foundered on bitter infighting between some Spanish would-be showbiz moguls and the resident British/American community who wanted to see a show.

The eventual outcome was two sets by Van Der Graaf Generator, in which their love-it-or-leave-it art-rock was pointed up by some fine violin solos and Peter Hammill's post-Arthur Brown vocals. Beyond that the *musica popular* was limited to middling through gruesome amateur talent.

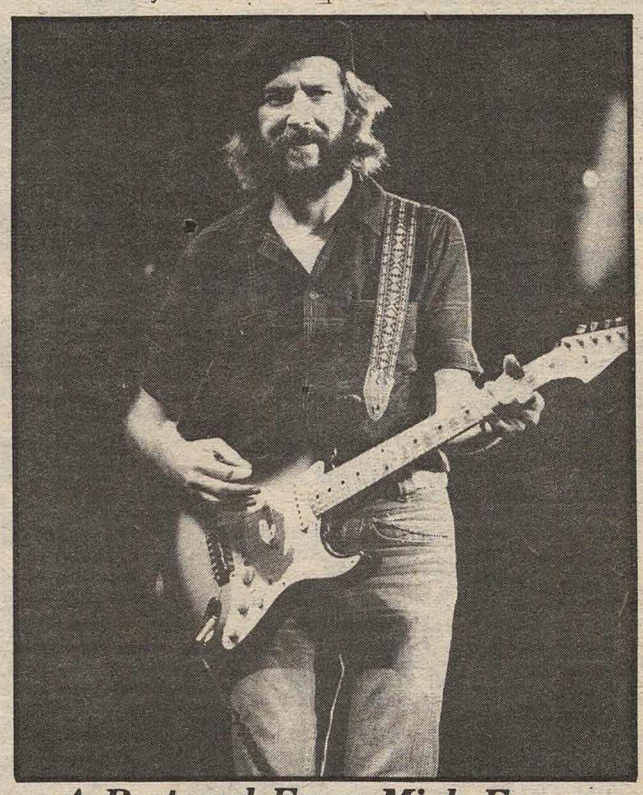
That was Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, however. On Friday, the pros showed up. Two trucks full of equipment were parked in what was normally the preserve of matadors and bulls. The combined muscle of the Goldsmith crew and the Stigwood organisation swarmed across the sand and transformed it into a real live rock auditorium.

When I arrived, Ronnie Lane's Slim Chance were already in full flight. Their merry English pub ambience lacked a little congruity with the blood and sand images of the Plaza de Toros, but they more than amply demonstrated that they are some of the most energetic and funkily proficient musicians still playing in a support spot.

Friday also happened to be a fiesta in Ibiza, one of the innumerable saints' days that crowd the Spanish calendar.

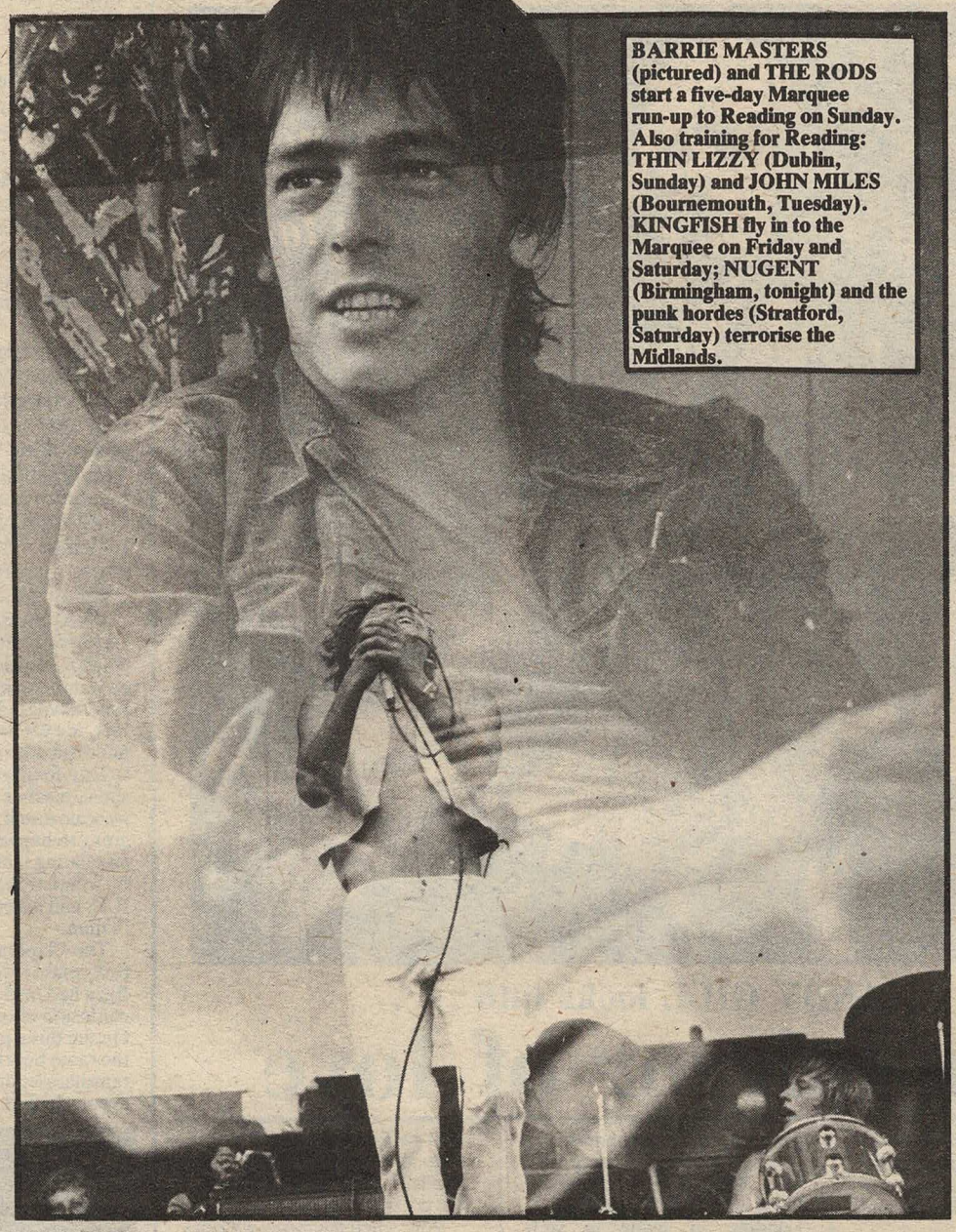
I was standing in the bar

● *Continued on page 31*



A Postcard From Mick Farren

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE



BARRIE MASTERS (pictured) and THE RODS start a five-day Marquee run-up to Reading on Sunday. Also training for Reading: THIN LIZZY (Dublin, Sunday) and JOHN MILES (Bournemouth, Tuesday). KINGFISH fly in to the Marquee on Friday and Saturday; NUGENT (Birmingham, tonight) and the punk hordes (Stratford, Saturday) terrorise the Midlands.

Pic: PENNIE SMITH

THURSDAY

BIRKENHEAD Mr Digby's: EATER/ZHAIN
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: SHOOP SHOOP
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: TED NUGENT/GEORGE HATCHER BAND
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: MAGNUM
BLACKBURN Cavendish: FIRST IMPRESSION
BLACKBURN Lode Star: STRIFE
BOLTON Blighty's: BILLY OCEAN
BOURNEMOUTH The Village: KID JENSEN
BRISTOL Granary: SONOFABITCH
CHELMSFORD City Tavern: ARCTIC SUN
CORBY Stardust Club: JOHNNY TILLOTSON
COVENTRY Mr George's: TRAPEZE
GAINSBOROUGH Casablanca Club: BETHNAL
GLASGOW Amphora: CHOU PAHROT / THE MOTELS
GLASGOW Zhivago: GENERATION X
HALESOWEN Tiffanv's: BULLETS
HEATON MOOR Folk Club: MARTIN CARTHY / CYRIL TAWNEY
HIGH WYCOMBE Nag's Head: BLAST FURNACE & THE HEATWAVES/THE PLEASERS
LEEDS Polytechnic: CHELSEA
LIVERPOOL Havanna Club: ACCELERATORS
LONDON BARNES Red Lion: FRED RICKERSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SQUEEZE
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: METROPOLIS (ex-Pretty Things)
LONDON CHARING CROSS ROAD Sundown: THE DAMNED/ADVERTS/FRUIT EATING BEARS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Crawfords: THUNDERCLAP NEWMAN & BOB FLAG
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: CHICKEN SHACK
LONDON FULHAM Bishops Park Theatre: KEN COLYER BAND
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: CRAZY CAVAN 'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS
LONDON KENSINGTON Nashville: SLACK ALICE
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: JOHN GRIMALDI'S CHEAP FLIGHTS
LONDON HARROW RD Windsor Castle: HOT PROPERTY
LONDON HIGHBURY Roundhouse: RETURN OF THE DEAD/VIOLENT
LONDON KENSINGTON Nashville: SIDEKICK
LONDON Marquee: BOOMTOWN RATS
LONDON OLD BROMPTON RD Troubadour: DAVE EVANS & SAMMY MITCHELL
LONDON OXFORD STREET 100 Club: CIMARONS
LONDON PADDINGTON Western Counties: SLOWBONE
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: AMAZORBLADES
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE WASPS
LONDON (T.B.A.) Social Clubs: JET HARRIS (till Saturday)
LONDON TOOTING The Castle: PAINTED LADY
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: JOHN SPENCER'S LOUTS
MANCHESTER Rafters: JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT/SQUEEZE/CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: THE ENID
MONKTON COMBE nr BATH Viaduct Hotel: AMERICAN TRAIN
MONMOUTH White Swan Hotel: NIGHT BIRD
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: PELICAN
OLDHAM Bailey's: DELEGATION
PENZANCE The Garden: KURSAAL FLYERS
PORTSMOUTH Oddfellows: CORTINAS
POYNTON Folk Centre: STEVE CHILCOTT
ROCHESTER Nags head: JERRY THE FERRET
ROMFORD White Hart: WHIRLWIND
ROTHERHAM Windmill: PENETRATION
RYDE ISLE OF WIGHT Carousel: LIVERPOOL EXPRESS
STOKE Bailey's: MARMALADE (3 days)
WELLINGBOROUGH BR Sports Club: THE CRUISERS
WORTHING Balmoral Bar: WRIST ACTION/FLESH

FRIDAY

ALVESTON Penny Farthing: TRICKSTER
BEDFORD Nite Spot: SIDEKICK
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: SUNFLY
BIRMINGHAM Digbeth Civic: CIMARONS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE
BOLTON Blighty's: BILLY OCEAN
BRADFORD Star Hotel: DAVE WALTERS
BRIDLINGTON Spa Pavilion: THE BROTHERS
BRISTOL New Savoy Club: CRUISERS
BROMLEY Northover: CADILLAC
BROWNHILLS Top Club: FORCE
CAITHNESS (SCOTLAND) Thurso Festival: BODIE / SQUIBS / REZILLOS / ALAN HULL'S RADIATOR / MANRAY & PHASE
CARLISLE Melody Club: ISIS
COVENTRY Chrylesler Club: JOHNNY TILLOTSON
DUDLEY J.B's Club: JENNY DARREN
EARL SHILTON Albion: FIREFLY
EDINBURGH Clouds: GENERATION X
HARROGATE Royal Hall: STEELEYE SPAN
HEMINGFORD GREY (CAMBS.) Sports Pavilion: DELAPSUS RESURGUM
HORNCASTLE Town Hall: WHIRLWIND
HUDDERSFIELD Friendly & Trades Social Club: CRAZY CAVAN 'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS
HUDDERSFIELD Town Hall: LIVERPOOL EXPRESS
KEIGHLEY Bacca Pipes: WENDY GROSSMAN
KNARESBOROUGH Folk Club: HEDGEHOG PIE
LEEDS Grobs Wine Bar: SPYDER BLUES BAND
LEEDS Fforde Green Hotel: BETHNAL
LEEDS Haddon Hall: AFTER THE FIRE
LEICESTER Bailey's: JALN BAND
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: TROUPER
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: NEW CELESTE
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: ROKOTTO
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: SLOWBONE
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: CHICKEN SHACK
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Roxy: BETHNAL
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: DOWNLINERS SECT
LONDON HORNSEA Floral Hall: MARSEILLES
LONDON KENSINGTON Nashville: ADVERTS
LONDON KENSINGTON Nashville: GEORGE HATCHER BAND
LONDON Marquee: KINGFISH
LONDON N.14 Royalty: BRANDY
LONDON N.17 White Hart: FLYING SAUCERS
LONDON PUTNEY White Lion: KIM & THE SECRETS / JOHNNY GEE
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: PETE BROWN'S BACK TO FRONT / SERIF
LONDON WILLESDEN White Horse: RESTLESS ROCKERS
MANCHESTER Electric Circus: ZHAIN
NEWCASTLE Mayfair: HEAVY METAL KIDS
NEWARK Folk Festival: JUNE TABOR / ALBION DANCE BAND / BILL CADDICK / GARY & VERA ASPEY / MIRIAM BACKHOUSE / PACKIE BYRNE & BONNIE SHALJEAN / BOB DAVENPORT / MUCKRAM WAKES / TANNAHILL WEAVERS / ROARING JELLY etc.
PAISLEY Town Hall: SYDNEY DEVINE
PLYMOUTH Castaways: BRUCE RUFFIN
PRESTON Duck Inn Grapevine: TRIGGER
READING Target Club: McCOY
SANGUHAR Town Hall: KOSS
SKEGNESS Sands: DESMOND DEKKER
SUNDERLAND Seaburn Hall: 999/LONDON
SWINDON Brunel Rooms: REAL THING
THORNBURY Armstrong Hall: CREPES 'N' DRAPES
WAKEFIELD Newton House WMC: GRAHAM FENTON'S MATCHBOX
WALSALL Bilston Cock Inn: ALAN BOLT
WATFORD Red Lion: DESPERATE STRAIGHTS
WENTWORTH Rockingham Arms: MARTIN CARTER & GRAHAM JONES
WILLENHALL (STAFFS) Cavalcade: BULLETS

SATURDAY

ALLOA Town Hall: SYDNEY DEVINE
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: SUNFLY
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS
BIRMINGHAM Bulls Head: CRUISERS
BIRMINGHAM Cannon Hill Park: HOOKER / LITTLE ACRE / MORGAN-CLEARY / BRIGHT EYES / RAINMAKER (starts 3.00 pm)
BIRMINGHAM (King's Heath) Hare & Hounds: JOANNA CARLIN
BIRMINGHAM Mercat Cross Pub: COLD COMFORT
BIRMINGHAM Rialto Club: DESMOND DEKKER
BRISTOL Frys Somerdale Club: CREPES 'N' DRAPES
BURY Old Blue Bell: WENDY GROSSMAN
CAITHNESS (SCOTLAND) Thurso Festival: BLISTER / CHARM / THRUSH / IGNATZ / SLIK / CADO BELLE / SITTING ON THE FENCE / HAWKWIND *(Is someone having us on? — Ed.)*
DUDLEY J.B's Club: THE ENID
ERSKINE Bridge Hotel: McCALMANS
GILLINGHAM Ash Tree: MARABOU
GLOUCESTER Jamaican Sports & Social Club: BLACK SLATE
GLOUCESTER Tracys: XTL / GRAHAM FENTON'S MATCHBOX
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: GLORIA MUNDI
LEEDS Fforde Greene Hotel: JACKIE LYNTON'S HAPPY DAYS
LEICESTER Bailey's: JALN BAND
LIVERPOOL Eric's Club: EATER
LLANDRINDOD WELLS Grand Pavilion: CRAZY CAVAN
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SLOWBONE
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: KEITH CHRISTMAS BAND / AMAZORBLADES
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: CHICKEN SHACK
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: AMERICAN TRAIN
LONDON KENSINGTON Nashville: ADVERTS
LONDON HACKNEY Town Hall: CIMARRONS / GENERATION X
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: JOHN GRIMALDI'S CHEAP FLIGHTS
LONDON KENSINGTON Nashville Rooms: NEW CELESTE
LONDON LEWISHAM Black Bull: DYNAMITE
LONDON LEYTON Three Blackbirds: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON Marquee: KINGFISH
LONDON N.14 Royalty: GREG EDWARDS (DJ)
LONDON N.1 Weavers Arms: ONE HAND CLAPPING
LONDON Red Cow: JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT / FRUIT EATING BEARS / SQUEEZE / CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: CONSORTIUM
LONDON W.1 Hatchett's: SIDEKICK
LIVERPOOL Moonstone: MARSEILLES
LONDON Rochester Castle: PETE BROWN & BACK TO THE FRONT
MANCHESTER Electric Circus: BETHNAL
MARGATE The Oval: LIQUID LUNCH
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: 999 / LONDON
NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: TRAPEZE
SCUNTHORPE Priory Hotel: AFTER THE FIRE
STOCKPORT Davenport Theatre: STEELEYE SPAN
STRATFORD ON AVON Long Marston Aerodrome: WAYNE COUNTY / ADVERTS / CHELSEA / SLITS / EATER / CORTINAS / SLAUGHTER / PREFECTS / 999 / X-RAY SPEX, etc.
SUTTON-IN-ASHFIELD Golden Diamond: CADILLAC
UPPER HEYFORD American Base: JOHNNY TILLOTSON
WATFORD Red Lion: WILD THING
WESTCLIFF-ON-SEA Queen's Hotel: WHIRLWIND
WOLVERHAMPTON Staffs, Roxon: BULLETS
WORTHING Carioca Club: OZO

SUNDAY

ACCRINGTON Lakeland Lounge: BETHNAL
AYLESBURY Kings Head: STREWTH
BARROW Maxim's: 999/LONDON
BATLEY Variety Club: THE CHIMES
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: MENSCH (lunchtime)
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: BULLETS
BLACKPOOL ABC: STEELEYE SPAN
BRACKNELL South Hill Park Cellar: BEHIND MOMBASA
CAITHNESS (SCOTLAND) Thurso Festival: HAWKWIND
CLEVELAND James Finegan Hall: SHANGHAI
CORBY Nags Head: LEFT HAND DRIVE
DUBLIN Dalymount Park: THIN LIZZY/GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR/FAIRPORT/BOOMTOWN RATS (Starts 3.30 pm)
EDINBURGH Royal British Hotel: STEREO GRAFFITI
EDINBURGH Triangle Folk Club: SILLY WIZARD
HORNCHURCH Queens Theatre: ALEX WELSH BAND / GEORGE CHISHOLM / HUMPHREY LYTTELTON
IRVINE Magnum Centre: SYDNEY DEVINE
LEEDS Fforde Green Hotel: STRIFE
RYDE I.o.W. Palace: RACING CARS
LIVERPOOL Moonstone: MONTANA
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SHADY LADY
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: AMERICAN TRAIN
LONDON CLAPHAM Two Brewers: PAINTED LADY
LONDON FOREST HILL Horniman Gardens: FOGGY
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: TRAPEZE
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Swan: FRUIT EATING BEARS
LONDON KENSINGTON Nashville: ELVIS COSTELLO
LONDON HARROW RD Windsor Castle: FRACTURE
LONDON LEYTON Lion & Key: CRUISERS
LONDON Marquee: EDDIE & THE HOT RODS (For 5 days)
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: BRETT MARVIN & THE BLIMPS
LONDON VICTORIA PARK: AYM Concert
LONDON TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD Other Cinema: Film "THE SEX PISTOLS NUMBER ONE"/live on stage: SQUEEZE
LONDON W.C.1 Pindar of Wakefield: THUNDERCLAP NEWMAN & BOB FLAG
MANCHESTER Electric Circus: EATER/BOOMTOWN RATS
NEWBRIDGE Town Hall: JENNY DARREN
POYNTON Folk Centre: McSHANE
REDCAR Finnegan Hall: TRICKSTER
REDHILL Lakers Hotel: HOT POINTS
SHEFFIELD Top Rank: HEAVY METAL KIDS
WALSALL Dilke: STAGE FRIGHT
WHITBY Folk Festival: WATERSONS/PETE & CHRIS COE/STRAWHEAD/WALTER PARDON/-DAVE BURLAND/MUCKRAM WAKES/NEW VICTORY BAND/GRAHAM COLE, etc.

MONDAY

BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: SADES
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: RAINMAKER/HOPPER
BRIGHTON JenkinsonS: FLIRTATIONS
CHELTENHAM The Plough: THE INDEX
CHESTER Quaintways: BETHNAL/EATER
CHESTERFIELD Aquarius: JOBE ST. DAY
CHIGWELL ROW Camelot Club: JUDY ROSE/STRANGE BLEND
COVENTRY Smithfield Hotel: STAGE FRIGHT
DONCASTER Outlook: JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLIE BARRATT / FRUIT EATING BEARS / SQUEEZE / CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS
EDINBURGH Royal British Hotel: STEREO GRAFFITI
EDINBURGH Tiffany's: CHELSEA / THE JOLT / CORTINAS
HULL Tiffanys: ZHAIN
ILFORD Cauliflower Hotel: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
LEYTONSTONE Plough & Harrow: MARABOU
LIVERPOOL Moonstone: PEGASUS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SCARECROW
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: LEE KOSMIN BAND
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: BETHNAL/TRASH
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: STICKY WICKET
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: SLIPSTREAM
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: LONDON
LONDON Marquee Club: EDDIE & THE HOT RODS
LONDON Royal Park Hotel: SPYDER BLUES BAND
LONDON RUSSELL GARDENS The Kensington: SQUEEZE
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: URCHIN
LONDON WARDOUR STREET Vortex: ELECTRIC CHAIRS / MODELS / JOHNNY CURIOUS & THE STRANGERS
MIDDLESBROUGH Town Hall: STEELEYE SPAN
PLYMOUTH Castawavs: ELVIS COSTELLO
SWINDON Affair: OZO
TELHAM Black Horse: FOGGY

TUESDAY

BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLIE BARRETT FRUIT EATING BEARS / SQUEEZE / CLAYSON & THE THE ARGONAUTS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: JAMESON RAID
BOURNEMOUTH The Village: JOHN MILES / KRAZY KAT
BRIDLINGTON Queens Hotel: WENDY GROSSMAN
CLEETHORPES Bunnies Place: JOHNNY TILLOTSON
CHELTENHAM The Plough: ANGEL
EDINBURGH Tiffany's: REZILLOS
GALASHIELS Volunteer Hall: SYDNEY DEVINE
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: MOTHER SUPERIOR
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: THE BOYS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: EATER / SKREWDRIVER
LONDON FULHAM: Greyhound: McCOY
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Ravenscourt Park: FOGGY
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: BETHNAL
LONDON 100 Club: MARVIN & THE BLIMPS / BLAST FURNACE & THE HEATWAVES / GARENT WATKINS
LONDON KENSINGTON Nashville: BOOMTOWN RATS
LONDON KILBURN The National: FAIRPORT CONVENTION
LONDON LEYTON Lion & Key: FLYING SAUCERS
LONDON MANOR PARK Three Rabbits: CADILLAC
LONDON Marquee: EDDIE & THE HOT RODS
LONDON OLD BROMPTON ROAD Troubador: STEFAN GROSSMAN
LONDON SOHO Ronnie Scott's: SUCKER
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: XTC
LONDON WARDOUR STREET Vortex: GLORIA MUNDI / LONDON / RICKY & THE LAST DAYS ON EARTH / SWORDS
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: PANACHE / LUCY
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GAFFA
PAISLEY Silver Threads Hotel: CHELSEA / CORTINAS
PLYMOUTH Castaways: JALN BAND
PLYMOUTH Fiesta Suite: ALVIN STARDUST
SOUTHPORT Midnight Lounge: QUAD

WEDNESDAY

BATH Viaduct Hotel: JALN BAND
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: BULLETS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: MR. DOWNCHILD
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: FUNKTION
BIRMINGHAM Bulls Head: MODEL MANIA/VIC VOMIT
BROMLEY The Squire: STAGEFRIGHT
EDINBURGH Tiffany's: RADIO STARS
HUDDERSFIELD New Theatre: BLACK SLATE
LIVERPOOL Havana Club: THE NAUGHTY LUMPS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: TYLA GANG / THE SOFT BOYS
LONDON FULHAM Bishops Park Theatre: BILLY J. KRAMER & THE NEW DAKOTAS
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: OZO
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: AMAZORBLADES

RESIDENCIES

LONDON Marquee: EDDIE & THE HOT RODS
LONDON PUTNEY Railway Hotel: GLORIA MUNDI
LONDON Robins: MARSEILLES
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: SATELLITE
MIDDLESBROUGH Miramba: CRUISERS
MILFORD HAVEN Showboat: JENNY DARREN
PLYMOUTH Castaways: HEAVY METAL KIDS
RYDE I.o.W. La Babalu: BREEZE
SOLIHULL Golden Lion: THE FIRST BAND
SOUTHALL White Hart: CRAZY CAVAN 'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS
SOUTH WOODFORD Railway Bell: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: BETHNAL

● *From page 29*

drinking Xerbos, a savage local version of Pernod, and watching the bartenders, more used to a bullfight crowd than the mainly English-speaking Clapton throng. Suddenly there was a murmur from the crowd, and the bar began quickly emptying.

There had hardly been time for E.C. to get on stage. I went outside to see what was up. In fact, what was up was a full-scale firework display; the night sky was a blaze of colour. At first a lot of people thought it was an extra treat laid on by the promoters. Later, however, I discovered it was Ibiza town's own tribute, not to Clapton but to their Lady of Something or the Other.

Planned or not, the fireworks exactly hit the spot. The exotic layout of the bullring, the warm night, Ronnie Lane and finally the fireworks (well, maybe the Xerbos, too) all added up to the ideal setting.

I must confess that I was filled with a certain trepidation when Clapton came on carrying an acoustic guitar. Over the years, the man has given me a lot of pleasure. However, without raking over dead embers, the last few years have turned Clapton into a less than predictable performer.

The band, however (Dick Sims on keyboards, Jamie Oldaker on drums and Carl Radle on bass), cook with confidence. They ought to — they've spent the last few months working on Clapton's new album.

The energy the band is putting out seems to inspire Eric, and he slowly starts to blossom. After two songs, he lays aside the acoustic and picks up the more familiar electric axe.

The songs are not so familiar. I presume that some of them must be from the forthcoming album. E.C. is not strong on introductions — in fact, he hardly talks to the crowd at all.

Silent or not, Clapton gradually comes more and more to the front of the band. His playing grows stronger and the solos expand and grow. It starts to sound like the Eric Clapton we knew and loved.

Suddenly we're into familiar territory. To the delight of the crowd, the man is actually laying down "Key To The Highway" in the manner to which they are all accustomed. He stretches out into a classic blues solo and a sense of relief sweeps through the bullring. Everything's going to be alright.

The familiar songs now come thick and fast, and Slim Chance's guitar player comes out to join the fun. There's "Crossroads" and "Knocking On Heaven's Door" but, despite the insistent yelling, no "Layla". Clapton is definitely running his own show, mixing the old material with the stuff that's being unveiled for the first time.

Then he moves back and gives the focus of the stage to lead singer Marcy Levi. She belts out a full throttle version of the Smiley Lewis/Presley hit "One Night". There's so much power in it that it even has the gilded Ibiza cowboy-boot-and-bikini set in the backstage enclosure up on their feet and rocking — and Clapton seems a whole lot happier as the guitar player in the band than the star in the spotlight.

The encore is another storming blues. I must confess I am so taken up by the excitement that I forget to make a mental note of the title. What I do know is that it is Eric Clapton in his finest form.

Even one of the Spanish cops standing right by me has broken his rigid pose. He takes off his hat, mops his brow, eases the gun on his hip and starts to surreptitiously tap his foot. This, in Spain, where the shadow of the Generalissimo has far from faded, is something of an achievement for rock and roll.

Mick Farren

Sham 69

ROXY

JIMMY PURSEY of Sham 69 is A Star. Hardly anyone has heard of him or his band, he doesn't get interviewed by *Vogue* or *Sunday Times* magazine, and he probably don't pull any more birds than you do. Nevertheless, Jimmy Pursey of Sham 69 is a Star.

I don't want this to sound like I-have-seen-the-future-of-rock'n'roll etcetera, but Jimmy Pursey of Sham 69 makes me think of the word BOTTLE, and if Janet Street-Porter asked me for a definition of the word then I would show her this geezer Jimmy Pursey. If I could find him, that is....

Because Jimmy is one of those people who live their life in a state of constant conflict with any lifeless, souless, joyless Established Order with which they come into contact, and that includes everything from Department of Employment bureaucrats to New Wave Reactionaries who don't like the cut of his clothes.

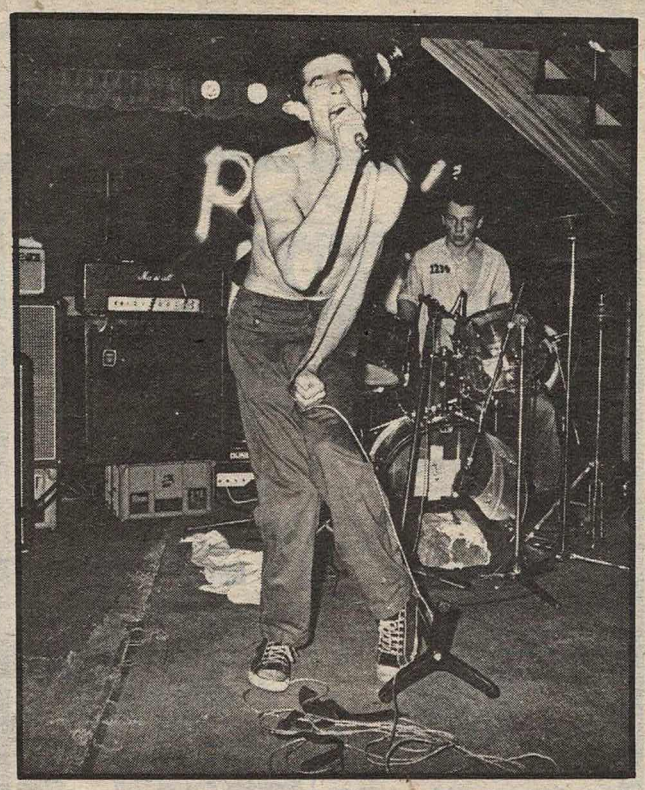
The conflict is always there, not because Jimmy Pursey is hung-up on any *Rebel Without A Clue* image or anything so crass, but merely because he adheres to his own moral code. It has very little to do with accepted Rules Of Conduct, but is much more rigorous.

He's a Star because — and this may be a cliche but it is totally apt — you can't ignore him, you can't forget him, and you can't help but react.

REACTION! As in getting done-up bad by a couple of bouncers the night before the Roxy gig when he gave them too much lip whilst doing his Robin Hood impression with a pair of some other band's guitars. Jimmy took the guitars because his own band had more need of them. You may not believe this, but Jimmy was going to give them back after a spontaneous Sham 69 gig. I don't know where: an alley, cellar, garage, Sham 69 will play anywhere. Yeah, the bouncers done him up pretty bad....

REACTION! Not that you'd know it twenty-four hours later, as a docile Thursday night Roxy crowd look up from their cans of lager to clock the bottom-of-the-bill band and stir from their apathy in response to the lanky, crop haired, big-mouth yob howling in the face of King's Road chic.

Pic: ERICA ECHENBERG



The performer's nightmare, yawning empty spaces in front of the stage, seems a reflection on the *audience's* defects rather than Sham 69's, as Jimmy's voice carries the venom of one bleeding for somebody else who just don't give a *shit.*

"Y'don' havta hide from us....y'don' care....we're Sham 69 and this song's called 'I Wanna Have A Fight'."

Yeah, reaction — because the song isn't the oh-so-fashionable romanticism of street violence by middle-class students who *love* the sight of blood . . . as long as it ain't their own.

Nah, Sham 69 slash out a sound akin to the infectious chiv-sharp dynamics of The Sex Pistols before Steve Jones progressed to the heights his playing reached early this year, and Jimmy Pursey spits, screams, sings the vitriolic lyrics with the kind of total self-conviction that is only found in children and the insane.

Jimmy Pursey's lyrics on "I Wanna Have A Fight" carry the knowledge that violence is *ugly,* getting your good-looks smashed in is *no fun, ma babe.*

But sometimes there's only one way you got to turn. Aggravation is all that some people understand, and if you mess with me or my girl I'll offer you out and I'll *enjoy* kicking seven shades of excrement out of you....

And there's also this vague . . . well, *fear* that maybe I'll be the one trying to cover up on the ground while *he* dishes out the good kicking.

The song is just perfect: Jimmy strangling that mike like it was some kind of poisonous snake, face screwed up like some Method actor screen-testing for the part of Stanley Kowalski in *Streetcar Named Desire* or Terry Malloy in *On The Waterfront.*

But, the pain Pursey shows on the surface is not related to emotional vulnerability.

It is meshed with a genuine rage which is unleashed on the audience when they get up and pogo and smash into the mike-stands, unleashed at the audience when *they* start it....and Jimmy finishes it.

Now, lemme see, what band at the Nashville dateline early '76 did that remind me of? No prizes, kidder. English History, right?

"This one's for YOU!" Jimmy Pursey points at a student in the audience who shops in King's Road, runs a fanzine, stinks of a middle-class blandness. Pure, undiluted hatred burns in Pursey's eyes; the victim cowers.

Like Rotten and Strummer, Pursey can pick on an individual in the crowd and destroy them. "Songs's called Hey, Littel Rich Boy!"

Jimmy Pursey of Sham 69 howls with hurt, fury, confusion at the obscenity of having your entire life decided by something as random as *birth,* Jimmy screaming at the bastards — and it's one of those golden moments when you think, "Hey, I thought I was the only person who felt like that . . ." *(How touching — Ed.)*

Dave Parsons (no relation) on guitar ignores technical academic standards of professionalism. Parsons' guitar work kept me up till dawn listening to Eddie Cochran albums.

Mark Cain bulldozes his kit with the fanaticism of a convert, both Cain and Parsons being new members of sham 69 recruited when Pursey kicked out three previous members because they didn't *believe.*

The only member of that Sham 69 to survive the personnel pogrom was bassist Albie Slider, Tonto to Jimmy Pursey's Lone Ranger.

"Ulster Boy" is Pursey's gut level reaction to a kid screaming in the cross-fire of Northern Ireland, but no condescending assertion that I —, because I *don't,* because British soldiers ain't occupying my back-yard. And D.C. memories of age fifteen summers come out in "Borstall Break Out".

"I Don't Wanna", the third *protest-song* concerns corporation fodder smouldering with ambition and pride, as previously explored by songs entitled "Piss Factory" and "Career Opportunities".

"Red London", the big disappointment, is a five-chord re-run of "Red Is A Mean, Mean Colour" by Harley's Cocky Rabble, and is burdened with similar subject matter. Namely, it falls into the trap of quasi-McCarthyism because the political parties ostensibly representative of the working-class have in fact little affinity with average prole *kinder.* Still, at least Jimmy doesn't wear his King's Road swastika anymore....

Sham 69 are ex-skinheads who don't have the cash or the inclination to dazzle you with the mandatory sartorial elegance of corporate-sponsored urban guerillas. The're content to use their performance to provoke REACTION!

I shouted at them with the sense of self-righteous omnipotence of a Stretford Ender on crusade; Mark P grinned, nodded, said he loved Sham 69; some people laughed nervously; punks danced like frenetic dervishes.

Everywhere....reaction! God, I wish you could have been there. Sham 69 are a band who do everything except lie.

Tony Parsons

Next week's big thing

(It's official!)

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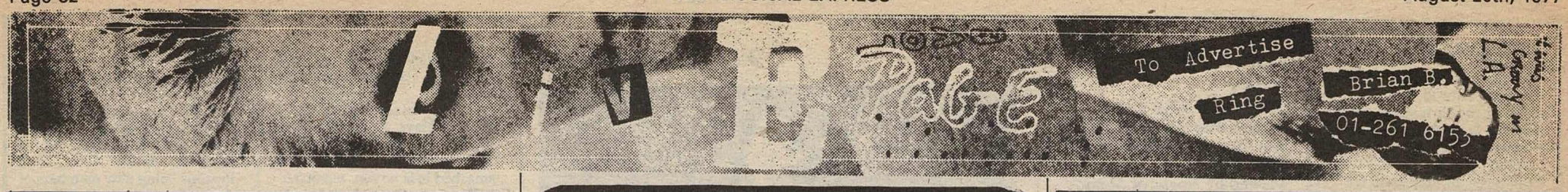

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MUSIC MACHINE
CAMDEN HIGH ST. OPP. MORNINGTON CRESCENT TUBE - N.W.1

Wednesday, August 17th £1.00
LEW LEWIS BAND & The WASPS
Free admission for one with this ad before 10.30 pm

Thursday, August 18th £1.50
NUTZ
+ Support

Friday, August 19th £1.50
STRIFE
+ INVASION
First 100 people get a free copy of Strife's New E.P. "School"

Saturday, August 20th £2.00
MUNGO JERRY
+ Leargo

Monday, August 22nd £1.00
SPITERI
+ Spring
Free admission for one with this ad. before 10.30 pm

Tuesday, August 23rd £1.00
John Grimaldi's
CHEAP FLIGHTS
+ Support
Free admission for one with this ad. before 10.30 pm

Wednesday, August 24th £1.00
KRAZY KAT
+ Rusty Blade
Free admission for one with this ad. before 10.30 pm

Saturday, August 27th £2.00
THE "O" BAND
+ Support

LICENSED BARS - LIVE MUSIC - DANCING
8PM - 2 AM MONDAY TO SATURDAY

VORTEX
AT CRACKERS 203 WARDOUR ST., LONDON W.1.
Every Mon & Tues 8.30pm till 2am

Monday August 22nd
ELECTRIC CHAIRS
Featuring **WAYNE COUNTY**
MODELS
Johnny Curious and the Stranglers + The Tools
DJ Jerry Floyd

Tuesday August 23rd
GLORIA MUNDI
LONDON
Ricki and the Last Days on Earth
Swords DJ Jerry Floyd
Admission both nights £1. Licensed bars till 2am

BRUNEL ROOMS
Havelock Sq. Swindon 31384

Friday 26th August, 8 pm to 12 midnight

GENERATION X
PLUS
THE ART ATTACKS
Admission £1.50

THE RED COW
HAMMERSMITH ROAD, W.6

Thursday August 18th 75p
Tony McPhee's
TERRAPLANE

Friday August 19th Free
John Grimaldi's
Cheap Flights

Saturday August 20th 75p
JOHN OTWAY + WILD WILLY BARRETT

Sunday August 21st Free
Head Over Heels

Wednesday August 24th Free
Prairie Oyster

FULLERS TRADITIONAL ALES

THE NASHVILLE ROOM

Thursday August 18th 75p
The COUNT BISHOPS
Friday August 19th & Saturday August 20th £1.00
THE ADVERTS
Sunday August 21st
ELVIS COSTELLO
Tickets available from Stiff Records, 32 Alexander St., W.2. 2 per person, £1.00 each
Monday August 22nd 70p
LONDON + X.T.C.
Tuesday August 23rd 70p
RADIO STARS
(Johnny Curious)

CORNER CROMWELL ROAD/NORTH END ROAD, W14
(Adjacent West Kensington Tube Tel 01 603 6071)

SPEAKEASY
01-580 7930

SPEAK-EARLY

Wednesday August 17th
DEPRESSIONS
Thursday August 18th
THE ONLY ONES
Friday August 19th
NEO
Saturday August 20th
SPITERI
Monday August 22nd
SUNFLY
Tuesday August 23rd
LIGHTNING RAIDERS
Wednesday August 24th
MODELES & NEW HEARTS
Thursday August 25th
GLORIA MUNDI
Friday August 26th
NEO
Saturday August 27th
GLASGOW

Speakeasy
50 Margaret St., Oxford Circus, W1
Reservations 01-580 8810

THE ROXY CLUB
41/43 NEAL ST., COVENT GARDEN, WC2

Wednesday 17th August
Audition Night. Adm 50p
DOLE QUEUE RABIES & COOL THRUST
Thursday 18th August
LONDON JOHNNY CURIOUS & STRANGERS
Friday 19th August
EATER THE DEAD
Saturday 20th August
SHAM 69 MENACE
Tuesday 23rd August
Audition Night. Adm 50p
SPEEDOMETERS TAX EXILES

THE GARDEN
The West's Top Rock Centre
PENZANCE

Thursday, August 18th £1.25
KURSAAL FLYERS

Tuesday, August 23rd Adm. Free
THE KORNETS

THE SWAN
HAMMERSMITH BDY, W6
Tel 01-748-1043
Opp Hammersmith Undreground District Metropolitan and Piccadilly Lines
Admission Free

Thursday August 18th
BABYGRAND

Sunday August 21st
FRUIT EATING BEARS

Saturday August 20th
LESSER KNOWN TUNISIANS

Wednesday August 24th
SMILER

FREEMASONS TAVERN SE·25
81 PENGE ROAD, SE25 778 6831
Friday Aug 19th free — THE TED DEDBAND
Saturday Aug 20th free — KILLER FROG

THE MILL, Spiceball Park, Banbury
OPEN AIR ROCK CONCERT
Saturday August 20th, 7.30 — 11 pm.
AIRBUS + FIXER
Admission £1.00 (Mill Members 75p)
Licensed Bars and Hot Food

words words words words words words words words words words
WORDS (Barry Clarke), CITY HALL, ST. ALBANS
Saturday August 27th
JOHN OTWAY + WILD WILLY BARRETT
+ Special Guests
SIDEWINDER
Mary Jane Disco — Bar — Food
Tickets £1.20 (incl. VAT) in advance from Box Office, Chequer Street, St. Albans. Telephone 64511 or £1.20 (incl VAT on door)
Saturday September 17th WIDOWMAKER
words words words words words words words words words words

SNEAKIES ROCK CLUB
White Bear, Kingsley Road, Hounslow

Saturday August 20th
MONTANA RED

Sunday August 21st
GNASHER

Brian B is on an ego trip. He thinks it is time for a new picture, the one we use doesn't show his better side.

What are your views?

Brian B is interested — he will talk to you. He may even discuss advertising on his page.

Why not ring him and see.
01-261 6153.

BARBEQUE GRILL NOW OPEN UPSTAIRS
HOPE & ANCHOR
UPPER STREET ISLINGTON, N.1

Thursday August 18th 60p
SQUEEZE

Monday August 22nd 50p
NEW HEARTS

Friday August 19th 60p
THE STUKAS

Tuesday August 23rd 60p
Pete Brown's
BACK TO THE FRONT

Saturday August 20th 60p
PRAIRIE OYSTER

Wednesday August 24th 50p
X.T.C

DUKE OF LANCASTER
Beside British Rail
NEW BARNET
01-449 0465

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STATIC DAMAGE
Friday August 19th
NEBULA
Saturday August 20th
BAZOOMI BROTHERS
Sunday August 21st
A1
Tuesday August 23rd
VA VA VOOM

EDINBURGH ROCK FESTIVAL
AUG 22 to SEPT 9
RADIO FORTH D.J.'s

Monday August 22nd
CHELSEA + CORTINAS
+ Jolt
Tuesday August 23rd
REZILLOS
Wednesday August 24th
RADIO STARS
Thursday August 25th
Folk Night
NEW CELESTE
Friday August 26th
R 'n' B Night
SWINGING BLUE JEANS

Monday August 29th
Reggae Night
CIMARRONS
+ Vingilus
Tuesday August 30th
CAFE JACQUES
Wednesday August 31st
ELVIS COSTELLO
Thursday September 1st
Folk Night
5 HAND REEL
Friday September 2nd
R 'n B Night
NASHVILLE TEENS

Monday September 5th
ROCKY RICKETTS
+ Clayson & The Argonauts
Tuesday September 6th
IGNATZ
+ Sale
Wednesday September 7th
BOOMTOWN RATS
Thursday September 8th
Folk Night
BERT JANSCH & BAND
Friday September 9th
R 'n B Night
JET HARRIS & THE DIAMONDS

Edinburgh Tiffanys. Tickets £1.00 to £1.50 from Edinburgh Festival Fringe Office and Edinburgh Record Shops

SUPER TRAMP

● *From page 17*

gell best has been evident on home tapes. On those we've been blowing and interacting between each other, and *not* just going through . . . well, they're not exercises, but it's a pretty disciplined set of songs we do on stage at the moment.

"Our audience loves it, but maybe we should be courageous and get slagged to hell — go the way the strength of the band lies, which is when we're all communicating with each other musically.

"We're all very aware of what hasn't been done so far and all the music that's still lying around. Something will come up.

"The vibe in the band has never been better. And if it does fall apart it will happen naturally, rather than nastily.

"But I can't see any reason why it should."

LOOKING IN from the outside and listening to them talk, there appear to be innumerable reasons why Supertramp could disband.

But whether a split is imminent is difficult to predict. Certainly Hodgson is a forceful influence towards stylistic change, which causes Davies obvious consternation. In contrast to his partner's radicalism, he seems conservative and less adventurous.

Rick laments the passing of his ambitious youth, but will undoubtedly try to hold the band together because it is, he admits, his only form of security.

"When you start out," he elaborates, "it's an adventure. You're young kids and it's a chance to get out and almost be swashbuckling about it. It's one of the few remaining outlets for that kind of thing, because everything else these days is so regulated and worked out.

"Generally, people can't go out and discover a new land or be romantic as they could in the old days. But as a young band you can.

"I think you just grow up a bit. You're still in a young world, even though you're not young. It's the dilemma of the aging rock star.

"It's hard to shake off the fact that somebody could break his leg, or walk out, and I'm too old to start again. It would scare the hell out of me. It's fear and insecurity.

"I can remember the jolt going into a factory after spending five years at art school. It nearly put me in the madhouse. Now I'm afraid of not making it, in a way.

"I *hate* these stories about great big stars now working in gas stations. They just sicken me. So and so's blown all his money on coke; I just think that's ridiculous."

Roger, however, sees the security of continued success as artistically claustrophobic. Unlike Davies, he'd willingly sacrifice their prestigious position to ensure longevity as a writer.

"I just see how success has affected other writers," he says, "because what I write is what I am. If I stop writing then I'm dead. Writers have got to be looking for something beyond success, even if it's just making greater music.

"I've seen a lot of my idols from the 60s stop writing any worthwhile music. They get the money coming in; they get women; they get the drugs flowing through the door; they get their mansion; and they get their own really comfortable scene. Their minds are so preoccupied with all the daily comforts of living that there's nothing to write about.

"They divorce themselves from the real world, if you like.

"I haven't reached my zenith. But," he adds ominously, "maybe the band has."

Rick sighs loudly, like a huge balloon deflating.

"The group's not going to last forever," he says gravely.

"No matter how much we try and establish a direction for the band, and even for the world," Roger continues, "everything happens naturally, at its own pace and in its own time. The band *might* fold at the end of this tour. We might still be together in five or six years time.

"The world could fold tomorrow, or it could still be going in a 100 years time.

"*Shit!* I've been with Rick eight years now," he laughs, implying that's a guarantee for their future. "As long as we keep learning and getting something from it, that's all that *really* matters."

Their feeble smiles are transparent, and the image of the vicar's sandwich board flashes to mind.

The simple message reads: *The End Is Nigh.*

Tyla Gang

ROCK GARDEN

THE DISC JOCKEY runs through the usual mechanical set warmer.

"Everybody please welcome ... a very nice band indeed ... The Tyla Gang!"

They amble on stage and plug in guitars, the fellow with the ample boilersuit and long, thinning blond hair edges towards the microphone.

"Yeah ... we're not a very nice band actually".

Those of you who remember Ducks Deluxe will no doubt also remember Sean Tyla. The original acid stage presence fronting what was in spirit (if not in body) the original punk band.

It's good to see that Sean Tyla has lost none of his terse, pessimistic wit. It's also good to see him back and bouncing with a band that can match his singularly clear rock perception.

Tyla never was an originator but, like Tom Petty, he has a consummate understanding of classic elements in rock, and he now seems to be developing the imagination required to work it over again.

He even has the nerve to rip-off the old "Sweet Jane" chords twice in the same set: once for "Fireball" (the only Ducks number featured) and once for the"The Young Lords" (the Tyla Gang song that appeared on "A Bunch Of Stiffs").

But he gets away with it because — let's call it the professional stealing and the amateur imitating. And also because what The Tyla Gang lack in imagination, they make up with energy and enthusiasm.

The crowd (I have a hard time calling them a crowd — as seems usual with the Rock Garden they were a motley and dispirited lot) paid no attention to such niggardly details and simply soaked up the latter.

The foundation was Michael Desmarais' drums. (Desmarais, along with bass player Brian Turrington, was once a member of the ill-fated Winkies.) He whams the skins with such disciplined strength that you begin to wonder if Charlie Watts really did say it all when it comes to providing the archetypal rock-solid base.

Comparisons with the Stones don't end there. Songs like "Pulling The Punches", "Lost Angels" and especially "Standing In The Middle Of A Hurricane" (to mention only the newer numbers) displayed all the gritty raunch of the Stones' "Exile" era, but with twice as much bite and almost equal polish.

Bruce Irving backed it up with vigorous lead guitar — textbook stuff, but played with exemplary fire — and some propeller slide work, while Tyla's voice was in its best-yet form.

He can be bitter and accusing, like Dylan's rock'n'roll voice, but has an annoying tendency to let his pessimistic tone get the better of him, taking a lot of the weight out of his delivery.

Without putting too fine a point to it, this tendency has led a lot of people to the conclusion that the man is his own worst enemy.

At the moment, though, The Tyla Gang are firing on all cylinders, playing classic rock with enough vitality to make you forget you've heard it all before.

Paul Rambali

Street gang with soul: Tyla mob carve up

SEAN TYLA *Pic: DENIS O'REGAN*

B. T. Express

FELT FORUM, NEW YORK CITY

THE HALL WAS full — three thousand middle class black New Yorkers, dressed in their best threads and maybe a dozen whities like me scattered through the tiers.

The brother next to me wasn't particularly middle class actually. For a start he was sitting in my partner's seat and secondly he spent the whole concert rolling himself very large joints, which went up like firecrackers showering me with burning sparks.

He didn't mind me — in fact he continually troubled me for papers, matches, cigarettes, etc. He even gave me his opinion of B. T. Express:

"Oh shit, man. They's really nasty!"

This heavy praise made me bother to sit through an appalling opening act and the ramblings of a stand-up comedian who kept cracking looting jokes which made people shift nervously in their seats. He peered out into the audience and joked: "I see the blackout's still here."

B. T. Express, though, don't mess around. They sat the audience on its ass from the very beginning by letting off a monster thunderflash. The sound was mixed to give a very heavy bass drum sound — a drum they use a lot as timekeeper — and to emphasize percussion. The percussionist is very sharp and active. He keeps things clean so that every time subdivision can be heard and dug.

The pure funk sound of B. T. Express also features a sax clucking like a hen and usual strangled guitar of the Hayes / Mayfield axis. It wasn't long before they had everyone moving with them on "Give It What You Got" and their hit "Do It Till You're Satisfied".

All the uptempo disco numbers worked fine and fitted perfectly with the stage choreography, but "The Door To My Mind", a slow number from their "Function At The Junction" album, showed the failings of the lead singer's voice — though not of his bass playing. "Door" seemed very incongruous in this type of show, maybe it's better placed on the album.

"Freedom Train" showed where BTE score over other funk bands — they use it as a showcase for their talent, for gimmicks like the inevitable train imitations, and for building up complex Osibisa-like polyrhythms.

In other words, they transcend funk.

Miles

Stanley Clarke

BRAND X
HAMMERSMITH ODEON

REALLY, IT WAS one out of the blue.

Judging from media coverage and record sales neither Stanley Clarke nor Brand X have sizeable followings in the UK. Consequently, I wasn't prepared for Hammersmith Odeon being packed to the gills — or for the ecstatic reaction which greeted both acts there the Friday before last.

I mean, the crowd (in the 18 to 30 age bracket and encompassing the less seedy elements of the mainstream rock audience plus a minor contingent of trendies and at least one punk) only had to hear the opening notes of a Clarke piece being plucked from his custom-made bass before going haywire. And during a lengthy acoustic number (featuring keyboard player / Frampton-lookalike Peter Robinson on piano and Clarke himself on a gargantuan string bass) you could hear the proverbial pin drop, such was the audience's rapt attention.

Moreover, the audience's reaction to opening act Brand X was not exactly indifferent.

Recently returned from an American tour, Brand X have come a long way since their Phil Collins days. Despite Collins' excellence there was a tendency for him to dominate the proceedings to the extent where it wasn't always clear whether the band had a front line. With his replacement, black American drummer Kenwood Dennard, Brand X are much more of a band these days. Dennard is a great player, clearly much more jazz-orientated than Collins. His playing isn't as muscular as Collins' but it's every bit as dynamic.

Brand X have flair without being flash; solos are kept on a tight leash and their compositions are not without wit. Though operating in Weather Report territory, they're a much more flexible unit than Wayne Shorter's combo and do possess a definite character of their own.

Encouraging to see a British band out on a limb *and* making a name for themselves.

Though operating within the same sphere, Stanley Clarke is another ball game entirely.

Guitarist Ray Gomez, with his Heavy Metal Guitar Hero posing, and nipple length hair is a terminal hippy if ever there was one. He even wears owl glasses. Clarke himself wears the kind of hair-do which looks as if his barber has played a practical joke on him. And of course he wears white pants.

The Stanley Clarke Band are also extremely flash, particularly Clarke, who's to 1977 what Jack Bruce was to 1967. And they're often Status Quo-heavy.

So Clarke's combo has a lot more to do with basic rock-'n'roll than Brand X, as amply demonstrated by their killer version of "School Days".

Clarke is just amazing, playing with more dexterity than any other bassist I've ever witnessed, rarely letting his technique get the better of him. His compositions are inspirational, powerfully melodic.

The band's four-piece horn section get through a plethora of fine arrangements and solos.

All in all a fine performance. Clarke and company were crisp, energetic, musical and funky.

Next time he'll probably play *two* nights.

Steve Clarke
(no relation)

JAZZ DIARY

CURRENTLY APPEARING at Ronnie Scott's is singer **Betty Carter,** a musicians' musician if ever there was one, and hopelessly underrated. In the pipeline, **Elvin Jones** and **Woody Herman** and the current herd.

The London Musicians' Collective have a series of gigs at Haringey Arts Centre, with An Evening With Steve Beresford on 23rd August, and a mixed bill on 30th. At the Pizza Express, Dean Street, **Jabbo Smith, Sammy Rimmington** and **Keith Ingham** on 19th and 20th August; quite a catch, Jabbo, one of the trumpet greats of the '20s.

Inter-Action are running a Saturday series of jazz and folk including **Bud Freeman, Ron Rubin** and **Harvey Weston.** 12.30-4pm at Talacre Open Space, Talacre Road, NW5, followed by an ACT-IN jam session with the audience and **Prof. Dogg's Troupe.** Weather permitting, on 20th and 27th August and 3rd September.

Jazz Centre Society has booked **George Khan's Mirage** at the Star & Garter on 20th August; **Don Weller's Octet** on 18th at 7 Dials; the **Terry Smith Quintet** on 17th at the Phoenix. In the ICA Theatre Jazz Now series, **Stan Tracey** and **Keith Tippett** are playing solo and duo on 21st August.

The latest release from Ogun records, **Marc Charig's** "Pipe Dream" with **Keith Tippett** and **Ann Winter** is well-worth getting the ears at. Trumpeter Charig never plays safe, grabs for the moon, and often gets there: cop a snort of "Bellaphon", horn soaring against church bell, beauty all the way.

Another little label triumph has been Blue Bag's launcing of Bristol guitarist **Frank Evans.** The first album, "Noctuary", shot to 7th slot in the UK jazz poll, and the latest, "Soiree", looks like another contender. With numbers dedicated to Django, Bill Evans and Laurindo Almeida, you get an idea of the emotional terrain.

Brian Case

Tuesday August 23rd at 8pm
THE JET
appearing at the
ROYAL HOTEL, Mill Street, Luton
Admission Free

VILLAGE INN
529 HIGH ROAD, WEMBLEY
Friday August 19th (free)
THE CRUISERS
Saturday August 20th (Free)
SQUEEZE
Monday August 22nd (Free)
JAPAN
Tuesday August 23rd (Free)
AMAZORBLADES

Rock Against Racism
GENERATION X
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8pm — 11.30pm
HACKNEY TOWN HALL,
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Admission £1.00.
50p with dole card

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Beatles — Ob La Di/Julia
Beatles — Slowdown/Matchbox
Black Sabbath — Paranoid/Iron Man
David Bowie — Space Oddity/The Man Who Sold The World
David Bowie — Changes/Andy Warhol
Box Tops — The Letter
Canned Heat— Lets Work Together
Canned Heat — On The Road Again
Joe Cocker — With A Little Help From My Friends/Delta Lady
Alice Cooper — Schools Out/Elected
Bobby Darin — Splish Splash/Queen of Hop
Spencer Davis — Gimme Some Lovin-/Keep On Runnin'
Deep Purple — Smoke On The Water
Bob Dylan — Knockin' On Heavens Door
Fleetwood Mac — Green Manalishi/Oh Well
Free — All Right Now/The Stealer
Bobby Freeman — Do You Wanna Dance
Gerry — How Do You Do It/I'll Be There
N. Greenbaum — Spirit In The Sky
Richard Harris — MacArthur Park
Jimi Hendrix — Purple Haze/Foxey Lady
Mary Hopkins — Knock Knock
Tommy James & Shondells — Mony Mony
Jefferson Airplane — White Rabbit-/Somebody To Love
Jon. King — Everyone's Gone To Moon
Kinks — Lola/Apeman
Led Zeppelin — Candy Store Rock
Led Zeppelin — Immigrant Song/Hey Hey What Can I Do
Led Zeppelin — Rock n Roll/4 Sticks
Led Zeppelin — Trampled Underfoot
Led Zeppelin — Whole Lotta Love
Barry McGuire — Eve Of Destruction
Scott McKenzie — San Francisco
Don McLean — American Pie
Mindbenders — Groovy Kind of Love
Monkees — I'm A Believer
Monkees — Last Train To Clarksville
H. Montenegro — Good, Bad & Ugly
Chris Montez — Let's Dance/Some Kinda Fun
Moody Blues — Go Now
Nilsson — Without You
Elvis Presley — Mystery Train
J. Preston — Running Bear/Cradle Of Love
Procol Harum — Whiter Shade Of Pale
Queen — Killer Queen/Liar
Otis Redding — Dock Of The Bay
Little Richard — Lucile
Righteous Bros — Lovin' Feelin'
Sam The Sham — Wooly Bully
Leo Sayer — The Show Must Go On
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Elton John — Friends/Honey Roll
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PICTURE IT: in a thousand odorously "Old Clan" little pubs, the folkies spilling cider down their Fair-Isles and gagging on their briars with uncontrolled gleeful cries of "We told you so" and "They've seen sense at last" at the news that those two nasty rock musicians had left Steeleye Span and had been replaced by the blue-eyed super-heros of the olde worlde, John Kirkpatrick and Martin Carthy.

But I felt rather sad on hearing of Bob Johnson and Peter Knight's departure from Steeleye, and was feeling equally apprehensive as I sat waiting to see the first public performance by the new line-up . I was clearly not alone, as the band have changed their original plans and decided to test audience reactions with some low-key dates in Britain before embarking on a world tour.

Grabbing Carthy at the first sign of trouble seemed such a dull move for a group with Steeleye's reputation for unorthodoxy, a hint of panic maybe — but in the light of Hart and Prior's continuing affiliation with the ultra-conservative folk scene, a predictable move. And in predictable fashion, Steeleye (if you'll forgive a quick outburst of labels) after moving boldly last year from folk-rock to virtually straight rock music, have now regressed into being the electric folk band they were in 1974 and before.

They begin the evening's entertainment with a few jigs and reels (during which Maddy is not on stage) interspersed with some of their older songs like "Saucy Sailor" from "Below The Salt" — and several things become immediately obvious.

Firstly, everyone is understandably nervous — but even taking that into consideration, there seems to be an awful amount of uncomfortably vacant space on stage, especially when Maddy is absent. Kirkpatrick and Carthy, completely absorbed in their playing and almost positioned in the wings, are apparently unaware that there are fifteen hundred eyes trained devotedly upon them, The eccentric humour and personality of Peter Knight are decidedly missed, leaving Nigel Pegrum, precariously perched on his high drum riser, as the only visual focal point. Secondly, the sound of Steeleye Span has changed considerably, since Kirkpatrick's accordion now dominates. However despite the fact that accordions are one of my blank spots, always conjuring up images of Captain Pugwash and Nick Lobo, I am able to appreciate that they play some fine traditional tunes.

At length we get quite a surprise when Kirkpatrick and Carthy are left alone on stage and Kirkpatrick, with bells around his knees and hankies in his hands, proceeds to do a Morris dance entitled "Love's A Plum Pudding". Now a bunch of Morris dancers look stupid enough, but I can tell you that a *lone* Morris dancer looks just plain ridiculous. The place for this is not a concert hall. It's for purists only, and is sure to dumbfound the majority of Steeleye's rock-oriented audience — for example the row of Portuguese kids (I kid you not) behind me, who are constantly popping off Instamatic flash bulbs and babbling away about Pink Floyd.

Things improve a great deal as Rick Kemp (on acoustic guitar), Tim Hart (on banjo) and Maddy perform a beautiful, gentle ballad called

● *Continues over page*

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● *From previous page*

"Some Rival Has Stolen My Lover Away", one of the evening's high spots, followed by good vocal work-outs from Kirkpatrick and Carthy in two songs about prisons.

But wait! Oh no —they've all rushed off stage again and, worse, have returned in tweed waistcoats and berets to trip gaily through another traditional dance, this time of the sword variety, with *taped* accompaniment. They do not seem to be very good — only marginally better than Bruce Forsyth and other senile old bores camping it up on the *Generation Game*.

Up to this point the whole show has seemed like some disjointed Rolling thunder Revue, with the band utilising only the members each particular song demands. However for the last half hour of the set there is a much stronger edge to their music, and they sound more like the band I had come wanting to see. Even the Portuguese kids shut up.

Songs like "Awake, Awake" and "Cam Ye O'er Frae France" (which received the best applause of the evening) feature some magnificently rich and sonorous harmonies; Maddy has never sung better, and at last the band began to creep towards folk-rock.

Regrettably they never creep quite far enough; Kirkpatrick's spell with Richard Thompson showed that accordions don't necessarily decimate rock rhythms, but unfortunately for Steeleye Span, neither Hart nor Carthy can play electric guitar like Thompson or Bob Johnson. Carthy in particular seems completely uninterested in exploring the vast power that lurks within the instrument, and in terms of folk-rock they make Fairport seem like Status Quo.

Not that it's limp-wristed gurlish electric folk — with a rhythm section of Kemp and Pegrum that would be impossible. But on the other hand they're not up to "Thomas The Rhymer", and while it might be over-reacting to throw words like snobbery about, Kirkpatrick looks positively embarrassed singing "Rave On" during the encore.

I was ultimately disappointed with Steeleye's lack of adventure. I don't think they're going to fill large foreign stadia or sell albums in America with this present material — it all seems like an artistic and commercial mistake. Moreover Carthy and and Kirkpatrick's firm intention to continue their respective solo careers doesn't augur well for the band's collective future.

Undoubtedly the forthcoming world tour will settle matters one way or another. Perhaps we'll see mass global conversion to Morris dancing yet.

David Housham

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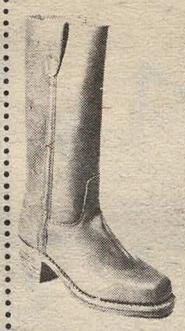

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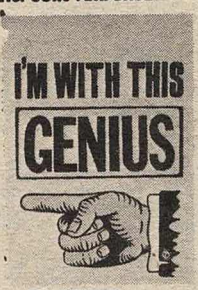

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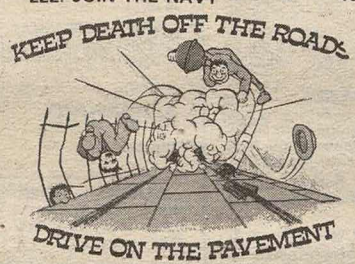

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WHY ARE YOU READING MY BLOODY SLOGAN?

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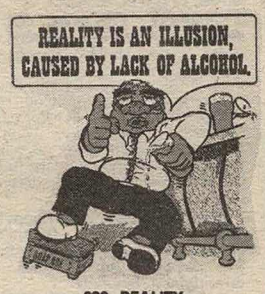
682. HAWKWIND

692. NEW FLOYD

706. REJECT

148. LED ZEP



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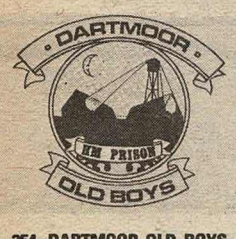
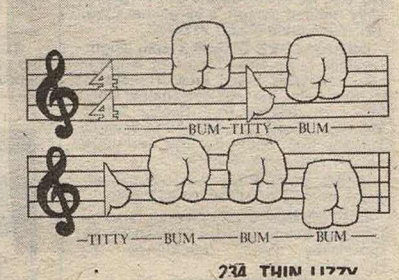


254. DARTMOOR OLD BOYS

169. EAGLE

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I shall fear no evil. 'Cause I am the meanest Son of a Bitch that ever walked in the valley.....

143. SON OF A BITCH



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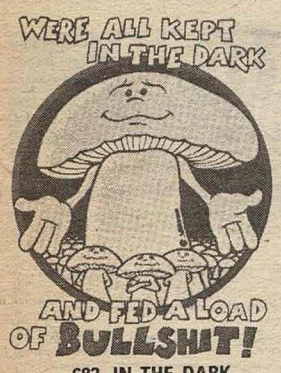

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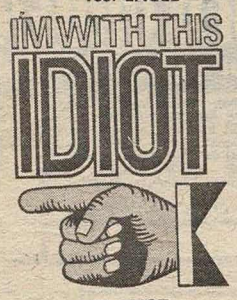

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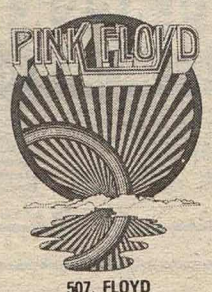


507. FLOYD

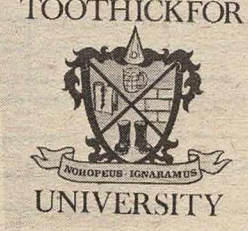
214. BIONIC COCK

PEOPLE SAID SMILE
THINGS COULD GET WORSE,
SO I DID SMILE,
AND THINGS DID GET WORSE.

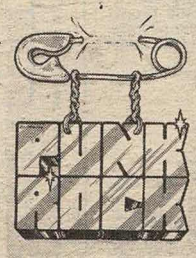
257. SMILE

687. CHARLIE'S ANGELS

250. PUNK PANTHER



251. TOO THICK FOR UNIVERSITY



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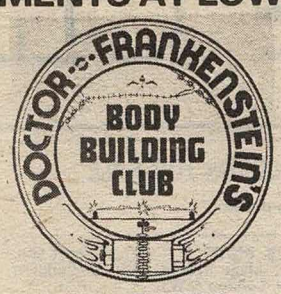

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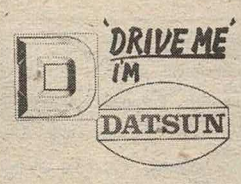

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Play this bag LOUD

IT IS interesting that whenever you guys print a letter from someone who doesn't like punk rock, you always get condescending and insulting without rationally answering his questions or comments. CSM's answer to 'Ardent Old Wave Supporter' was a good example.

Sure, his letter was rude, but he was genuinely pissed off at what he saw as over exposure of the New Wave in a paper which is supposed to cover all aspects of rock. His points were accurate if over stated, and he was seen off with an incredibly biased and opinionated comment which was identical, in fact, to the sort of sloganeering and generalizing and fact evading that you hate about all the daily newspapers you're always on about.

It doesn't matter whether "AOWS" likes Black Sabbath or Frank Zappa, his letter deserved a real answer.

Call me a Boring Old Fart if you like but that is yet another generalization for someone who cares about music, not political overtones in lyrics and not whether Johnny Rotten got beat up or not.

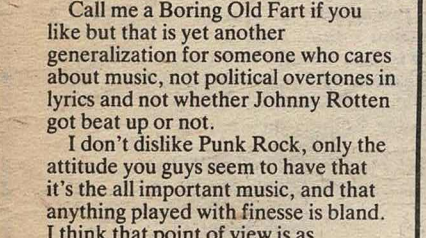
I don't dislike Punk Rock, only the attitude you guys seem to have that it's the all important music, and that anything played with finesse is bland. I think that point of view is as ridiculous as, say, *Films and Filming* saying that some guy making home movies in Bethnal Green is going to revolutionize the film industry.

Maybe you will print this letter and maybe you won't. Maybe you'll print a letter by some hothead so you can hide behind a wall of righteous indignation and slag him off without getting to the meaning of his letter.

Remember that before Punk Rock we were all BOFs and just because you guys have made a 180° turn in your attitude towards rock (i.e. 3 years ago Santana, Eagles etc. could do no wrong and the New York Dolls were shit) doesn't mean that we all have to.
STEVEN LONMO, Cheadle, Cheshire.

IT'S NOT altogether surprising that rock critics have such a jaundiced view of Old Wave music. Your work causes you to suffer gross overexposure to records, gigs and the patronising, overpaid half-wits who number some of its exponents.

But this cannot explain Charles Shaar Murray's uncouth and dogmatic reply to the 'Ardent Old Wave



Supporter' in this week's *Gasbag*.

Punk Rock obviously enjoys huge support among the rock press and "the kids on the street", but between you, you only comprise one portion of Britain's rock audience. I live just out of London, and I've never seen a punk! I would guess that other forms of rock can claim way over 50% of your readers as devotees, and therefore merit at least 50% of the coverage in *NME*, regardless of absurd subjective notions like 'relevance'.

This is not in any way an anti-punk appeal, but you must realise that, in ramming it down everyone's throats, you are doing the New Wave as great a disservice as dailies like the *Sun* & the *Mirror*. CSM's potificating over which musicians are sufficiently interesting for us to be allowed to read about them smacks of much the same mentality as that which produced the Radio 1 playlist.

And if he's suggesting that bands which were acceptable in 1970 are unacceptable in 1977, then he's justifying the obvious Radio 1 policy that pop/rock is instantly disposable dross with no more value or interest than the latest hairstyle.
A DISGRUNTLED OLD FART (AGED 20).

CSM's reply is short and abusive. My reply is that while "Ardent Old Wave Supporter" and you guys make some telling points, most of the "Old Wave" don't seem to be actually playing gigs, releasing records, talking to the rock press and generally partaking in the rich cultural life of the nation. That's if they're even in the country for more than a couple of nights while they play Earl's Court. And that's surely what CSM meant by "relevancy". — N.S.

JAM GUITARIST Paul Weller's contention that both punk rock and vintage rock are "all fucking rock 'n' roll' *(30/7/77)* is possibly the most ridiculous statement yet from a member of the new wave movement.

To compare the two is like comparing a vintage wine with a bottle of cheap plonk and is a dire insult to classic rock 'n' roll.

Mention names like Elvis Presley and Bill Haley to today's punk rock fans and you'll be greeted by jeers of derision. Yet these guys did what not one single new wave musician has yet been able to do. They took existing musical forms like country and western music and black R&B and blues and moulded them into an exciting new music which came to be known as rock 'n' roll. If the punk rockers could do the same, maybe their music would have some value, but they are simply content to slavishly ape the music of the 60's groups, without adding anything new.

Then there is the question of musical ability. Just listen to records by a guy like Eddie Cochran and you'll realise that he had more talent in his little finger than the whole of the new wave movement put together.

After more than 20 years, rock 'n' roll still has thousands of enthusiasts both in this country and abroad, but how many people will remember punk rock music in 1997?
STEVE PILKINGTON, Accrington, Lancs.

Probably quite a few. There's always these nutters who go on about blasts from the past (like you), and good luck to 'em.
As for Weller, I agree with his sentiments. Can't we even tolerate different musical tastes? Eddie Cochran's great but HE'S DEAD! Ditto Vincent, Holly & Presley. You (and I) still got the records but I want to see flaming youth live on stage as well. — N.S.

ALTHOUGH I'm a red-blooded patriotic English lady who never dreamed of falling for a greasy Continental, Jean Jacques' Gallic charm is irresistible and I have drooled over the cover of "Rattus Norvegicus" until it's gone all soggy.
ANNIE, London.

I'VE GONE completely off the New Wave since Dave Greenfield got married — to someone else!!

And I got chucked out of the local feminist society for fancying him (Fancy? Madly lusting after him would be more like it . . .).
AN EX-ENAMELLED DAVE GREENFIELD FAN.

P.S. Dear Enamelled J.J. Burnel fan from North Wales — you have to kiss a hell of a lot of frogs before you find Prince Charming.

Treat 'em bad, steal their cash and they treat you like a doggone king. — Wilko Johnson

I WAS enraged and envious beyond belief at "Enamelled's" letter last week. How's *NME* supposed to get a cogent dialectic going on music/street-life/modern world in these hallowed (hello) pages — when, from Wales to Weirdside, they're using it to cream over *le poof celebre* . . . ?

Why, this is space that could more edifyingly be filled with Max's long threatened, definitive interpretation of Eugene (careful with that axe)

ANOTHER GRIPPING EPISODE
"I WRITE TO THE PAPERS, THEREFORE I AM."
BAG RECORDS
Recorded in breathtaking black and white Quink.
9p. per shot. You sets 'em up and you blow 'em down
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3. MEIN ANGST (Lord Sutch)
4. I'VE SEEN THE FUTURE OF ROCK 'N' ROLL (Lord Longford)
5. I AM " " " " " (R. Nixon)
6. CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY IS GOD (Church Times)
7. CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY IS TALKING THROUGH HIS ARSE. (Harley St. Specialist)
8. BARNSLEY'S BURNING (Distraught housewife)
9. WHA? (Government Spokesman)
2.3.4.6 G.P.O. Music. 1.5.8 Wrapped round a brick and hurled through the window music. 9. Huh?
AWOPBOPALOOBOPALOPBAMBAG · PENNIMAN.

Illustration: LOWRY

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ancient scribblers as Will Shakespeare and the Elizabethans and such contemporary artists as Leonard Cohen and Steve Gerber *(Warghhhh! — Ed)* approach the subject with some degree of seriousness and sincerity of intention.

Brotherhood of Man stand bopping to Suicide Rock with fake smiles plastered all over their beautifully-made-up faces while they gently sway to the lilting beat of an insidiously catchy lullaby to two romantic star-crossed lovers who "took their lives that night"

. . . . that glint in the blonde's eye when she sings that line! My God, do people still believe all that escapist crap about death being romantic and wonderful, a plunge into eternities of silence etc. etc.?

Obviously they do, or else the song wouldn't have gone so far. Or maybe it's just that nobody's bothered listening to the words yet, least of all the group.
IAN L. CHRISTENSEN, London W11

They've all listened to the words. It's just that they're all soppy. — N.S.

WITH REGARDS to your girl-reporter Burchill I would like to raise the following points.

a) She dismisses the Beatles because she says she wasn't around at that time. Fair enough. However browsing through an old *NME* I came across a *Deja Vu* on The Doors first LP writter by Miss Burchill herself!

b) She calls people who wear swastikas jerks. Fair enough. Yet she still perpetuates this image of her as a 'blade flashing girl reporter'. Is there a subtle difference that I can't connect to?

c) She calls Poets a 'Fat pain'. Once again fair enough. Yet whenever she reviews LPs all she seems to do is to concentrate on the literary content of the vinyl.
CAPTAIN OF THE TITANIC, Bisley, Surrey.

FOR CHRISSAKE Ms. Burchill, haven't you had your pound of flesh after your non-review of the Stranglers gig? Slipping in another anti-sexist dig into the "Live at the Rat" album review is a bit unnecessary, dontcha think? You'll be blaming The Stranglers for all those deliciously "sexist" ads on the Underground escalators next.

Is it too late to say goodnight to hysterical feminism?
STEVE ROADIE.

By my watch, not quite. — N.S.

I SHOULD like to inform Ms. Burchill that being dead is infinitely more enjoyable than listening to Boney M.
JAMES MORRISON, (Weatherby George Dupree), Somewhere in the Greek islands.

Sez you. — N.S.

DID YOU know the Boomtown Rats are mentioned in Woody Guthrie's *Bound For Glory* page 147.
RANDY RAY (The Rangers Fan).
P.S. You're not really interested are you?

Well, a little bit. Well, to be really honest, not very much. — N.S.

MAY I just say this is the first time I've appeared in the *NME*.
RORY THE RAT.

Well it's too late to stop you now. — N.S.

HEY JEAN Jacques Burnel! Now you got a degree in History ain't you? So what did Renaissance England call your London Lady? Why, the ultimate term of disgust for an easy lay — a punk.

Wheels within wheels, eh? I think something better change.
THE PUNK LIBERATION FRONT, Cheltenham.
A pertinent etymological find dear boy.
PROF. A J BARTLETT-PEAR.

I WOULD like to thank Max Bell and Steve Clark for their excellent collective effort on Steely Dan last week. It was the sort of journalism I feared had been lost for ever but there it was leering at me from the centre pages. An extremely well researched and constructed piece on what must surely be the finest band ever recorded.
DOUG BARROW, London.

WHY DOESN'T someone develop a bomb that destroys politicians but leaves people intact.
CLEVER LETTERS INC., Enfield, Middx.

WELL, BOB, still like to spend some time in Mozambique?

Think it over.
STEPHEN HAYES, Methil, Fife.

We're sorry, Mr. Dylan isn't known at this address. — N.S.

JUST A little note about the Lowry thing in *Rolling Bag* (Aug 6th). I take it that his quote "Harlow — a pitiful helpless giant" is referring to the absolute haze of boredom that surrounds this wonderful town.

If he would like to come and live here he would find being bored in Harlow is really great, like the boring concert at our local Tiffany's with The Rage and Pete the Meat & the Boys which was so boring only 300 people turned up.
K. JONES, The Rage.
P.S. Not the Dulwich Rage either.

CSM sez he spent a decade in Harlow from late '70 to '71. —N.S.

DID YOU see *TOTP* last Thursday. The No.1 was like a 1984 disco. Pan's People were kept in a pen (they weren't even allowed to stand) while the audience moved their bodies in time to computer synthesiser rhythms, beneath a huge screen which flashed colour slides of the artist, whose vocal contribution to the event were kept to a minimum. Gosh!
VOCK CYBERMAN.
Just keep raising the consciousness. — N.S.

LETTER OF THE WEEK

ACKNOWLEDGING Chandler, I am trying to light the match with my thumb, making mental notes for my idolatrous forward to the forthcoming *Case's Greatest Hits* in Picador and trying to fathom the dream I have where I answer the advertisement to more a piano (needing a few bob on the dole) and find the Rolling Stones have a great collective humour (Charlie Watts is affably sardonic) in their collective Wiltshire retreat even to the point of laughing at my push-bike . . . when a skinny individual gets in the compartment and says:

"It's a safety match, creep," and everything goes black . . .

And when we come out of the tunnel it's Julie Burchill snuggling up to me and saying: "You're skinny but soft." And then she tells me where she's at and I understand.

So will Picador accept "If that fat pain Larkin can do it, why not the dapper, street-wise Case"?
THURSDAY FANTASY, Marlborough, Wilts.

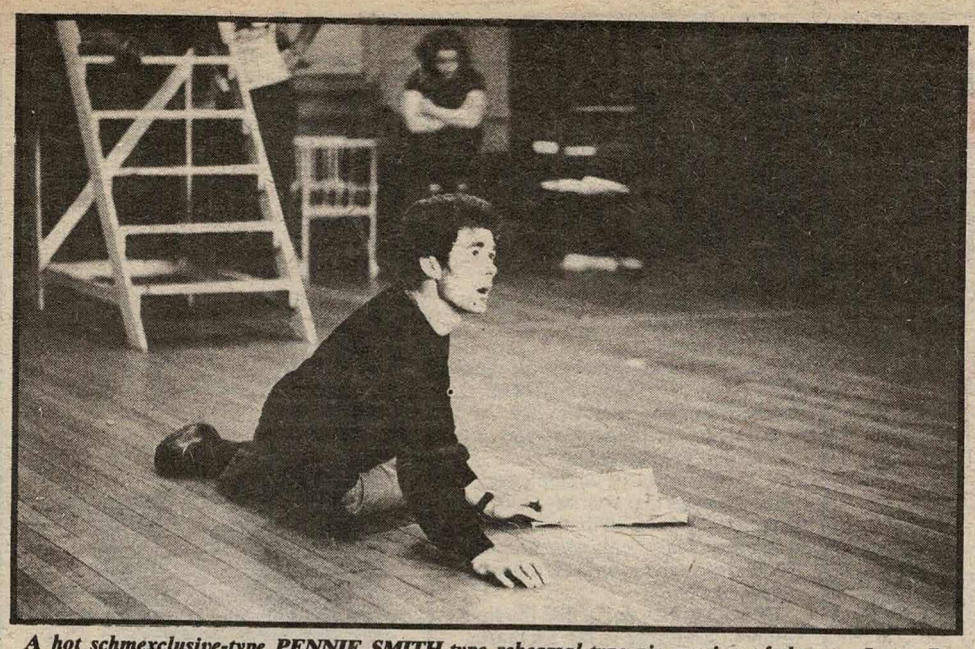
Why not indeed. You get this week's Carl Jung Subconscious Enlightenment Memorial Midnight Snack. — N.S.

O'Neill's "Elektra Becomes Mourning" when, even now, Murray's stuck at home with his Pistols and Ramones. Never got it off with that psychedelic stuff — what a drag. Too many snags.

Still, there-you-go — up one minute — down the next 10 years.
DENNIS DOOM.

WHEN A song like "Angelo" can get to the top of the British charts, one starts to wonder if there isn't something seriously wrong with the mentality of the singles-buying public. This pseudo-poetic romanticization of death is nothing new, but at least such

Letters Edited by NEIL SPENCER



A hot schmexclusive-type PENNIE SMITH-type rehearsal-type pic preview of the new James Dean musical bioshow, which we'll be telling y'all about rilly soon.

BOWIE BREAKS Thumb Opening Wallet Shock Horror! The unfortunate occurence quite ruined Bowie's enjoyment of *The Man Who Fell To Earth*'s Paris premiere.

Seconds before the digital disaster, the Anaemic One had generously bequeathed his scarf to an overzealous fan in an attempt to stave off strangulation. When another, less heavy-handed Garlic Bonce tried to swipe Bowie's wallet David panicked and, hitting out awkwardly at the Frog thief, incurred a broken thumb. Doubtless Thomas J. Newton would have handled the ensuing fracas with a shade more delicacy.

Meanwhile, Bowie's follow-up to *The Man Who Fell To Bits* will be *Wally* (it says here), and filming will commence at the end of the summer. The Thin White Duke will play the part of turn-of-the-century expressionist painter **Egon Schille. Clive** *(Here We Go Round The Mulberry Bush)* **Donner** will direct . . .

Honest **Ron Wood** and **Jimmy Page** played a charity gig on Sunday in Plumpton, Sussex, for a kiddies' playing fields association. Attendance: 140. Honest . . .

Supercharge amazed to find themselves with a hit in Australia ("Get Up And Dance") but even further astonished to be afforded the whole Rock Star Schtick (met at the airport by limos etc) on their arrival Down Under. Their deification was assured when Baldy Donnelly's peculiar brand of Scouse wit — a fetching melange of expletive deleteds, belches and farts — predictably went down a storm with our tube-swilling ex-con cousins . . .

The Slits were mightily put-out when they discovered that **The Southside Slashers** — booked to support them at the Vortex this week — were in reality (wait for it) **Alex Harvey's Sensational Band** attempting a low-profile warm-up for Reading. The Slits were not amused by such Old Wave effrontery and so the SAHBs didn't get to play. Spoilsports . . .

The show that might have been. Island Records were curiously reticent to confirm that a series of concerts celebrating the company's 15th anniversary were to have taken place at London's Rainbow Oct 2-7. The idea was nixed, according to promoter **Harvey Goldsmith,** because of the unavailability of the artistes approached who included **Cat Stevens, Robert Palmer, The Rods, Ultravox** and **Michael Nesmith.** As a cynic commented, "Most of those acts have very little to do with 15 years of Island's history. You'd have thought they'd reform **Bronco** or **Spooky Tooth".** Indeed, *T-Zers* heard Island were trying to talk **Traffic** into reforming for the gig — difficult, seeing that **Jim Capaldi,** who's been involved with the label for ten years, has just left the company . . .

And what's this? Scurrilous rumours proliferate concerning

teazers

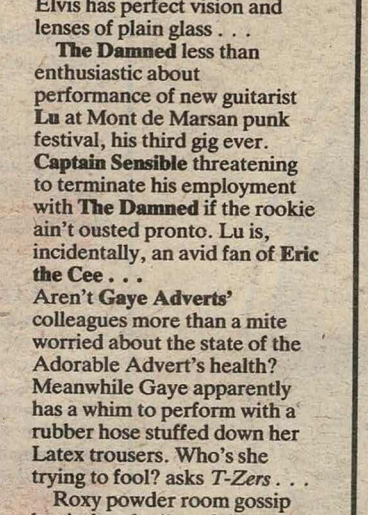
the eyesight of **Elvis Costello.** Some claim the bespectacled Elvis has perfect vision and lenses of plain glass . . .

The Damned less than enthusiastic about performance of new guitarist **Lu** at Mont de Marsan punk festival, his third gig ever. **Captain Sensible** threatening to terminate his employment with **The Damned** if the rookie ain't ousted pronto. Lu is, incidentally, an avid fan of **Eric the Cee . . .**

Aren't **Gaye Adverts'** colleagues more than a mite worried about the state of the Adorable Advert's health? Meanwhile Gaye apparently has a whim to perform with a rubber hose stuffed down her Latex trousers. Who's she trying to fool? asks *T-Zers* . . .

Roxy powder room gossip has it that the "special guest artist" at this Sunday's Dublin Rock Fest is **Les Pistols . . .**

Don't all rush to your record shops at once. Wimbledon Girls Choir have **their version** of "God Save The Queen" currently on release — to rectify the damage caused by the **Pistols'** platter. Sez the records' producer **Malcolm Parker,** "The punk version was such an insult to the Queen. It was an utter disgrace. We are fighting punk all the way and hope this record will help repair some of the damage left by the Sex Pistols". *What* damage *where* asks a bemused *T-Zers* . . .



THE LADY: a special friend of JOE STEVENS, ace photog and new boss of NME West in Noo Yawk. THE T-SHIRT: from N.Y.'s superpunk boutique Manic Panic featuring a Stevens pic of J. Rotten. THE PIC: by Joey, of course. Who else?

Once again **Neil Young** throws his record company plans into havoc. For some time WEA (Warners-Elektra-Atlantic) have wanted to unload all their Reprise artistes on to the Warner Brothers label, with the exception of Revise's founder **Frank Sinatra.** All the Reprise artistes agreed — except for Young, who stubbornly refused to be ousted from that which he is contracted to. Young's next release (on Reprise) is an edited version of "Hurricane" from "American Stars And Bars". Young edited the record himself . . .

More WEA vinyl scam is that new **Todd Rundgren** album is entitled "Oops Wrong Planet", apparently an elpee of two/three minute songs . . .

Ageing Beatnik **Donovan** bombed supporting the Topographic Tokers at their recent Madison Square Garden gig . . .

Another 'trifle' for **Roman** "You're never too young" **Polanski.** Whilst visiting the grave of his murdered wife **Sharon Tate** on the eighth anniversary of her death, Polanski was annoyed by the presence of **Kurt Gunther,** a 58-year-old freelance photographer. The diminutive director angrily snatched Gunther's camera and is now being charged with assault and theft. Polanski is still awaiting the verdict on his "sex with a 13-year-old girl" trial . . .

Polanski, clad in soiled jeans and a shirt made from diapers, was also one of those in attendance at a recent Hollywood style p*nk party where a **Rodless Britt Ekland** was also in attendance, coiffeured for the occasion in black lipstick, green hair and strategic rips in all the right places . . .

If it's any consolation to **Mick Jagger, Roger McGuinn** also lives in fear of being assassinated onstage . . .

And while on the subject of ol' rubber lips, **Jagger** is currently finalising plans for a preview of "Love You Live" to be held at **The Stones'** old Wardour Street haunt The Marquee . . .

Dave Edmunds is in great demand these days. The Welsh wizard was recently telephoned by a person claiming to be the **Rollers' Les McKeown** who wanted Edmunds to play tambourine on session. Edmunds told the caller where to get off. Minutes later 'McKeown' phoned again to reveal himself as **Keith Moon.** Edmunds has, for real, been asked to write music for the Gayles Honey ad . . .

The Thumb That Fell To Earth

Pink Floyd's Roger Waters still does the pools. Obviously that last light show cost more than they bargained for. "My lifestyle will not be changed at all by a win," said Mr. Waters, 58 . . .

Stranglers manager **Dai Davies** recently bought himself a yacht . . .

And now it's blasphemy-rock.

Screaming Jesus and The Jerks the latest New York combo to attract convoys of A&R men . . .

Bryan Ferry's solo American tour is not the success he hoped it would be. In fact, *T-Zers* hears that Ferry's attempts to conquer the New World were a complete flop . . .

Rod Stewart, in tow with **Susan George,** refused to leave his limo on arrival at recent LA **Alice Cooper** gig until enough photographers had assembled to take his picture . . .

More news about our most illustrious tax-exile is that **Stewart's** thinking about shifting £300,000 worth of art nouveau objects to a new home in the Bahamas.

Bryan Ferry, breathless on the hotwire from California, "What's all this about punk then? What's going on?" Does this mean **Ferrari's** about to get kitted out from Sex? . . . Meanwhile Ferrari has acording to the *Daily Mail* coughed up many greenies to buy his bit of fluff **Gerry Hall** "a knuckleduster of a ruby and diamond engagement ring". Still, after flogging his ten-roomed Holland Park gaff for a mere £120,000 he can afford it. All this in a week when the **Tom Robinson Band** finally secure themselves a basic wage of £30 a week, less than the National Average . . .

Buzzcocks the latest *unk band to join CBS . . .

Ted Nugent's New York publicist wanted to hold a reception for the fearsome Nugent, who shoots his own meat and eats it raw at a slaughterhouse, but the idea was scotched on the grounds that it was in bad taste . . .

Chrysalis gazumped. Already available are about 1,000 bootleg copies of **Generation X's** "Your Generation", due to be their first Chrysalis single . . .

Beserkley's first British signing very likely to be the hit of the recent Mont de Marsan festival **The Tyla Gang . . .**

Boomtown Rats 12 incher "Lookin' After No 1" has a cut-out armband on the back sleeve . . .

All Not Going Well on **Tom Petty And The Heartbreakers** American tour? And is it true that Petty less than pleased with his record company? . . .

Belated congratulations to proud father **Bill Bruford . . .**

Only musician arrested (as far as we know) at Saturday's Lewisham Riots was **The Rejects' Bruno ...** Also spotted; **Dick Heckstall Smith . . .**

Island keeping remarkably schtum about their disassociation with **Rough Diamond,** the band formed by ex-**Heep** vocalist **David Byron** and former **Humble Pie** guitarist **Clem Clemson.** All they're saying, and this after just the one album, is that their contract "has been mutually terminated". Rough Diamond are going to base themselves in the States . . .

Well it ain't exactly **The Ramones** but *T-Zers* is sure you'll start saving your bucks right away for an album **Ringo, Barbara Dickson** and **Adam Faith** are currently readying for release on Ring O Records come October . . .

Bruce Springsteen to star in movie of *Hair*? And we used to call him a punk . . .

The Grateful Dead had a print of their movie stolen from a New Jersey cinema. Valuable sound equipment and money remained where they were. Said **Jerry Garcia,** "It's flattering but it's still a bummer". **Max Bell** was in England at the time . . .

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The DADDY of 'em all.

Here it is, the new album from probably the most successful band of "musicians' musicians", The Sons of Champlin. Immaculately produced by Chris Bond, and recorded at the legendary Caribou Ranch, their new Ariola album "Loving Is Why" is the ultimate creative marriage of musicianship, entertainment and more than ten years of experience. Watch out for Sons of Champlin's "Loving Is Why," it's gonna father a brand new U.K. success.

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Published by IPC Magazines Limited, Kings Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London, SE1 9LS, at the recommended maximum price shown on the cover. Editorial and Advertisement Offices: Kings Reach, Stamford St., S.E.1. Printed in England by Northamptonshire Newspapers Limited, Kettering, Northants. T.U. Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper. Sole Agents: Australia and New Zealand, Gordon & Gotch (Asia) Ltd., South Africa, Central News Agency Ltd., East Africa, Stationery and Office Supplies Ltd. Publishers.